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A LIFE'S VOYAGE

*A Diary of a Sailor on Sea and Land,
Jotted Down during a Seventy-
Years' Voyage*

BY

AMBROSE COWPERTHWAIT FULTON



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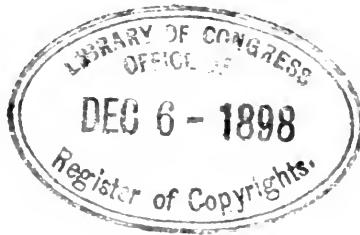
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PREFACE.

It is well known, in the philosophy of nature, that the world was created and formed by and through a combination of particles; some of those particles possessing great value, others but little or no value, yet absolutely necessary to form the great mysterious structure, the cradle of all life.

The world of letters or literature has its combination of parts and particles, valuable and valueless, and it is only second in grandeur and greatness to the material world, and is the cradle of man's greatness.

Without question man's nearest approach to God is in his intellect and in his resolution, for resolution is omnipotent.

Herein it is the intention, the premeditated design, to navigate both the deep, the shoal, the pacific, and the boisterous waters of the historical and the literary seas, and should necessity require, I shall sail close to the wind, but I must endeavor to steer clear of the dangerous rocks, Parody and Travesty. Some superficial critic may cry egotism. It would be beneficial to all such to peruse the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield."

Mark! Wreckers will receive no salvage.

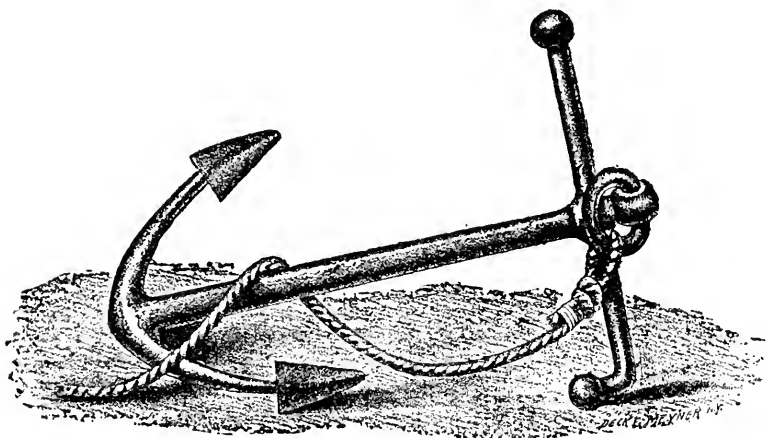
Self is absolutely necessary in a life voyage. Herein no space exists for the presence of extravagant illusions, but strict allegiance to solemnity and facts. No magnifying ink will be used, but unadorned occurrences; and Nature will be called upon to man the helm; yet no shade of gloom will appear to mar a life's voyage.

To economize space and time in filling up blanks and names and recollections, now defaced upon the tablet of my memory by the accumulated moss of the big end of a century past and gone, I will use the words, They and We, as the more enlightened are permitted to do.

I will not draw utopian shadows, but present substantial realities.

A considerate world should grant a sailor a wide leeway, an unbounded latitude on the historical and literary sea. A diary is entitled to privileges that history, fiction, and mere composition are not.

I well know that it requires courage to abandon the sea, the briny deep, to sail on a more dangerous sea—the sea of ink.



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A LIFE'S VOYAGE.

CHAPTER I.

OCEAN SOUNDINGS.

AT an early day, when James Monroe was President, Sailor I opened a diary and took notes of spoken and published history and acts that attracted my attention, and also objects, acts, and occurrences personally experienced or witnessed; all of which occupy many thousands of hastily jotted down pages, a few of which I here place on record.

In 1831 I entered the Mississippi River, by Pass à la Loutre, from off the North Atlantic Ocean, under adverse circumstances. At that day this Pass was the main northern in- and out-let. The Southwest Pass was used by the Mexicans and the South American commerce. The now South or Getty outlet was virtually abandoned, as it passed but little over three fathoms of water at low tide, but it was subject to a change at any time, through the river's annual flood.

Since I first used the passes of the Mississippi River, the land has formed and extended seaward over $1\frac{1}{2}$ league. I have noticed its constant formation, and know of what I speak. Where then you could with safety sail your ship, or use the ponderous towboats, the "Porpoise" and "Grampus" of that day, now, in 1898, shrubs and trees appear. The ever moving, flowing sediment within the waters of the rivers and the bayous has created this annexed territory. Mark! Mark! This creation and annexation of territory through invasion, to drive the Gulf Stream seaward and curtail the Atlantic's latitude and longitude, has not ceased, but has just begun.

Without question the earth, sand, and gravel, now passing down the Mississippi and many other rivers, are three times the bulk of that which made the same voyage a half century now past. The great change has been wrought through the settlement and cultivation of the vast South and Northwest extending to the Rocky Mountains. Where timber or fixed prairie sward once existed and protected the surface from washing, and held back the water from rains and melted snow, now cultivated fields appear, all adding to the supply of alluvial, and the supply will not diminish, but increase.

Where small, transparent rills once meandered through the valleys, or trickled over the bluffs, now destructive torrents with fury rush, cutting vast gulches within their course.

Those dredge boats of Nature, and their transport scows, do not operate alone, for the dust of a thousand valleys is swept up with care, and the summer's sun and winter's frosts disintegrate and rasp the mountain's rocks, to be dumped within the ocean, not one speck of which ever leaves its watery bed to return to its home from whence it came.

In 1831, and previous, I took soundings between Pensacola and Cuba, and between New Orleans and Jamaica and other ports, and also at a later date, and noted the situation.

In 1881 I also stood by and saw those same soundings taken, and found that the bottom of the ocean had risen by being filled during this interval of fifty years.

The well-known water-marks upon the land witnessed that the ocean had not receded, and in the meantime Uncle Sam had placed numerous buoys upon the created shoals to mark their presence, a precaution uncalled for in 1831.

The ocean does not, cannot, control and dictate to the land, but the land controls and dictates to the ocean, and will in time side-track the Gulf.

That a constant fill is taking place within the Atlantic is self-evident, and Uncle Sam should safely house his Galveston harbor and inlet plows and scrapers, for his labor there is never done.

On May 12, 1877, soon after a voyage to one of the West

India Islands, I jotted down more fully this momentous ocean change within Editor W. F. Storey's Chicago "Times." A copy of that day and date now lies before me, dingy and begrimed through the lapse of time, a witness of the distant past; and the intelligent reading world, during a third of a century, well know that the Chicago "Times" did not pass through its columns any sailor's mere sea-foam yarn; that science and philosophy were the passport through which that journal was entered.

Mark! in centuries, many centuries yet to come, all fathomable seas will be filled above their present surface, to be the home of man; such action is nothing new.

New Orleans, and a vast number of coast plantations, now rest upon the once ocean's bed, and other thousands reside where once the ocean rolled.

In the beginning it was not the design that over two-thirds of the world's surface should remain a boisterous waste. Economy for a time called for the act, but when all present space is filled, and Nature's human angel man requires a farm, he will find it where the now proud ocean's billows in triumph wave.

CHAPTER II.

A VOYAGE ON THE YAZOO RIVER.

DURING 1831 I made a second voyage, and upon again landing at New Orleans, although I did not then consider "on shore" a safe abiding place for man,—the houses might blow over and crush him, or fire might break out at night and no watch on deck to rouse him up, and no sea water at hand to quench the fire, but a small supply of any kind of water; and the sea's pure salt atmosphere is a tonic that gives elasticity and life to man,—yet I desired to view the land of the State of Mississippi, at that period claimed to be the long-sought El Dorado, and many of the Louisiana sugar planters were sending their sons and kin into Southern Mississippi, with negro slaves and drivers to open up cotton plantations.

I made a voyage up the Yazoo River to a point then known as Manchester Landing, as a deck passenger, on board of the steamer "Yellowstone," the first boat and trip to ship cotton from that now historic river. No untoward or other event took place to excite or mar the voyage except that one night the boat took a sheer on the man at the helm, and one of the smokestacks struck the projecting limb of a huge cypress tree growing on the contracted river's border, which carried away the stack's stays and launched it onto the hurricane deck. We cast anchor, watered out the fires, and it was soon reinstated in a wrecked condition.

I might also mention that, when near the landing, a mulatto fireman, one of the captain's two slaves, slipped and fell overboard whilst hoisting a bucket of water from the river, and disappeared beneath the boat's revolving wheel, upon which the captain exclaimed, "There goes my nine-hundred-dollar nigger overboard! When I purchased him in New Orleans from the Jew

Jake Florance, he told me that he sold him cheap because he was the most unlucky nigger he ever owned; that he had lately been sent for wine, left the valve of a two-hundred-dollar cask of the best French wine open, and flooded the storeroom, to the great damage of other property; that whipping him done but little good, and now he has gone to the bottom, and my nine hundred dollars has gone with him, and we are short of hands on the boat; and if the white trash on the Yazoo are as worthless as they are on Red River, I would not give a picayune for a deck-load of them."

Slave No. 2 said "that was not the worst of it; that when Jake went overboard he had nearly a whole plug of tobacco in his pocket."

The yawl was immediately launched and manned, but no Jake was in sight. The Yazoo had emancipated the slave, and claimed him as her own.

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE DESERTED HOME OF THE CHICKASAWS.

ALL within our port of entry and the outside surroundings was rough and new. Three small log dwellings, two cotton sheds, a blacksmith's shop, and a cabaret comprised the settlement within sight.

The quarters at Manchester Landing did not appear inviting, and a bright starlight night with over a half moon in their midst was approaching, and a cotton-team road led to the town of Benton, and I had a long lay-off from duty and felt that I could weather a long watch, so I resolved to use the first and second watch of that night on the lonely road toward Benton before I went into camp.

The plantations and houses were few and widely spread, and the same situation existed at all points where I journeyed within the State.

All was new save a few bark and log abodes of the departed Chickasaw Indians, who had been driven from their ancient homes to give space to the pale-face invader. I passed with sadness over their well-worn trails and through their once cultivated fields, and looked with awe upon the apparently blanketed ghost-like bleaching and decaying orchards of peach and other trees; and there at midnight's hour, as I trudged along, I inwardly prayed for a cock to crow, or the owl of night to shriek, and break the long and ghostly monotony. Those trees, upon their parting from their homes and dead, they had girdled with their tomahawks, to prevent the unhallowed pale-face from feasting on their fruit, and reaping where he did not sow.

CHAPTER IV.

DAVY CROCKETT'S TALK AT BENTON, MISS.

WHEN I arrived at Benton I learned that the renowned and natural orator, Colonel Davy Crockett, a Whig and a member of Congress from Tennessee, was to address the people. The hour arrived; an old cart was run into the arena to be used as a rostrum. This was my first entry before a backwoods orator, and I used my best endeavor to place his words upon my memory, but sixty-seven years obliterate and deface a three-hours' talk. His purity in eloquence and technical precision could not be surpassed by a Cicero. He spoke of the useful lives, the actions, the greatness, and the exemption from oblivion of Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Euclid, Pericles, and others of renown, whose wisdom and eloquence astonished an intelligent world many centuries before the birth of Christ; and he spoke of the greatness of Mohammed and of his ever-living acts, and said that worth and greatness were also embodied in the man that cleared the thicket, drained the marsh, built ships, erected mansions and factories to give employment and bread to his fellow-men; he said "Apollo built the walls of Troy many long years before the birth of Christ! Those walls gave him ceaseless life." Colonel Crockett came down to home affairs, and spoke of President Andrew Jackson lacking executive ability; said that he had spread desolation and distress throughout a once prosperous and happy land, where perfect felicity had long dwelt, and that he had wrecked the ship of state, leaving a very small salvage for the people. He then gave the Jackson Cabinet a broadside with his heaviest guns, and set into motion a tidal wave of eloquence which hoisted me aloft, to float upon an upper gently waving sea

of bliss, from which I descended again to earth with bewildered eyes and regret.

Without a doubt Colonel Crockett astonished with his eloquence the Benton portion of creation, and convinced them, as he had many others, that he was Tennessee's Crassus, and a more than Zeno, and would have done credit to Greece and Rome in their palmy days. Yet Tennessee's forests possessed no Epicurean academy, no vast marble structures, no Stoic school upon her Indian trails; yet Crockett was an astronomer and a philosopher, as well as an orator. Poor sailor I admired his flow of soul and flight of mind, although I had very soon to come down to the hard-pan of fate's reality.

CHAPTER V.

A CANEBRAKE COUCH.

THE steamer "Yellowstone" had long since cleared from the waters of the Yazoo, and no steamer could be counted on previous to the next season's cotton crop, and I was adrift upon an unknown sea, with but a small sum of money in my locker. Colonel Crockett's words constantly sounded within my ears, and gave me courage. I resolved to set out on foot for Vicksburg, and thence to the sailor's Alma Mater, the waving deep.

At early dawn I commenced my lonely journey through the primitive forest, guided on my course by a bright sun. Habitations were few, and near night not one could be sighted, nor was I positive in respect to my bearings. I had entered a vast canebrake in search of water; had found none when darkness surrounded me; to move in the right direction was impossible, so I created a light, and gathered up a supply of fuel to secure a constant fire to keep off the wolves and bears, which were as abundant as dogs within the poor man's quarter of a town. My weather education plainly told me that there would be a rainstorm, so as a prudent sailor I gathered up a lot of broken cane and formed a couch upon the damp earth soon to be wet by rain, and then bent the standing growing cane from all sides except the fire side, over my couch, and with my sailor's sheath knife I cut some cane to fill in the vacant spaces and form a Sioux tepee as best I could; a canopy to shed off the coming rainstorm, and also to form a rampart against wild beasts. When I lay me down to sleep, I thrust the point of my keen sheath knife into a cane stock at my side, with its handle toward my hand, that I could clutch it instantly if my couch should be invaded by wolves or bears. Whilst

lying wrapped in my Indian blanket before that camp-fire within the lonely canebrake, and wolves howling round me, though the midnight hour had passed, sleep refused to visit me. I there debated with myself the question whether I had acted wisely in leaving a good and comfortable Eastern farm-house home where I could exercise myself planting corn, hoeing potatoes, and picking stones from off the fields in early spring, and husking corn on the crisp, frosty mornings of the fall. Better a pleasant chamber with a feather bed to sleep on than a bunch of sticks upon the cold earth within a Mississippi canebrake, with wolves howling round me with gleaming, wistful eyes; or a ship's contracted fore-castle deprived of air and light, subject to shipwreck with trials and hardships beyond belief, which would appall the brave. Besides, to be frequently cut down to half rations of cheap, common food and water, and whilst passing through this life-consuming ordeal, to be called upon during all hours of the night or day to stand at the helm, go aloft and furl sleety sails, handle a gasket with benumbed hands, or encounter a flapping sail to knock me from my foothold, and cause my head to ring from the well-directed and unerring blow, whilst death, with grim visage and open skeleton arms, waited to receive me on the deck below.

Notwithstanding my apparent forlorn situation,—a canebrake couch, no rations, no water,—I was not discouraged. Colonel Crockett had raised my expectations to a premium, and I was in a state of perfect felicity. There was a world, a wide world, and a future—yes, a future—before me for energy and resolution. What more could I desire? No anchor, no hawser placed upon me to confine me to limited moorings, yet tired nature was claiming sleep. Time slowly passed and I surveyed the sky for the break of morn; no break appeared, and I resolved to leave my camp and couch to enter on a new and advancing life.

I tramped on to Vicksburg, took boat for New Orleans, purchased some scientific books, and shipped before the mast for the distant foreign port of Valparaiso, Chili. The sea's disaster lay in wait for our coming, and with more than the fury of a mountain avalanche rushed upon us. The passengers and crew were

apparently beyond all hope of safety, doomed to be swallowed by an angry sea. Gloom and despair reigned within and without; the wind whistled through the rigging; gigantic waves swept the deck from stem to stern; the power and strife of the enraged elements were tremendous; the prospect of instant death took possession of the hearts of all. The firm masts swayed, the women prayed, and I cast myself within the very jaws of death to give them life upon a rocky shore.

I advanced from sixteen dollars per month as a common sailor before the mast to second mate, first mate, captain, and owner in rapid succession.

Time's clock struck its hours for years; I went on shore, studied architecture and mechanism through actual performance; procured a bank account, erected many edifices and factories for self, with the ease and facility with which I had erected corn-cob houses in my toddling days, before the bright kitchen fire within the mammoth fireplace at the old farm-house. I had no trouble at all to climb the ladder of progress to independence and worth. I projected and consummated the construction of railroads, gave employment and bread to hundreds, and homes to many; commanded armies in a foreign country, made laws for a great and prosperous people, and changed the supposed destiny of a nation. I did not desire riches, I did not desire power. At that period I would not have parted with a single mechanical attainment for John Jacob Astor's rent-roll, or exchanged a scientific thought to become the ruler of an empire. I rested upon a downy bed within a magnificent château; my thoughts reverted back to the miserable and long night when I lay in distress upon the ground in the Mississippi canebroke. At this moment I heard a tremendous crash; a thunderbolt had rolled from off the dark clouds above, and toppled down to earth, and caused the canebroke to quake and tremble like a coward. My fire was out, rain was falling upon me, and I was yet within the canebroke. All my prosperity, all my greatness was but a dream, yes, a dream. Soon after I had surveyed the heavens to find the approach of the morning's dawn I had fallen to sleep; Morpheus had visited me.

I rose from off my damp and dingy blanket. The wolves and bears, the dreaded inhabitants of the forest, had retreated to their unexplored recesses within the dense thickets. A bright sun soon appeared and steamed vapor from my dripping blanket and scanty clothing, and I with an empty stomach, parched tongue, and blistered feet, continued my lonely tramp to Vicksburg, but all that day, as I trudged on my wearisome journey, I keenly felt my great loss of station, wealth, and power that I had possessed while on my canebrake couch, with Morpheus kneeling over me. I had supposed that I was a combination of steel springs and live-oak knots, and could stand any strain, but my faith in self was somewhat shaken by that night's repose and morning's thunderbolt. Within the vast primitive forest I lost my bearings, struck the Big Black River instead of the Mississippi River, but in the latitude of the Big Black I found more habitations and population, plenty to eat at a reasonable cost, and an abundance of pure drink from God's distillery in the sky, deposited in cisterns and in the rippling brook.

I now had before me, within my course, well-known soundings. It was a lovely day; the sun shone brightly in the heavens. All Nature appeared to rejoice; hope and joy were apparent within all life, and I passed over hill and dale, upon Nature's primitive carpet of green, made vocal by a thousand warbling songsters. And here within a miniature valley appears one of creation's tiny lakes which in stillness rests, with its gorgeous trimmings of water violets and water lilies, and ferns of beauty line its outer borders. A lonely snipe slowly parades along its northern verge, and ever and anon thrusts its bayonet-like beak into the marshy earth. Highly favored and happy snipe, to monopolize so much of nature's silent grandeur, and never restricted to a short allowance of food and water! And no raging ocean surrounds you. Yes, happy snipe! And here the willows' boughs, entwining, cast a shadow o'er the plain to give comfort to the sailor from off his couch of cane. Soon I sighted several stately mansions with expansive lawns, vineyards, and well-selected shrubbery; rare exotics appeared in profusion, and fra-

grant jessamines lined the walks. All, all here, is luxuriously beautiful; the highly favored residents must possess Aladdin's lamp; or was all this gorgeous equipage, and to me astonishing display, with its companion ease and comfort, produced by the sinews and muscles of African slavery and untimely graves, through neglect and hardships, of thousands? Here are no howling wolves, no ravenous bears, no drizzling rain upon a cane-brake couch, to lengthen night and mar its hours, and place a stranded sailor's brain upon the rack. I was within the environs of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER VI.

A DECK PASSAGE.

A STEAMER from Louisville bound to New Orleans was anchored in the harbor. I boarded her and paid for a deck passage to New Orleans. At that day, 1831, a deck passage was about one-sixth of the price of a cabin passage. You received no food, no bed. Your total outfit and privilege were the lower deck aft to stand on, sit on, or lie on, and this was a boon to me and to thousands of others. Deck passengers laid in their own ship stores at the port from whence they sailed, or purchased as best they could when making a landing, and thousands have journeyed by sea and by river on half rations or less. Many emigrants have their bedding and furniture, yet many lone adventurers have but their blankets, bearskins, or buffalo robe.

My shipmates on this voyage were two large families from Kentucky, bound for New Orleans, and a number of the blanket and buffalo class, and also four first-class carriage horses bound for the same port. The horses occupied a portion of our deck in their stalls aft the wheelhouse, and with their heavy iron shoes within a few feet of me opened up a concert of tramping on the boards laid for their tramp and bed upon the deck that banished sleep, and I concluded that there might be worse quarters for sleep and rest than a ship's forecastle. We were not one single night alone on the horse stable deck, but many, for we had a large bulk of freight to pick up on the voyage at various ports and landings, and the sturdy roustabouts, in their thoughtless way, usurped a large portion of our and the horses' territory with their cotton bales, raw hides, and numerous barrels and boxes. When the raw hides, which cried aloud with their odors, were cast upon our deck, the horses dilated their nostrils, and a Kentucky

kid exclaimed that there was a dead mule some place not far off. Several of the roustabouts were negro slaves, who have the utmost contempt for poor white trash, but they treated me with marked consideration because I was a sailor, and a sailor in their eyes was a demigod and a walker on the water. I there, as the horses tramped through the night's hours, thought my destiny had been harshly shaped, but Neptune to me had confirmed the published report that when Christ, when more helpless than I, had been quartered in a stable at Bethlehem, and thereafter, upon landing within Jerusalem, had been roughly handled by the citizens, and he a non-combatant. Whilst on the horses' stable deck of the steamboat, wrapped in my blanket, I resolved not to lead an oyster life.

On my return to New Orleans after this inland cruise I again shipped for sea, but I secured by purchase and charter a stock of books, but not such as many sailors purchase. To know and be competent to navigate the intellectual and historical sea, I selected works on astronomy, chemistry, navigation, architecture, algebra, philosophy, modern and ancient history; some works published in the sixteenth century, and reaching back to the Olympic Era (which commenced in 776), the founding of Rome in 753, and yet back to the founding of the Persian Empire by Cyrus in 559 before Christ, together with the more modern occurrences just previous to the birth of Christ, and I have with untiring energy used my best ability to keep posted up to date.

The settling up of Australia, Hawaii, and opening up of vast Africa and other rapid changes throughout the world, have caused the undertaking to be no bagatelle. Eugene Aram committed murder to procure books, Sailor I plowed the briny deep at small wages for the same purpose; yet knowledge personally obtained through keen and untiring study and observation, with an eye to the philosophy of all things, celestial and terrestrial, surpasses in utility and worth any and all knowledge procured through any books ever published by man; self-obtained knowledge adheres to the mind and soul of man as do barnacles to the hull of an old ship. Books are but tools to work with; yet, as I said, the

talented Eugene Aram committed murder to obtain the tools, and he became the superior of his teachers.

Within the early years of this century, especially in the farming districts, no schools existed except during a few months in the winters, and most of them were presided over by some learned farmer who had to take hold of the plow in the early spring, and they were located miles distant from sailor me, but a good Quakeress mother, a graduate of the Weston Pennsylvania Quaker boarding school of the last century, laid the keel and drafted the hull of the ship of letters, to be completed and to receive its sails and rigging.

Experience told me that a vast majority of even far-distant sea voyages were quite tame affairs; hardships may be many and severe, yet life exists to be repeated, hoping each voyage for better fate. The sailor that doubles Cape Horn with sleepless nights and aching limbs will ship to double that cape again, and even desire to meet the death-dealing monsoon once more, and the frozen Arctic explorer will return to the frigid North to freeze again, and sailor I did the same—shipped again.

The sailor's pay has always been at a low figure; back when Madison was President, and George III. desired to be our king, and many years thereafter, twelve dollars to sixteen dollars per month was the sailor's pay, and considered to be a fair allowance, and the pay to officers was at low figures. To be a Jack Tar, in the common conception, is to drop self down into the very bilge-water of degradation. Uninformed and mistaken world! Since the days of sailor Noah, many have been whose monuments should now sweep the clouds, and upon them should be written in indelible letters of gold, The brave, the noble, the great. The spirit of the imperishable Trismegistus possesses a monument, and had not the then rakish, but now immortal Edgar Allen Poe, when stranded and a wreck, shipped "incog" as a common sailor, on board of a Baltimore topsail schooner bound for Jamaica, and quartered in a forecastle, a halfway house between Pandemonium and Paradise, and fed on pork and beans, the literary world would have never have strained its vision to

see his Raven, or sighed for his lost Lenore. Never, never; I know of what I speak.

I have now before me an Eastern journal, which publishes as follows:

“ IN MEMORY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

“Shakspere Society to Preserve His Quaint Cottage Home.

“ NEW YORK, September 24.—The Shakspere Society of New York is raising a fund to buy and dedicate to the poet’s memory the quaint cottage on the Kingsbridge Road, where Edgar Allan Poe starved and thirsted and cursed the publishers who knew not genius when they saw it, and where he paced the floor in a wild rage of grief while his wife lay dead in the little hall room and there was no money in the house to give her burial.

“The city is widening Kingsbridge Road, and the little cottage will have to be moved. The society proposes to set it back thirty or forty feet, take out the modern improvements, and restore it to the condition in which it was when the American genius chafed and wrote and hungered there.

“The property will be bought with money raised by the sale of six hundred shares of stock at \$25 each, issued to members of the society or those eligible to membership. The place will be converted into Poe headquarters, and every relic of the poet that can be obtained will be placed there.

“Appleton Morgan, President of the Shakspere Society, and Albert Frey, its Secretary, are trustees of the Poe Cottage fund. The purchasing committee consists of Harrison Grey Fiske of the Lotus Club, Nelson Wheatcroft of the Lambs Club, and J. Henry Magonigle of the Players Club.”

Edgar shipped on the schooner to get away from himself. The prayer of Sailor I is that the Shakespere Society will succeed.

It almost appears as if the seafaring world considered it to be a duty to sacrifice life and comfort to aid mankind; never did live a more sacrificing class of men.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "ROLLA'S" VOYAGE IN 1831.

AS history, I desire to mention that on a voyage from the port of Philadelphia, in the fall of 1831, now over sixty-seven years past and gone, we transported on board of the brig "Rolla," a Philadelphia square-rigged vessel, and I believe, her first voyage, a Mr. Cameron of Lancaster, Penn., and his some 180 laborers, all Irish except three Scotchmen; I have since that day understood that this Mr. Cameron was an elder brother of Simon Cameron, Secretary of War during President Lincoln's administration, in the days of our Rebellion. This Mr. Cameron had a contract to excavate and perfect what was long known as the new basin and canal extending from the junction of Rampart and Julia streets, in New Orleans, to Lake Pontchartrain, and this canal passed almost the entire distance through a cypress swamp, with its surface but a trifle above the waters of the lake and the Mississippi River, at an ordinary stage of water, and at some seasons of the year below the waters of both. I have, by self-measurements and levels, found the river over four feet above the streets within the center of the city of New Orleans. The water was then flowing along the street gutters on back and down to Lake Pontchartrain. The design was to cleanse out the street gutters. The river water passed through sluice-ways guarded by gates placed within the ancient levee of Spanish days, thrown up to hold the mighty Mississippi within its bed. This Cameron canal was a fair sample of M. De Lesseps' Panama Canal, save in length; the sick list was constantly large, and so were the money demands and deaths many; but time and perseverance drove back the waters, removed the boggy, mucky earth and giant cypress trees, from the branches of which cloudlike moss

dangled in the air, and venomous reptiles crawled through their foliage, and beneath them the alligator floundered through the stagnant water of the swamp, to find an unshaded spot to bask beneath the morning sun. No flowers or shrubs there exist to glisten with drops of dew; autumn brings no gorgeous colors or radiance to the cypress tree; it lives and dies dressed in green. There is within the Southern cypress swamps a curiosity; it is a stump without any tree on it; such stumps are called cypress knees; they grow generally from two to three feet in height, and as much as fifteen inches in diameter, with rounded or knee-shaped tops, and cause clearing or excavating to be expensive, as the more dense the woods the more numerous the knees, as Pennsylvania Cameron found to his cost.

This Lake Pontchartrain Canal had been commenced with slave labor and mule teams, for whilst we were on our voyage, and I was aft at the helm during dog watch, I heard contractor Cameron, between the long puffs of his Havana cigar, say that he would change the programme and utilize the white men and horses, as in Pennsylvania, on the canal work; that he had no faith in mules and negro slaves; they had been at work on the canal, but when the yellow fever and a torrid sun put in an appearance, the negro and the mule, as ever, had to step forward and fill the breach. The mule and the negro have been factors in American history, and have taken a leading part; without either, General Grant might have been born, but never would he, without both, have been President. When Mr. Cameron reached his works, he recruited his forces with men just arrived from Ireland. Very soon a bitter geographical feud sprung up between North and South of Ireland's champions; pitched battles took place with shovels, spades, and picks. Many were wounded; the Scotch that we transported on board of the "Rolla," and three Irish Orangemen, had to flee from the camp to save their lives. The Northern Irish were in the minority, but they were cool and skilled in diplomacy. They had kept on the sunny side of the few black slaves on the works, and when on the very extreme verge of desolation, and all hope had van-

ished, they appealed to the blacks for aid, but under the Louisiana laws it was death for a slave to shed a white man's blood; but the negroes rushed to the front, and butted the far-downers into the canal, a charge that decided that day's battle. The negro slaves had the vantage ground; they were sober; many of the whites were less than half sober; the law forbid selling whisky or any strong drink to slaves; to do so was a crime. They did not desire it, and it was disgusting to many of them.

The geographical question soon came up again with greater violence; a priest was sent for, and arrived whilst the battle raged. He immediately seized a negro teamster's blacksnake whip, and lashed the disorderly combatants right and left, crying out, "Shame on you," and he could use a whip to tell, for he was a well-built Irishman full six feet in height; I believe he was called "Father McMullen." I so entered him on my diary. He possessed the courage of a lion, yet was as gentle as a dove. Suddenly the fighters all dropped their weapons and separated in a meek manner. The good priest then ordered them to be seated on their wheelbarrows or the earth; all immediately obeyed; then he scored them deeper than had the blacksnake whip. He told them that they had disgraced themselves, mankind, and their Church. All admitted their wrong and pledged themselves to no more raise their hands in violence, and they kept their pledge. Many persons cried, "Bad men, bad institutions." I said, then and now, if bad now, what would they be without a Church, a religion, and a God.

On the "Rolla's" voyage we had favorable winds, and made a splendid run from the Delaware until she was off the west coast of Cuba, when she was driven southwest by a tempest; then came days of dead calm, and what we at first reckoned to end in a short voyage ran up into thirty-eight days. As there were many on board, and the water was freely used, even wasted, and the casks were refilled with sea water to keep up ballast, and no count taken of the number so filled, the first thing known was that we had very little water for the large number on board, and provisions were also scant, especially forward; the consequence was

that we were put on one pint or one tin cup of water for each twenty-four hours; this in a tropical climate was a trying ordeal, and rations of food were also cut down. The black cook, on one or two occasions, slipped to me a tin cup of cabin-intended coffee and three or four potatoes. The boiled potatoes were delicious, and the coffee was fragrant in aroma. Whilst I was ravenously consuming those stolen luxuries, the boiled potatoes and coffee, my thoughts ran back to the halcyon days of the Hyperboreans, to the great Herodotus and the sacred feast of Apollo. I was not an Apollo, I was but a Jack Tar, yet I then feasted, and many years thereafter that feast cost me several hundreds of dollars.

During this voyage we came very near shipwreck; one night when running before the wind at not less than ten knots to the hour, with all sail set, we rushed past the double-headed Shot Keys of the North Atlantic Ocean, and so close that I could have tossed a biscuit onto them. I was amidship on deck, and I felt the spray strike my face; I hastened forward, and found the watch snoozing on the hencoop; to have struck would have knocked the brig into a wrecked mass, and all, or nearly all, on board would have there found a watery grave, and I now would have to tell the world that Pennsylvania Cameron and his 180 workmen, when on a voyage in 1831, were wrecked upon the double-headed Shot Keys, and all there perished save Sailor I—and true, they have all now perished. One of Mr. Cameron's youngest men, aged twenty-one, died on the voyage, and we had to give him a tomb beneath the flowing waters of the Gulf of Mexico. During the funeral I was named to be the next on the dead list.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OCEAN DESERT.

WHILST we are on the Gulf of Mexico, and in the vicinity of the double-headed Shot Keys, and their adjacent neighbors, the Little and the Great Bahama, I will mention them, as they have a claim to space in American history.

The Little Bahama bank extends from Maranilla reef in lat. $27^{\circ} 45'$ N. and long. $79^{\circ} 20'$ W. to Abaco Island, and extends west to the Gulf Stream, the water varying from one to eight fathoms in depth.

The Great Bahama bank is 340 miles in length by an average breadth of 110 miles, occupying 37,000 square miles of the Atlantic. It might be proper to say, extending from the Salt Key northeastward to San Salvador. There is a greater and more equal depth of water on the latter bank; it runs from three up to nine fathoms; many sunken rocks exist in several localities, and are very dangerous to the inexperienced or thoughtless mariner. A perceptible fill of sand and pebbles has taken place on some portions of those banks during the past sixty-five years. Those sterile water deserts of sand are covered by transparent and pacific water; every sponge, every pebble, every sprig of coral, can be plainly seen from off the deck. This ocean desert is larger than that of Asia's sterile sands, and possesses no shells, no marine vegetables, no fish, no life; and here and extending south and to the Isaac's Islands, and the Dog Keys, upon those banks and within their vicinity, many, a great many vessels have been captured by pirates in early days, or wrecked, and their crews sent to watery tombs.

Good reader, I commit no errors, for I claim to know the waters of the universe as you well know your door-yard's walks and the halls of your domicile.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

ABOUT the close of our war with England in 1815, and up to 1832, Cuba was in the height of her prosperity; she had entered largely into the cultivation of sugar and tobacco, which commanded good prices, and many persons of wealth left Spain, or sent agents, to become planters in Cuba; the consequence was slaves, and slave labor was in demand, not in Cuba alone, but in the United States. Africa had to furnish the first stock and for many years keep up the supply, as plantations were opened and death reduced the stock on hand. Most of the slaveships were owned and manned by Portuguese and Spaniards, their homes being adjacent to Africa, they possessed great advantages over far-distant slavers. French and English ships and crews were in the traffic at an early day. After several nations had condemned and attempted to prohibit the traffic by making war on the slavers, it was continued to a large extent by stealth. The slavers possessed speed, heavy armament, and large crews of desperate men. Almost all slavers were pirates when a favorable opportunity afforded, but most generally whilst on their outward voyage. They have been known to strip merchant vessels of even their water, water casks, and ship stores, when the cargo was not such as they desired for traffic in Africa, compelling the wronged vessels to enter some port for supplies, when they did not cut the throats of all on board or compel them to walk the plank to their death.

The first cargo of slaves brought into the United States was brought by a Dutch man-of-war, and sold for \$150 up to \$175 each. In later years ordinary field hands sold at prices from \$500 up to \$900. I knew a dark mulatto, a fancy painter in

marbling and graining, to be sold for \$3000. He was self-taught and had no superior or equal in that line. His purchaser was a painter by the name of Clannon; his shop or store was located on Magazine Street, New Orleans, and \$500 would have been a large price for his master Clannon. Frequently seamstresses and child nurses, if good-looking, would sell for \$1000 up to \$1500.

That the reader of 1898 may form some idea of an auction sale of that portion of creation, written to be created in God's image, I copy from Bonner's New York "Ledger" my communication to that journal during our Rebellion, in which I rehearsed, as best a sailor could, an auction sale of negroes in Savannah, Ga., during the thirties, and which is thus published in the ancient "Ledger" now before me:

"MY LAST DAYS IN SAVANNAH.

"(Scene—Auction Room.)"

"Auctioneer and clerk. Thirty negroes for sale, large and small, male and female, of all shades from coal-black to almost white. Fifty gentlemen and six negro traders assembled to purchase.

"Auctioneer takes the stand. 'Gentlemen, I am now going to offer you thirty likely negroes—mechanics, field-hands, house-servants, seamstresses, and several children. Terms: one-half cash; the balance at ninety days, with mortgage.

"'I will first offer you the quadroon girl Lydia; sixteen years of age, kind disposition, child's nurse and seamstress, warranted against the vices and maladies prescribed by law.

"'What is offered for the girl Lydia—\$900—nine hundred dollars—nine hundred dollars—\$1000—one thousand dollars—one thousand dollars—\$1100—eleven hundred dollars—eleven hundred dollars—\$1500—fifteen hundred dollars—fifteen hundred dollars—fifteen hundred dollars by a new bidder; fifteen hundred dollars. The young gentleman near the west column will have to advance, or he will lose this pleasant-looking girl. [At

the same time giving the audience a knowing wink.] Fifteen hundred and fifty is bid—fifteen hundred and fifty—no one bids more—all done; last call—once, twice, three times. Sam High-flyer—she is yours, and a likely wench she is too, and cheap at that.

“ ‘ I will now offer you this family of seven—Solomon Gumbo, Dorcas, his wife, and five children, Victoria, Albert, Achilles, Jenny Lind, and the infant Floyd. All warranted against the vices and maladies prescribed by law.

“ ‘ What is the bid for this family of valuable negroes? ’

“ Old gent in slouch hat.—‘ Who in hell wants all these small whelps? Put up the old ones separate, and they will sell better.’

“ Auctioneer.—‘ Can’t do it. I am instructed by the owner not to separate this family. What is bid for the family, in bulk—\$1700—one thousand seven hundred dollars is bid. \$1800—eighteen hundred is bid. Can I get no better offer? If not, I must knock them down—once, twice, three times. Judas Benjamin, they are yours.’

“ Judas (to Slouch Hat).—‘ Now, sir, if you want the old ones, I am ready for a trade; give me fifteen hundred dollars for them, and they are yours.’

“ ‘ It is a bargain, and we will take the liquor on it.’ (Retire to the bar, and I departed.) ”

Habitual drunkenness, and the habit of trying to escape from slavery, are among the vices. Fits, defects of heart, and other diseases are among the maladies prescribed by law.

To protect the home product from competition, some States enacted laws against bringing slaves within the State for sale, under the forfeiture of the slaves. Georgia was one of the prohibitory States, and it immediately became known that Lydia had been imported from the State of Delaware, to bring a good price in Georgia, and she was confiscated to the State, to be resold as its property. Time revealed the fact that, to escape from Sam, she had informed the authorities that she was contraband.

CHAPTER X.

THE PIRATE SCHOONER AND THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL.

IN August, 1829, we cleared from Havana, Cuba, for Boston, with the schooner "Thaddeus," Captain Spicer. We had entered on the Bahama Banks by the old channel of 1746, and whilst running before a fair wind we had observed a schooner with lofty raking masts, directly in our wake with all sails set, and steering in the same direction, and overhauling us fast. We paid little attention to her for some time, supposing her to be within the regular line of legal commerce, when a shot was fired which struck near a cable's length off and beyond our larboard bow. We could see by the glass that her decks were full of men; we had a crew of nine, all told; seven old short-range muskets, two old navy pistols, two large-bore double-barreled shotguns; one of which I had utilized on the old farm when low down in the teens, to slaughter lamb-killing foxes and catamounts, all flint-locks; a 6-pound cast-iron signal cannon—a miserable outfit for the defense of America's flag and ourselves. To make all worse, sailor gloomy Jo consoled us by saying that without a doubt every one of us would have to walk the plank, or have our throats cut within two hours; that it was Sunday, and that all the hard luck and deaths and burials he had ever witnessed in twenty years at sea took place on Sunday; that he had felt it in the wind when he came on deck in the morning watch. The captain, who knew every rod of sea upon the Bahama bank, and who had but a few minutes before the firing gone below to turn in after a long watch, hastened excitedly onto the deck; his first words were, "An impudent act; where did the ball strike?" When told, he said the intention was not to sink or cripple us, but

to make us heave to; that if he had suspected this a few hours sooner he could have put on sail and left the pirate far back in our wake, "but I shall give that stranger some trouble. Mate Potts, you take the helm, and pay close attention to the stranger. I want all hands forward. I shall immediately spread all sail and then rig a jury-mast, as we have plenty of spars and sails. I can give her a knot more an hour, if we are not blown out of the water. Larboard your helm, Mr. Potts; hard larboard, Mr. Potts!" "Aye, aye, sir!" Whiz came two shots, striking the water but a few feet from the schooner. We were gaining headway when the fourth shot came; it was aimed too low, and struck the water but a few feet from our rudder. "Is she now following us? Has she changed her course since we did? What is your opinion, Mr. Potts?" "Yes, sir; she has." "So I thought, and she will regret that she fired those shots." "Goodness!" exclaimed gloomy Jo, "what is up? Her topsail has ripped in two and gone over her bow; down goes her mainsail. What is up?" "I can tell you, boys," coolly replied the captain: "her bow is stove in, and she is sinking. I led her in her chase onto the sunken rocks." The captain, glass in hand, said: Dismantle our jury mast and furl sail. The pirate has lowered three boats, and is placing barrels and boxes in them; they will abandon the schooner and make for some key or island." Near one hour passed when the captain reported that they had struck off southwest—a fact that we all could see from aloft—and that it would not be good generalship for the "Thaddeus" to proceed on her voyage without visiting the wreck, and seeing what she was, and how she was, and all about the situation, but at the same time to keep our old muskets and sharpened sheath knives and boathooks in place, and that it would be prudent for the cook to keep up a good fire under his coppers of scalding water, and have his dippers at hand to scald the pirates if some of them have remained on board to ambush us and secure our schooner. Our numbers were small, and arms very poor and unworthy of the name, yet we had resolved, from the firing of the first bandit gun, to open up an ocean Bunker Hill, and stand shoulder to

shoulder in the strife for life and supremacy to extermination, and then no surrender, none! But our good and wise captain deprived us of the experiment when it was not over one hour distant from its maturity. The heavens above and the ocean beneath had volunteered in our behalf. We tacked back and beyond the armed schooner, furled sail, and before the wind cautiously and successfully came alongside the pirate and made fast to her. It was immediately decided to send some one of our nine on board the piratical craft to reconnoiter for the enemy. The captain and the crew correctly estimated my life to be of a smaller value than that of the older Jack Tars, and with a glittering sheath knife in my belt, and the old flint-lock shot-gun in my hands, I leaped upon the pirate's deck, and on the double-quick advanced to the open companionway of the cabin and peered within, and reported that about two feet of water flooded the cabin floor, but that no piratical enemy appeared in sight to give me battle; all was as silent as the tomb. I then hastened to the main hatch; reported no pirates, but floating empty barrels, boxes, and rubbish, and that upon the first break the water had rushed in rapidly, for boxes and barrels and packages were driven to an aft bulkhead, and it was then running in and increasing in depth. I hastened back to the cabin and passed down into the water to investigate and report the situation, but goodness! what a sight met my gaze; upon the made-fast dining table that stood in over two feet of water, lay a young girl cold in death. I rushed on deck and announced a dead girl in the cabin. All hands, with fire-arms presented cautiously, followed me back into the cabin. We surrounded the table, which was but a few inches above the water, and gazed with fixed eyes, and with astonished and excited countenances, upon the cold but smiling form before us. The age of the girl was reckoned by our crew to be from fourteen up to sixteen years. No marks of violence appeared upon her, and she was splendidly dressed and arranged with great care; all showed that she was dressed after death for her departure. A stateroom bedspread was folded and placed under her; a second spread, lighter and smaller, was placed under her

head. She had on an ash-colored silk dress, trimmed in front with Honiton lace, a gold chain, with a cross of the same material set with diamonds, was around her neck; a pair of diamond earrings glittered in her ears; two jeweled rings were on her fingers, and diamond-set bracelets were clasped around her wrists; she had on light violet-colored silk stockings and white satin slippers; her extremely long dark hair, approaching black, was drawn down under her body, and held in place by a costly pink-colored Spanish sash; her complexion was transparent, and her features were expressive, even in death. Then came the query, who was she? when did she die, and under what circumstances had she lost her life? and for what reason was she abandoned when the boats departed, or why not gently dropped beneath the waters of the ocean? Mate Potts said, from the great care taken of her after death, she was the buccaneer owner's or the captain's daughter, and that her mother was on board and had left the sinking schooner and taken to the boats with the crew; that no man ever rigged up the girl in that style; that he had never seen such rigging in all Nantucket; that he had two girls and one boy in Nantucket, well grown up, and should know all about it. He knew that the sailors had objected to shipping the dead with them on a perilous voyage, and had they not, it would have taken up space, and have been an incumbrance to have done so, and that her mother, like all women, looked upon a sea grave with horror; and a mother would object, and that she had been dressed and placed on that table as her last resting place; that he, when a young sailor, and when most all nations were in slave trade, and many reaped a profit through piracy as well as through the African slave trade, had frequently seen the wives of buccaneer adventurers and of captains on board of slave ships and on board of pirates, just as we now frequently see them on board of merchant vessels; that many women relished excitement and cruelty.

One of our sailors said he knew all about it; that the cut-throats had choked her wind off. The captain said, "No time to theorize," that it was a mystery impossible to solve. Then came on board of the now captured pirate, and the schooner's

crew, the first reverse wind that the stanch and renowned "Thaddeus" and its Spartan band of nine had ever encountered. A woman in it—no not a woman, but a young girl, if not an angel. The controversy was over the young girl and her effects; the latter, several sailors thought, the cook included, should be divided equally, claiming that some vessel would pass that way and strip the wreck and the dead. I objected to molesting any of the girl's property even within her stateroom, claiming that I had made the discovery and should have a voice on the subject. The captain and Bible John thought the same. John was called Bible John because we had two Johns, and this one read his Bible every Sunday. John No. 2 was called Profane John.

I requested permission to take the dead girl onto the "Thaddeus," and, after we sailed a few leagues or less from the wreck, to give her an ocean grave just as she then was; the captain and all hands agreed to this, except gloomy Jo, who said that bad luck would follow us if we took that girl on board. I had a crow-bar passed down to me, and I pried off a store-closet door to use as a stretcher; we gently slid the young girl, with her bedspreads under her, onto the door, and placed a sheet over her, and carefully conveyed her to the aft deck of the "Thaddeus," and placed her under the care of the cook, who was on watch and had been during the investigation and inquest over the mysterious girl.

The pirate carried two 6-pound brass cannon, four 12-pound carronades, a Long Tom, and a 2-pound swivel at her bow, a large quantity of small-arms and ammunition, and some slave shackles; our captain concluded to confiscate one of the 6-pounders, some ammunition, and some muskets, nothing more. We found on the pirate a good pair of heavy Spanish blocks and a strong fall; tackled them on the pirate's upper works, passed the fall to the captain, and in thirty minutes we possessed a superior brass cannon; our iron cannon had been double-charged with powder, and jammed full of lead slugs and spikes to its very muzzle, and we feared to fire it in time of peace. Gloomy Jo said it was no toy, and he was our gunner. He had made his mark of merit under the renowned Commodore Decatur near

the close of 1815, when the commodore captured on the Mediterranean an Algerine frigate and a brig carrying twenty-two guns.

Gloomy Jo was a marine escort for Decatur, when he, with pomp and show, met the Dey of Algiers to negotiate and sign a treaty of peace and commerce with the United States. Jo was also under Decatur at Tunis and Tripoli. Decatur was sent by President Madison and Congress to punish the Algerines for their constant piracy, murder, and depredations on our commerce, and he did as directed.

Whilst the balance of our crew were rigging up a purchase to hoist the big gun onto the "Thaddeus," I requested the captain's permission to again enter the pirate's cabin, to investigate the situation; my request was granted, but very soon after entering, the power used in hoisting the cannon, and launching it onto the deck of the "Thaddeus," caused the pirate schooner to careen and rapidly settle down at the stern. The action drew the bow from the rocks that had entered it, and the sea rushed in upon me like a mountain torrent, and in a few moments flooded the cabin to the deck above, and I came within one single minute's time of usurping the dead girl's tomb.

We took a reef out of our sails and parted from the wreck before a gentle wind, and I, a few points more than half drowned and dripping wet, hastened to prepare the mysterious and unfortunate young girl for her watery grave. I formed a sling out of a strip of canvas, secured two 6-pound shot in it at some twelve inches asunder, placed the shotted sling under her body so as to bring one of the shot on each side of her, passed the ends of the sling upwards over her body and made the ends fast; I then placed the Spanish pink scarf over the sling to hide its roughness; we took soundings; found four fathoms of water; cast anchor as agreed upon.

Apathy did not exist, and no stoic heart was on deck. We put a plank on the schooner's gunwale, placed the deceased upon its outer end. Bible John read from his book the funeral service, with a voice and solemnity that would have done credit to a Beecher. In part he said, "I am the resurrection and the

life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth in me shall never die."

We then gently raised the inner end of the plank and launched her into her grave, to mingle with the departed spirits of the good. There was no pomp, no trappings of grief, but the simple homage of sailors' hearts. The willing waters received her body as Heaven had her soul, and not a ripple marked the spot; the waves of ages will roll her funeral dirge within this ampitheater of waters; the grandeur of which, with its chandeliers above, the Milky Way, the rainbow and stars placed around the bright sun and moon, no human architecture can rival in beauty and magnificence, and beside which the Colosseum of Rome, which exhausted the wealth and genius of a nation, sinks into insignificance.

If on death no hasty flight to Heaven takes place, then when the signal trump shall pierce her ear, beneath the cold water's flood, her form and features will appear in new life before her God.

Bible John was off watch and went forward to the bow's extremity, coiled himself up on the deck, and read his Bible by the fast departing sun. Upon looking down beneath the sea we saw that the mysterious young unfortunate had found a befitting resting place. A coral mound was at her head, and coral resembling wreaths was strewn around her, all as clear and pure as monumental alabaster, and her jewels shone as bright as when she lay upon our deck.

The captain, who had gone below during the funeral, hastened on deck and impatiently ordered anchor weighed and all sails set. Gloomy Jo, with quivering lip and flushed vision, hastily glanced beneath the waters, and exclaimed, "Now I know how an angel looks!" and big Jake, as he took a parting look at the coral grave, declared he would never give quarter to a pirate, and as he stepped upon the ratlines to go aloft, he wiped from his eyes briny tears with the sleeve of his red flannel shirt, and sailor I, with my rough, tar-smear'd right hand raised toward

Heaven's grand blue arch, vowed to the goddess Diana to battle against piracy and slavery to their extermination, and years thereafter I was elected a life-member of the Northwestern Freedmen's Aid Commission, headquarters in Philadelphia, as a dingy certificate of life membership now before me asserts. The cause for adopting me I never knew.

After we entered Boston's port, I daily overhauled the newspapers at the sailors' Bethel reading room, to find the captain's say respecting the pirate schooner and the mysterious girl. I knew he was a man of few words, and that he used no big, rounded periods. After a lapse of six days the then leading Boston "Journal," a 22 × 34-inch daily, remarked as follows:

"Ye scribe, whilst on his daily rounds among the shipping, called on Skipper Spicer, of the good schooner 'Thaddeus,' who had quite an experience on his late voyage from Havana, Cuba, to this port. Whilst on the Bahama Bank a long, rakish schooner carrying the Spanish flag, and heavily armed and manned, gave him chase. He put on extra sail, ran off his course, widened the distance; his object in changing his course was to lead the pirate onto sunken rocks that he knew to exist in that latitude. The pirate drew more water than did the 'Thaddeus'; soon four shots were fired, but immediately after them the pirate got on the shoals and stove in her bow on the sunken rocks, and soon commenced to sink; she had three boats, in which her large crew left her. The captain and his crew went on board of the sinking pirate and exchanged their old cast-iron signal gun for a first-class brass one and some small-arms and some ammunition. The brass gun was a curiosity to ye scribe, as he had never before this seen a pirate cannon, and this was an awful wicked-looking gun; and the captain and his men were greatly shocked to find a dead girl in the pirate cabin. The skipper said that he thought that the girl's kindred were on board, and that she had but recently died from some sickness, perhaps hastened by the gun-firing; some of his crew desired to remove the girl, who was well rigged up, from the wreck, and give her

what they called a decent send-off, and as they had acted very well he consented, although it used up time. The skipper said that when the pirate went down he came very near losing a young sailor whose curiosity had taken him into the constantly increasing water of the pirate's cabin, and he came out of it looking like a drowned rat, and was blowing like a whale. He did not want to lose the young sailor, for he was very useful to help the mate in working up bearings correctly, but he came within a knot of going to Davy Jones' locker. The 'Thaddeus' is now freighting for New Orleans, and is now taking on board cobblestone as ballast and small pay to be used to pave streets in New Orleans. This cobblestone commerce, as well as lime, cement, and granite to New Orleans, from some portions of the East is quite extensive, especially the lime commerce from Thomaston, Me. The chief cargo of the 'Thaddeus' is Boston-made clothing and domestic goods from the Eastern factories. The captain said that the 'Thaddeus' will, in the future, enter into the New Orleans and Tampico trade. Tampico is one of the Gulf towns and ports of Mexico."

Singular as it may appear, our good captain after ordering all sails set, when on the Bahama Banks, and after the great excitement of that Sunday of the lone girl's funeral, never mentioned the occurrence to any one of his crew, although the lives of all had been in jeopardy during the trying ordeal, and not a word was spoken by him of the occurrence until the Boston "Journal" spoke. Sea captains seldom speak to their crews except to order them to their duty, yet they have their trials; I have seen more than one captain of renown, whilst a tempest raged, with doleful visage sound his every pocket to its lowest depths, then, with a look of sadness, meekly ask a sailor for a chew of tobacco.

Sailor I could not ameliorate the sad condition or render any assistance, as I never carried or used the smallest particle of tobacco in any form. My good Quaker father had said, "Do not ever adopt the worthless and injurious habit."

I stated that I had received the captain's permission to enter

the cabin of the pirate schooner and investigate the situation; my desire was to obtain, if possible, a clew, a knowledge of the dead girl's history. I entered what I am quite positive was her stateroom; it had a single narrow berth, bedding in disorder, had not been made up as all others had been; she must have been in it that day, perhaps sick; the room contained a small stand made fast, a small looking glass, a low-seated chair that had been made low by roughly sawing off a portion of the legs; the saw cuts were old, not recent, and were the cook's or steward's work; I know their mark. The bedding of all the berths was flooded by water, but this one the deepest; it set lower. I found in an upper rack two pair of low-cut shoes; one pair old and well-worn in all parts, showing long use; they were children's size, No. 11; the second or newer shoes were No. 1, misses' size, the same size that the departed had on her. Within this rack I found two books; one an American Comely spelling book No. 1, and the other the first English Reader, both well thumbed, showing long use. Both of those books were the very same class and make that my mother used when instructing me. I immediately turned to some pieces in the Reader that I had committed to memory. On the fly-leaf of one were drawn in pencil a sea gull, a porpoise, and a dolphin; on the other were a whale, a grampus, and a flying-fish, and in both the name Mary Stacy was written twice, the last or lower writing much better than the upper, showing a different period of writing. At first glance I saw that the drawings closely approached to life. There was no sketch of any land animal, reptile, or bird. Upon hooks within this stateroom were numerous dresses hung up in place; a furniture screen hung over them; two or three were plain common ones that appeared too small for the girl, and several too large for the departed, but gorgeously trimmed as I fancied, but a sailor is not a connoisseur in furbelows and flounces, and there was no Paris Worth, at that day.

Our captain had said that respecting the young girl all was a mystery; my investigation told me that the pirates had captured a merchant or passenger vessel and put all to death save this one.

then a younger child, or quite a girl that innocence and beauty saved, most likely through the intercession of someone, perhaps an under officer, the steward, or possibly a sailor, as I had done in protecting the wardrobe and funeral outfit of this young girl of mystery from ruthless hands, and gave her a befitting tomb. I am fully satisfied that no mother, no woman ever dressed up the departed. It was a man, or men, most likely the cabin steward, the man of all work. No woman ever dressed her, for one of her stockings was wrong side out; the contrast between them was slight yet plain to see, with thought. One of her bracelets was put on her wrist wrong side up; I changed it whilst on our schooner, and a portion of her Honiton lace trimming was tucked in and very much out of place. No woman dressed her. All the jewelry, which was very costly, was too large for her. Its once owner, without a doubt, had been compelled to walk the plank of death into her grave. Pirates say the dead tell no tales, and although hastily launched from the lower world, I hope an omnipotent Jehovah kindly received her and conducted her to the habitation of the gods, and the home of angels, celestial fields of purity.

CHAPTER XI.

CHILI AND VALPARAISO.

I MENTIONED Valparaiso, a seaport town in Chili, and at an early day one of the best known and most important seaports within South America. Many have expressed astonishment that the Chilian pioneers should have selected such a rough, unsightly location for a city as that of Valparaiso, when far superior harbors and town sites existed. I see no astonishment in the act; all pioneers are profound philosophers, and philosophers are poor judges in small affairs; they soar above the surface.

In the thirties Chili was known by mariners as the Shoestring Nation, because her territory was of great length in proportion to its breadth, but Sailor I must not enter Chili or South America as did Mrs. Trollope or Mr. Charles Dickens enter North America, to open up a miserable junk-shop of literature. I would scorn the act! I know this people. The men are active, with receptive minds; and are noted as judicious lawmakers and skilled in diplomacy. The women are intelligent, amiable, beautiful, and accomplished, and possess the poetry of motion; nobly endowed with hearts of the tenderest affection, yet they can bitterly hate wrong and injury. Those human angels of the tropics would be a model for the most refined.

As all well know, Chili embraces a tract of territory lying between the summit of the Andes on the East, and extending west to the coast of the Pacific Ocean; its northern boundary is in lat. 25 S., at the northern verge of the desert of Atacama, a dry, sandy plain, and extending south to the Straits of Magellan where it strikes the Patagonian territory, giving it an average breadth of about 145 miles, by a length of over 1400 miles.

The Republic possesses 203,000 square miles of territory,

something less than our State of Texas. If you desire the romance of horror, an interesting journey never to be forgotten, all that is necessary is to travel to Central or South Chili, by the desert route of Atacama, from Peru, instead of the lengthy and tortuous Andes Mountain journey. You will then require no expert guide, as a continuous white line of bleached and decaying bones of mules and men marks death's journey in advance before you.

The lofty Andes traverse the continent of South America, and upon them there are several volcanoes now in active eruption. The vast fall of snow upon the Andes tempers the air and renders the climate delightful, and also creates many rivers, most of them too rapid to be navigated except for a short distance. The body of water flowing within this little republic through its sixty rivers is greater than that flowing through the territory of both France and Germany combined.

The Atacama desert, with the lofty Andes and with the ocean, form barriers against invasion of Chili by land forces. The numerous rivers, bays, and vast ocean frontage have been instrumental in making her a maritime nation. It was and is the ocean's breeze and waves that gave Venice, England, our Eastern seacoast States, Chili, and Japan an active, hardy people and the ascendancy.

Chili possesses a soil of great fertility, and a pleasant climate. Her spring commences in September and her winter in May, but the winters are mild and the springs beautiful. I consider her soil unsurpassed for fertility, and her system of irrigation is not excelled. Fruits of all kinds are produced in great perfection. Barley, wheat, Indian corn, hemp, flax, and olives grow luxuriantly; cotton and sugar do well, but in the thirties their cultivation was very limited. Mines of gold and silver and copper of extraordinary richness exist. Santiago is Chili's chief city; it, unlike Valparaiso, possesses a beautiful site, and with its boulevards and magnificent grandeur and gayety, it is a Paris in miniature. It rests on the south shore of the Maypa. A vast and fertile plain stretches out around it. The city was founded

by Don Pedro de Valdivia, in 1514. This was a half century previous to any white settlement within any of the Middle States of North America; the first settlement within those having been promoted by Queen Elizabeth in 1584.

The Chilian republic dates its birth in 1817. Its first revolutionary movement for independence took place in 1810. This republic possesses many fertile and valuable islands within the Pacific, and off Valparaiso is located the historic Island of Juan Fernandez, whereon the wayward Scotch sailor Alexander Selkirk, of the Cinque Ports galley, was a voluntary exile for many years, and who also was written up in 1829 by John Howell, as Robinson Crusoe, and published in Edinburgh, Scotland.

A desire to know all that is remarkable in history or in man is implanted in every mind, but Sailor I must cut off at both ends, and not extend the chain of events.

Chili has schools throughout her domain, and also has many well-constructed churches, convents, hospitals, a military school, universities, and a mint. In 1811 Chili abolished the continuation of slavery by enacting a law that all children of slaves born in the future were declared to be free. This act of justice took place in Chili over a half century before the law-makers within North America even knew the word emancipation.

I stood upon a pinnacle of the Andes, above the home of beasts or birds; a mantle of slowly melting snow was spread around. My thoughts reverted beyond three centuries, when Balboa, the Spanish cavalier, knelt upon the Cordilleras to thank the great Supreme for permitting him to look upon a then unknown ocean, and within one single minute I cast my eyes with wonder and astonishment upon the territory of three prosperous nations, a never-to-be-forgotten sight. A truly sublime panorama of nature was spread out before me. I possessed a small American flag which I greatly desired there to wave, but etiquette and the courtesy due to the nations whose protection I was then under forbid the act, so I doffed my well-worn tarpaulin hat, a respected emblem of all nations, and also of the gods of the seas, and waved it triumphantly in the pure, unadulterated, and salubrious air of

the Andes. The hanging mistlike atmosphere at the distant west told my experienced eye of the presence of the vast Pacific Ocean. Dark clouds of hydrogen swiftly rushed northward beneath my feet, and struck an accumulation of invisible oxygen; the collision immediately caused vivid lightning to flash and thunder to shake the mountain; a shower of rain ensued that fell within the valleys below, whose large, cultivated, and variegated fields to me appeared from off my great height like the small patchwork of a girl's crazy quilt. I was not surprised to see the falling rain and its companions, thunder and lightning, beneath me, for my good mother had informed me of the result of the chemical combination; and far above me were Heaven's celestial plains, where gay transport and beauty reigned amidst scenes divinely fair.

If it would not appear presumptuous in a sailor, I would greatly desire to extend what I know to be wholesome advice to the good people of Central and South America. If you would permit me to speak I would say, gentlemen of the now independent states or nations known as South and Central America, without delay or quibble over unimportant trifles, unite firmly in one grand national compact, as did the States of North America, and without that compact not one independent state would this day exist within the New World. Upon this act alone rests your existence as a people. They, the States of North America, placed within the atmosphere of this continent the undefinable essence of liberty, where it continues to linger, and the trumpet of liberty must never call a retreat.

The absolute necessity of your combination is plainly to be seen in the horoscope of time and events. This momentous federation should be immediately entered upon, as it will require time to consummate the gigantic structure of a nation.

All narrow- or broad-minded personal aspirations for station within the several states should give way for the general good. The field for genius and greatness will not be obliterated but expanded. This federation will give you a power that will command respect; it will secure you a more economical form of gov-



DAVID CROCKETT IN 1831.

ernment; it will diversify your industries and give you renewed energy and confidence in your stability.

Place your capital near the center of your territory. Each state can pay its own indebtedness, or reduce the excess down to an equality. The best man, or a fair man most likely, would be elected as the first President of the Republic of South America. You are a people of quick perceptions, and can frame and maintain empire. You must firmly unite and drive bloated monarchy from within your midst; when it obtains a foothold it becomes a pestilence difficult to eradicate. You must be wary, for like a thief it comes in the night. Good people of the sunny South, please cast your eyes back to May's first days, 1895, when Great Britain's vast ships of war were in safety anchored in your bays, chiefly manned by Irish slaves; their open magazines in regulation order, and their huge artillery in range upon the "Royal Arthur" and other death-dealing engines, to bombard Nicaragua's Corinto, and send men, women, and children to untimely graves—this unrighteous proceeding to obtain seventy-five thousand dollars; and in justification of the bombastic act, those high in authority simper and say, National Honor. As a nation they possess no honor. For empire and conquest they employed Indian savages, and the more ferocious German Hessians, to indiscriminately slaughter men, women, and children in North America. Look, look, at the wanton cruelty at Valley Forge, the horrors of which have been portrayed to me with tearful eyes, by the bleeding sufferers of that day.

They invaded India, claiming to bestow protection on the natives; yes, such protection as wolves give to lambs. When the natives dared to raise their hands for home and self, they were lashed before the cannon's mouth, and blown into bloody, quivering fragments, a barbarous act; but never-sleeping retribution will claim its right to adjust the wrong.

When they conquered Ireland they forbid the Irish to manufacture goods for selves or sale, and they are now hoping that you and Hawaii may step upon their Lion's tail that they may treat you the same, and this year, 1895, the mangy, pampered Lion is

threatening little Hawaii for daring to protect themselves and their homes from Britain's perjured runagates.

This morning's journals of July 24, 1895, whilst I write, report that perfidious Britain is now claiming the Island of Trinidad, and is landing a cargo of coal upon that island, without a doubt for military purposes. She desires to create a Gibraltar there to dictate to the New World. The day has arrived to test the efficiency of the Monroe doctrine with dynamite.

CHAPTER XII.

ENGLAND'S CRUELTY TO THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

NOW good reader, please to calmly sit in judgment respecting the right or wrong of the wanton cruelty practiced by the English and their tribunal upon the heroine and never-perishing Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, a poor girl who, when the Dauphin waned and England had overrun France in 1429, fired with patriotism, she armed and placed herself in the front of battle, and drove Great Britain from many garrisoned cities, and placed the ungrateful Charles VII. upon the throne of France in 1431. The heroine Joan was taken a prisoner of war, and as such was tried by a British commission and sentenced to a cruel death,—a death that would be a disgrace to the savages of the Hawaiian Islands,—to be burned alive at the stake. Did a just God then reign in 1431, and was he in possession of the heaven's thunderbolts, and yet permitted the unhallowed decree? Truly, very truly the horrid act was consummated, and a just God did then reign, to in the distant future deal out justice to a proud and cruel nation. Was this an august and just tribunal thus to cruelly treat a prisoner of war whom they had sought to slaughter within her own sacred home, and she a girl under nineteen years of age? Good reader, you are the judge; render your decision. I do not claim to be an expert in terrestrial or divine rewards and punishments, but my crude judgment is that it was an unrighteous and cruel act for which a life of penance could not atone.

The English to hide their infamy, induced more than one weak woman to come forward to act the impostor, and claim that they were "Joan," but they were immediately detected. It would have been just as well to attempt to deceive a latter age with a

fraudulent General Bolivar of South America or General Grant of North America.

Years back English journals attempted to justify the cruelty by writing the words, "a desperate woman, and early days in knowledge." Goodness! I say, early days; the foundation of the arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature had been laid and brightly shone for many ages previous to that date. The ruins of Assyria, Athens, and Carthage were long rebuilt; Cicero, Plato, Socrates, and Demosthenes had astonished and enlightened an intellectual world centuries previously, so no ground existed for the plea of early day, but mark! mark! retribution is now marching forward on the double-quick by night and day, to right many wrongs of injustice and wanton cruelty by Great Britain practiced.

Citizens of South America and Hawaii; it will never do for you to wrap yourselves in the cloak of procrastination, and imagine yourselves equipped in secure armor. Mark! Great Britain, to obtain territory and enslave a nation, will stealthily encroach on Venezuela to drive her to the wall, then to be conquered and be compelled to subdue Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and beyond, for British provinces to be governed by the Lion.

A few lines and a little ink tell you of the loss of territory and nationality, but in addition comes perpetual slavery through ghastly wounds, loss of limbs, starvation, sickness, and lingering deaths; your wives and little ones to be numbered with your dead.

Look at Spain's Cuba, taxed through generations from the cradle to the grave to fatten monarchy, and this day (May 23, 1895), warm human blood there flows to cement the irons of colonial vassalage, and within this flow of blood is that of Cuba's republican president, the great, brave José Martí, who openly stepped forward in an unequal combat and bared his breast as a target for the barbed arrows of tyranny. Never did a monarch of proud Spain, with braver or nobler heart, depart to his account. Mark! the day will come in which his towering monument will be erected upon Bica de dos Rios battlefield where he fell.

I do not desire to be the instrument to excite and create com-

motion and bloodshed; far be the act from Sailor I, yet I claim to possess a fair knowledge of the rights of man. Mankind, through God and Nature's laws, inherits combativeness, and through the same source they inherit a desire for glory and renown, and pride themselves in their possession as individuals and as nations; therefore man combats for his rights; yet few, very few know of, or can they ever conceive the horrors of war, wherein man meets man in deadly strife, when all save victory and vengeance departs from his mind and soul, which is nature in nature's purity.

Some Spartan mother, as she presses her infant boy to its pure fount of life, may solicit kind Heaven to permit it to become a soldier of renown, and cause the world to admire and applaud its acts of bravery. Good madam, do not, please do not offer up to the great Supreme such a supplication. You little know the horrors of war. That you may possess a faint knowledge of its horrors, please stand beside me on this eminence overlooking the city of Vera Cruz, whilst this battle rages, and the city is bombarded by land and sea. Look along the offing of yonder Gulf, at the vast array of stately battle ships, their broadsides facing the city, with decks cleared for action, and every man at his post, to move and act with the precision of a Hoe printing-press, to slaughter or drive the inhabitants of the city—men, women, and children—from their homes. Now cast your eyes inland upon that long line of breastworks with its yawning artillery ready to belch forth their iron hail and mimic the thunders of Heaven; see beyond, at its right flank, a troop of cavalry ranged in line with gleaming swords, soon to have battered edges and dripping with warm human blood from point to hilt. Now sulphuric smoke slowly arises to cloud the atmosphere and veil the sun; now the roofs and rafters of dwellings topple down upon the heads of the shrieking and trembling occupants who rush to the street to meet death in the open air; observe the city forts and blockhouses—they are but mere toys, and are scattered to the winds. Look, look, yonder flees a young mother with a headless infant in her arms; hark! the trumpet sounds a charge; the

cavalry with fury comes rushing on. Halt! halt! they will not halt; they trample mother, infant, all within the dust; and yonder totters a soldier endeavoring to stay his flowing life-blood with his left hand, whilst with his right hand he wields a saber in his country's cause. Such, good reader, are the horrors of war, and such will be the scenes within Central and South America, many of which scenes will pale my experience, here given, into insignificance. Become not dejected, depressed, or dispirited, but onward march to empire and to greatness; kind Heaven smiles upon the persevering and the just. You are now in worth and knowledge as a people, two centuries in advance of the then ignorant barbarian English when at your age of national life, and you are full three centuries in advance of Germany, counting by worth and knowledge, when ninety-five per cent. of all the German nation were willing, submissive serfs to ignorant, tyrannical masters, inferior to many of the American savages. This is history's true record.

Worthy and ancient friends of my sailor days, who kindly aided me when cast away upon your shores, hungry and almost naked through the surging billows of an angry sea, latitude then and now unknown to me.

Mark! vultures of empire, with keen eyes and longing crops, are now hovering around to gorge you down; listen not to Britain's vows; they are false as dicers' oaths.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VOYAGE TO JAMAICA; ITS EARLY DAYS.

[N 1831 I made a voyage before the mast from New Orleans, bound for Jamaica and Hayti. The shipping papers, signed and delivered, said \$17 per month, which was an advance on previous months of \$1. I saved the larger portion of each \$17, put it to work for me, and it created a large sum of money. Since that day I have seen telegraph operators, and many others who were receiving \$120 per month, distress the world and injure themselves and families by striking for more. To strike is right, but to forbid your fellow-man, unless a member of the Debs or Sovereign clan, to earn bread for his wife and little ones is an odious crime that justly merits transportation to some lonely isle where you could exhibit your ability to build up and govern.

My West India voyage, as many others, was uneventful, but there was history mingled with the cargo of that voyage; a portion of the brig's cargo consisted of twenty-seven ex-slaves,—a portion of them once the property of John MacDonogh, a Scotchman with large possessions, and residing within the MacDonogh suburb to Algiers, on the Mississippi River opposite New Orleans; those slaves he had set free on condition that they would make their future homes in Africa or Hayti,—and twenty other free blacks, most of them natives of Louisiana. Mr. MacDonogh had settled at Louisiana at an early day, accumulated money, purchased many slaves, worked a portion within his town limits, and a portion in erecting buildings in New Orleans to rent. He made his own brick with slave labor; cut his own wood to burn them with in the cypress swamps, by slave labor. He considered the African slaves competent and fitted for every duty; slave driver, coachman, and his own barber. He got up a system of

emancipation for his slaves, charged each slave with the cost of his or her purchase, with interest added, and, if home-born, with their market value. They were charged with clothing and food and doctors' bills, together with some profit to pay for dead negroes. Each slave was credited for all his working time at a fixed rate of wages made by the master. Through this system many obtained their freedom, but most of them, before they could work out their large indebtedness, were too old to start out in a new world, and the Louisiana laws prohibited freed slaves to remain in the State after they were emancipated. Some of the old women refused to accept of freedom when broken down by old age and a life of hard work. They exhibited good judgment.

Mr. MacDonogh was a close, saving master; he never injured the health of his slaves by overfeeding them, but he was a mild Scotchman, and governed without abuse.

My daily diary, now before me, reads thus: "December 30, 1831. The Island of Jamaica is now in sight. It lies ninety-five miles south of Cuba." Then follows: "We found a busy port, and a large number of vessels in Kingston's harbor, the flags of many nations waving at their mastheads. An inland journey showed me Blue Mountain, with its summit elevated over 6000 feet above the sea; the climate on its lower elevation is delightful. The soil of the island is extremely productive. Its extent is but 153 miles in length east and west, with an average width of 55 miles, giving it an area of 8415 square miles; a trifle larger than the State of New Jersey, which embraces an area of 8320 square miles.

"During British rule, from 1656 to 1830, Jamaica's small territory averaged a slave population of 500,000, being about three slaves to each free man on the island.

"This island was one of Columbus' discoveries in 1494, but the first land sighted by him in the New World was the more northern neighboring island, San Salvador, discovered October 12, 1492. This island was for over six years supposed to be the mainland of this continent."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAROON WAR.

AT this day, 1897, Christian thousands suppose or claim that England as a people and a nation is exempt from the crime of dealing in and supporting human slavery. Mistaken mortals, you know not the world's history of but yesterday.

Whilst speaking of Jamaica's isle I must exhibit within my *Life's Voyage* England's official barbarity and perfidy, as penned and set afloat by Englishmen. And I had many of the acts and scenes graphically rehearsed to me by the gray-haired tottering black veteran Maroons of Jamaica's war siege of 1798, who escaped from transportation and slaughter by the British barbarians through flight to the mountains' summit; and I also verbally received the sad history from aged British officials, who blushed with shame as they unfolded the blood-chilling roll of past British enormities and infamies, which I, in a comprehensive manner, then entered on my daily diary.

No fiction of war's horrors and Spartan courage or allegory within any act of mimic life was ever written to equal this sad reality here enacted and placed on record of nature's men. A few thousand half-naked, uneducated, and untrained blacks, who had escaped from their Spanish and British masters, together with some of the half-breed descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, and who were destitute of proper arms and equipage and of food, save the roots of wild plants and the berries of the forest, for years setting at defiance and defeating and slaughtering proud Britain's well-armed regiments, under the command of lords and generals of renown, with their Cuban bloodhounds and artillery, to be finally conquered by base and cowardly deception and perjury.

The Maroon warriors were favored by their agility on a mountainous island, with a heavy growth of timber, thickly surrounded by a thick growth of thorny bushes, which were their defensive ramparts, and their indomitable courage and endurance made up for their lack of discipline and numbers. Their unadorned, unwashed, and ragged chief, Cudjoe, placed himself in the front of battle to receive the British lead or meet a bayonet charge.

The ever vigilant and agile Maroons constantly ambushed and routed their foe, and finally took the offensive and drove in their outposts, and attacked their supposed safe quarters.

After many disastrous battles in which the English troops suffered greatly from the unerring muskets of the Maroons, loaded with slugs cut from bars of lead, Lord Balcarres, who was chief in command and Governor of the island, set a price upon the heads of all who did not give up their arms and surrender within four days. He had previously proclaimed martial law throughout the island.

Lord Balcarres having resolved to subdue the blacks, he concentrated his forces and called to his aid troops from on board the English war frigate "Success," which was in the offing, ready to set sail with the Eighty-third foot, Colonel Fitch; a regiment numbering one thousand. He divided his forces into three divisions, and the Governor took command of four thousand militia and five hundred regulars to surround and capture the Maroon town, but he found the town deserted and stripped of all that was valuable; but Chief Cudjoe and his blacks were not far distant and, as ever, in position to give battle. He suddenly, with the fury of a tempest, attacked Colonel Sanford's division on both flanks, throwing them in great disorder; Colonel Sanford was shot dead, and also almost every man in his division, without the Maroons losing a single man, and getting possession of a large supply of valuable and much-needed arms and ammunition.

Bloodhounds and their trainers were then procured in Cuba, and a war of extermination was entered on.

The Maroon bands did not act in concert but separately. The most active and feared was the band under Chief Cudjoe, whose

army never exceeded one thousand warriors. To meet and subdue this ragged negro and his small and poorly equipped army Lord Balcarres had the aid of Generals Walpole and Palmer, and Colonels Gallimore, Fitch, Guthrie, Jackson, and Sandford, and Majors James and Godly, and Captains Lee, White, and Bacon.

No sooner had this handful of brave men, less than one thousand, who had faced death in many engagements, and outgeneraled Britain's renowned generals, and defeated their well-drilled regiments, surrendered, than they were, in violation of stipulations, shipped to Nova Scotia and thence to Sierra Leone, by a decree of the House of Assembly.

In consideration of their arduous services, the pusillanimous House of Assembly voted Lord Balcarres seven hundred guineas for a sword, and also voted five hundred guineas for a sword for General Walpole. Lord Balcarres accepted the gift with thanks, but the noble General Walpole, who felt ashamed of the perfidious act, contemptuously refused their gift, as the act of banishment was in violation of the stipulations of surrender drawn up by Lord Balcarres and himself, which sworn-to treaty declared that, if they would give up their arms and surrender, they should not be banished from the island.

The Duke of Kent, who inspected the Maroon prisoners when they landed in Halifax after being very roughly treated whilst in transit, declared them to be the most perfect and finest body of men that he had ever seen. They were tall, erect, well-built, and most of them jet black.

The wilder half-aboriginals, true to their nature, refused to surrender and trust the white man's oath, but took flight to the mountains' craggy summit.

CHAPTER XV.

HAYTI, AS SHE WAS AND AS SHE IS.

WE met with kind treatment at Hayti's Port au Prince, and President Boyer shook hands with John MacDonogh's once slaves, and took an interest in them. Hayti or the Saint Domingo Republic, known at an early date as Hispaniola, has several rivers, but none are navigable for commercial vessels. Her exports consist in part of cotton, sugar, coffee, ginger, tobacco, logwood, and several kinds of valuable woods; gold and silver exist in small quantities.

Volcanoes have existed, and Mount Cibao's summit is elevated 6450 feet above the sea. When nature's freak, with its powerful capstan down below decks within the earth, hoisted up this vast bulk of sand, rock, earth, and gravel, to its dizzy, towering height, it at some other point sank the then deep sea, with its thousands of pounds' pressure to the square inch, on down to a now unfathomable depth.

Hayti is the second in size of the Isles of the Antilles. Its extreme length is 410 miles, with an extreme breadth of 180 miles. The island, together with its adjacent islands of Gonaives and Tortuga, has an area of 32,100 square miles, equal to 20,544,000 acres, which is a trifle larger than our State of Maine, as Maine contains 31,766 square miles, or an area of 20,330,240 acres. Maine was admitted into the Union in March, 1820, as the twenty-third State.

Hayti's lowlands and a large portion of her mountain-lands are very productive; a desirable climate, but subject to hurricanes and an occasional earthquake.

And here in 1494 was planted the first white man's settlement within the New World, and here at Hayti, the aborigines were

swept by the ruthless Spaniards from off the earth, not through refined but cruel deaths to deter their kindred, and some were carried to Spain to be used as slaves, and within threescore years not an Indian existed upon Hispaniola's blood-soaked soil. And here was first planted the curse of African slavery, to be followed by retribution to the whites, to avenge the red and the black man's wrongs, and here, in 1791, when a war of races swept over this island, the mulatto and the black were pitted against the well-armed whites; the color line was drawn, and the pale-face was vanquished, and a black became Emperor, to be followed by more than one black President of the once slave island, who negotiated treaties with great and powerful white nations, and governed the whites upon the territory where they had toiled as slaves under the lash. The great falling off of commerce, agricultural and all productions, plainly exhibited the fact that ex-slaves took a rest from toil, or adopted the eight-hour system, in lieu of the previous fourteen-hour task; and here, in the late years of 1700 and early years of 1800, buccaneers hovered round Hayti and the Bahamas as thick as wolves in Mississippi, and were a terror to the commercial world, until after our war of 1812; and here the first Christian African church of the world raised its voice in prayer to the great Supreme; and here, in 1801, Napoleon I. sent his troops and ships of war to reconquer France's revolted black province, but he soon relinquished the undertaking, although he had the aid and sympathy of every white upon the island, and the well wishes of thousands of slaveholders at a distance; but the blacks well knew that defeat was slavery and death. Finally France, during President Boyer's administration, entered into stipulation with the blacks to relinquish all claims and acknowledge Hayti's independence, in consideration of the payment of thirty million dollars for driving France's subjects and their masters from their palatial homes, and slaughtering some of them. The thirty million dollars, a vast sum for slaves residing on a small island to procure, was paid in full, and Hayti's independence was by powerful France acknowledged, and the defeated Napoleon signed his name and title to

a parchment with the black slave President; and here came the world-wide-known Stephen Girard, once a common sailor, with his fleet of merchant vessels, as ever just in time to coin money rapidly by furnishing passage to the fleeing white planters of Jamaica and Hayti, together with their vast treasures that they had procured through the labor of the four hundred thousand then living slaves and over seven hundred thousand dead ones. Many of those slave-masters rushed their wealth, their silver plate, jewelry, and gold on board of sailor Girard's vessels, and lost their lives on shore, never to follow their treasure; others paid their one thousand or five thousand dollars passage money to any port of safety; all could not be saved, and those who could must pay.

Now, in 1897, the Germans throughout the world are in ecstasies, and are applauding their King William's courage and bravery in claiming twenty thousand dollars and threatening Hayti's negroes with battle if they refuse to pay the sum he demands to be paid to his lawless subject.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AFRICAN'S FUTURE.

AT a later period Mr. McDonald shipped a larger number of his emancipated negroes to Liberia, on the southeastern coast of Africa or Guinea. Liberia was selected as a negro colony and republic by Henry Clay and associates, in 1816. The association was known as the American Colonization Society, and Liberia was designed to be the home of emancipated slaves or other blacks. At that period the territory secured by the society embraced an area of 25,000 square miles or 16,000,000 acres, an area larger than the States of Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey united. Maryland possesses an area of 11,125 square miles, making 7,120,000 acres; Delaware has an area of 2121 square miles, or 1,357,440 acres; New Jersey has an area of 8320 square miles, or 5,324,800 acres. Liberia's territory has since been enlarged by purchase of territory from the native African princes. The town of Monrovia was named by Henry Clay. The well-known river Mesurado flows through the territory.

The black territory is governed by a President, a Senate, and a House of Representatives. In one respect our once slaves have, in their sagacity and keen perception for the public good, eclipsed in judicious and far-seeing statesmanship our boasted wisdom. They, in their primary act in forming their laws, enacted that all persons entitled to vote at an election, or holding an office within the republic, should have an interest in the country through being the possessor of real estate and a taxpayer, to support the country that gave him a living, protection, and office; this qualification was essential to give the voter or lawmaker an abiding interest within the republic that he desired to govern. The con-

sequence is, when foreigners walk from off the ship's gangway at Liberia they do not immediately seek office, as in America; the result is that all who control have a direct interest in the public good.

Had the Pullman and Chicago strikers and rioters owned their homes, ever so humble, then no troops would have been called to arms, nor could walking chiefs, with itching palms for gold and a train of perjury, appeared to stir up strife, with the destruction of life and property.

In my days of recollection, no white man could become a citizen of Liberia and hold office or vote. This was right and proper, and those were grand conceptions of statesmanship for the general good, and for the preservation of the Black Republic; without this foresight its existence would have long since been blotted from off the earth, for the numerous votes of the adjacent black natives, controlled by some white Boss Tweed, would have taken possession, and consumed all that was consumable. No foreign control, or dictation, or gripsack rule, is permitted within Liberia's dark borders.

Liberia was declared an independent republic in 1847. They have schools, churches, newspapers, post offices, two ships or corvettes of war. Several nations have opened trade with them. They export coffee, ginger, hides, indigo, palm oil, ivory, gold dust, rice, and other commodities.

England recognized the republic in 1848. The wild native Africans can become citizens upon complying with their laws.

I desire to place on record for far-distant time, some seven centuries hence, not a prediction—sailors do not pose as prophets—I speak from visible, yet far-coming events. The incipency is now. The horoscope of the future does not cast a dim shadow, but presents a substantial reality, and I here daguerrotype the substance. From small drops the streamlet flows. All know that the Africans possess a vast territory, so large that at this late day of the world it is unexplored and almost unknown; that within its climate the native blacks enjoy health and increase and multiply, and the white man there perishes. All of you well



A LADY OF CHILI IN 1832.

know that the Africans, male and female, can, and have, endured toil, privation, and every species of cruelty and hardship, and that they possess a brain of high grade, and capable of receiving and retaining an unlimited education; and they also possess an unparalleled capacity to create or produce the necessities and the luxuries of life. Good reader, here in America you well know that they provided for and supported many millions of whites, gave them riches and comfort, and at death costly tombs, whilst they and their offspring were dumped beneath the earth in the cotton, the rice, or the cane field, with or without a rough cypress box, to fertilize the earth; they, the Africans, at the same time, supported themselves and their own families. Their capacity for usefulness has never been surpassed by man, and now their white inferiors cry, Worthless nigger! and beat and bootheel them if they dare to work within a coal mine, or shoot them down if they attempt to earn bread for themselves and families on the New Orleans levee—a levee and a city that they built.

The atmosphere is cloudless and clear; I will roll up time's curtain and take a daguerreotype of the future, and place it before you. Ghastly specters may appear; if so, they exist within the glances of the sun, or in the atmosphere, or they could not appear within the infallible counterpart.

The present white world is on the wane; future greatness in complexion will be from tawny to the hue of midnight darkness. Mark this and place it within your archives for coming history of distant centuries. Africa will be in the ascendancy and dictate to the world. As the twig is bent the tree inclines; a glimpse of light is plainly in the darkness seen. Thousands of blacks will read this sailor's volume, and herein will learn their coming capacity for empire and greatness. A spirit for dominion will seize the entire African race throughout the world; their united aim will be directed to a single object which will create an irresistible power. Herein rests *le mot d'énigme*. They will have before them the white man's example and experience, his long accumulation of knowledge, his discovered arts and sciences to

improve on. Their Black Republic will embrace one-third of the entire globe. They will possess philosophers, poets, and inventive genius. Every village will have its daily journal; school-houses and churches will dot every valley and every hill. They will possess their navy yards, arsenals, ordnance foundries, and military academies; science within their grasp will expand beyond belief of our present Lilliputian generation. They will cook their food, burn their brick and lime, run their mills, heat their iron and forge it by the condensed and concentrated rays of the sun, and when necessity requires, they will store up the summer's heat that now goes to waste to give them heat when required, as we now store up the winter's cold in ice to refresh us on a sultry day. The sun's heat is inexhaustible.

Mr. Edison says that in far-off ages, when all our supply of coal is exhausted, a new fuel will be discovered within the earth's volcanic distant interior, which we will tap and utilize.

Mistaken Edison! Cast your mind's eye on yonder glowing sun from which in a few centuries our heat will come. No earth to excavate or pipes to lay from the seething volcano's store. An awful task to carry their heat or decocted waters to the farmer's kitchen door.

At that day the great African nation will step across Gibraltar's strait, and through chemical science entomb or drive Great Britain's garrison from its stronghold of nature's rock, and amidst the cry of retribution sweep with the fury of a tempest through Spain and Portugal, and in the name of the Great Jehovah plant their black flag upon the spire of every church, and upon the summit of every hill. This is not a sailor's idle yarn, but a fixed and stern reality. Africa, after conquering Spain and Portugal, will then subdue Arabia, Hindostan, take possession of Siam, Borneo, St. Helena, and all the islands and keys within the South Atlantic Ocean. She will form alliances, offensive and defensive, with China, Japan, Hayti, and Persia; she will be solicited by France, England, and Germany, to form an alliance, but will refuse all friendly intercourse or connection with white nations. But she will not molest England, France,

or Germany, as long as they behave themselves. This will be at a very distant day; some seven centuries in the future: at that day all white angels will be placed on the retired list, and black angels will sing praises and chant "Hosanna," and there will be the earthly messengers, and the winged guards of the heavenly portals above.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF MISSISSIPPI, FLORIDA, LOUISIANA, AND TEXAS.

THE ocean's tide flowed and ebbcd, and the sand-glass of time recorded years. I went on shore again. Colonel Crockett's great and wise address clung to my memory as hooks of steel. He spoke of useful knowledge, useful action, wealth, progress, and of our Presidents and their Cabinets. I resolved to collect and place upon my mind, or upon my daily diary, all the useful knowledge that the two could sustain; I found that their sustaining quality was unlimited. I know the seas, their fish, their depths, their boundaries; now whilst on the land I desire to know its human angel man, and his past and present history, for this in part we live. Of the future but few know; its altitude is beyond ordinary vision. God created the world and pronounced it finished; man creates the future; it is ever in process, never finished.

I will place within this record some historical facts worthy of note, for the benefit of those who desire to know; those who do know require no instructor; they are competent to teach. I will but bring the facts and situation down through the distant time to later years; recent history rests within the memory of all, as published within the journals of the day.

I desired to obtain some knowledge of the Mississippi, the State in which I had for a short time sojourned. I ascertained that the first settlement made within the State was made by a colony of French who settled at Natchez in 1715, and they became masters of the soil by massacring over three-fourths of the Natchez Indians, who were previously in possession, driving off the remnant who joined the Chickasaws and Choctaws. At Natchez was located the State's first capital. The soil of Miss-

issippi, in fertility, is equal to any State in the Union. It has an area of 47,157 square miles, making 30,180,480 acres; being larger than Pennsylvania, which contains 46,000 square miles, or 29,440,000 acres of land. Mississippi was admitted to the Union as a State in 1817, and was the twentieth State. Thomas H. Williams and Walter Leak were her first United States Senators. The census taken in 1810 gave her a population of 40,354; the census in 1830, the year previous to my exploration and canebrake-couch experience, when domiciles as I reported were widely separated, the population was 136,622; this was her fourth census, the first having been taken in 1800, and numbered 8850. For many years the slaves outnumbered the whites. When President Lincoln emancipated the slaves, Mississippi owned 438,721 of them.

Having visited and taken an interest in Florida at an early period, I must publish that St. Augustine is one of the oldest towns in the United States. A colony of French settled there in 1564. Spain gained possession of Florida in 1763. The United States contracted for it in 1819, but did not get full possession until 1821. The State has an area of 59,269 square miles, equal to 37,932,160 acres. Florida was admitted to the Union in 1845, and made the twenty-seventh State. David L. Yulee and J. D. Westcott were the first United States Senators. They took their seats in that body in 1845. Florida's population in 1840 was but 54,477, which exhibits the fact that they did not lack for elbow room when they made war on the Seminoles in 1835, to drive them from their homes. The populous State of New York has an area of but 47,000 square miles, equal to 30,080,000 acres, which is 7,852,160 acres less than Florida. The slaves of Florida numbered 61,890 on emancipation day.

I must make mention of Louisiana State, which will ever adhere to my memory. In 1718 a large French colony settled at New Orleans; and there had been a few settlers and explorers previous to that day. Spain obtained possession of a portion; France again got possession of Louisiana, and sold the vast territory through Napoleon I. to the United States in 1803, for the

sum of \$15,000,000. The State has an area of 46,450 square miles, making 29,728,000 acres. Louisiana was admitted into the Union in 1812. James Brown and Thomas Posey were her first United States Senators.

John Slidell, who gave Uncle Sam much trouble for launching him and Mr. Mason from off an English vessel when on a mission to England in behalf of the Confederacy, was a Louisiana Senator from 1853 to 1861. Judah P. Benjamin, a member of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet, was also a member of the United States Senate, representing Louisiana from 1853 up to 1861. He possessed an interesting history, but this is too late a day to place it on record; to do so would not be generous, yet a portion I will mention, that the parents had eaten sour grapes, and set their children's teeth on edge. Judah was an illegitimate child, born on the isle of Martinique. His mother was a Jewess of good parentage, and the belle of the isle; his father was an Englishman, possessing wealth and a title. When he was approaching manhood his father shipped him to an upper college at Charleston, S. C., to be educated. When I first sighted him he did not look like a young man that would ever be United States Senator. I now doubt if he was ever a citizen of America, yet he and others cost Uncle Sam much blood, hardship, and treasure. Louisiana's slaves numbered 333,403 on emancipation day.

I must take from my diary a portion of the eventful history of Texas, for, without a doubt, Texas possesses the most eventful and interesting history of any State within the union of States. To write that history as it passed through the sand-glass of time, from its first white-man invasion in 1685 down to the recollection of the present generation, would require a large volume, and every page of that volume would be tinted with human blood and tragedy beyond belief. The history of Texas has never been written; several abortive attempts have been made in that direction. Sailor I may be tempted to pass that way and knock the moss of time from off my memory, overhaul the dusty and time-worn archives within Texas and Mexico, and investigate my diary and increase the abortive number before I bid the world

good-night. I will now say that after Mexico achieved her independence in 1822, Texas remained one of her provinces until she revolted in 1835, and obtained her independence in 1836, through armed volunteers from the United States, who passed through incredible hardships and suffering. At the time of the revolt the entire population of Texas numbered less than 50,000; she remained an independent republic till 1845, and was known throughout the world as the Lone Star Republic. At that date she became a Territory of the United States, and in 1846 she was admitted into the union of States, as the twenty-ninth State. Thomas F. Rusk and Samuel Houston were her first United States Senators. The extent of her territory exceeds that of the German empire, and America's single Nevada is larger than France's republic. Texas' territory exceeds in extent that of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Ohio, all combined.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR EARLY PRESIDENTS AND THEIR CABINETS.

COLONEL CROCKETT, in his impressive address in Mississippi, spoke of our early Presidents and their Cabinets. I shall place some of them with dates of official action, and other matter that may interest some readers, on this record.

FIRST ADMINISTRATION, FROM 1789 TO 1797—EIGHT YEARS.

George Washington of Virginia, President.

John Adams of Massachusetts, Vice President.

Cabinet.

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, Secretary of State.

Edmund Randolph of Virginia, Secretary of State.

Timothy Pickering, Massachusetts, Secretary of State.

Alexander Hamilton, New York, Secretary of Treasury.

Oliver Wolcott, Connecticut, Secretary of Treasury.

Thomas Pickering of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.

James McHenry of Maryland, Secretary of War.

Henry Knox of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.

SECOND ADMINISTRATION, 1797 TO 1801—FOUR YEARS.

John Adams, Massachusetts, President.

Thomas Jefferson, Virginia, Vice President.

Cabinet.

Timothy Pickering, Massachusetts, Secretary of State.

John Marshall, Virginia, Secretary of State.

Oliver Wolcott, Connecticut, Secretary of the Treasury.

Samuel Dexter, Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury.

James McHenry of Maryland, Secretary of War.
 Roger Griswold of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.
 George Cabot of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy.
 Benjamin Stoddard of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy.

THIRD ADMINISTRATION, FROM 1801 TO 1809—EIGHT YEARS.

Thomas Jefferson, Virginia, President.
 Aaron Burr of New York, Vice President.
 George Clinton of New York, Vice President.

Cabinet.

James Madison of Virginia, Secretary of State.
 Samuel Dexter, Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury.
 Albert Gallatin of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury.
 Henry Dearborn of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.
 Benjamin Stoddard of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy.
 Robert Smith of Maryland, Secretary of the Navy.

FOURTH ADMINISTRATION, FROM 1809 TO 1817—EIGHT YEARS.

James Madison, Virginia, President.
 George Clinton of New York, Vice President.

Cabinet.

Robert Smith of Maryland, Secretary of State.
 James Monroe of Virginia, Secretary of State.
 Albert Gallatin of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Treasury.
 George W. Campbell of Tennessee, Secretary of Treasury.
 William Eustis, Massachusetts, Secretary of War.
 John Armstrong of New York, Secretary of War.
 James Monroe of Virginia, Secretary of War.
 William H. Crawford of Georgia, Secretary of War.
 Paul Hamilton of South Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.
 William Jones of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Navy.
 Benjamin Crowninshield of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy.

FIFTH ADMINISTRATION, FROM 1817 TO 1825—EIGHT YEARS.

James Monroe of Virginia, President.

Daniel D. Tompkins of New York, Vice President.

Cabinet.

John Q. Adams of Massachusetts, Secretary of State.

William H. Crawford, Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury.

Isaac Shelby of Kentucky, Secretary of War.

John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, Secretary of War.

B. Crowninshield of Massachusetts, Secretary of War.

Smith Thompson of New York, Secretary of War.

Samuel L. Southard of New Jersey, Secretary of War.

SIXTH ADMINISTRATION, 1825 TO 1829—FOUR YEARS.

John Q. Adams of Massachusetts, President.

John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, Vice President.

Cabinet.

Henry Clay of Kentucky, Secretary of State.

Richard Rush of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury.

James Barbour of Virginia, Secretary of War.

Samuel L. Southard of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy.

SEVENTH ADMINISTRATION, 1829 TO 1837—EIGHT YEARS.

Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, President.

John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, Vice President.

Martin Van Buren of New York, Vice President during second term.

Cabinet.

Martin Van Buren of New York, Secretary of State.

Edward Livingston of Louisiana, Secretary of State.

Louis McLane of Delaware, Secretary of State.

John Forsyth of Georgia, Secretary of State.

Samuel D. Ingham, Pennsylvania, Secretary of Treasury.

Roger B. Taney of Maryland, Secretary of Treasury.

John H. Eaton of Tennessee, Secretary of War.

Lewis Cass of Michigan, Secretary of War.

Benjamin F. Butler of New York, Secretary of War.

John Branch, North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.

Levi Woodbury of New Hampshire, Secretary of the Navy.

Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy.

Now comes the Postmaster General as a member of the Cabinet.

John McLane of Ohio, Postmaster General.

Amos Kendall of Kentucky, Postmaster General.

EIGHTH ADMINISTRATION, 1837 TO 1841—FOUR YEARS.

Martin Van Buren of New York, President.

Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, Vice President.

Cabinet.

John Forsyth of Georgia, Secretary of State.

Levi Woodbury of New Hampshire, Secretary of Treasury.

Joel R. Poinsett of South Carolina, Secretary of War.

Mahlon Dickerson of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy.

Amos Kendall of Kentucky, Postmaster General.

John M. Niles of Connecticut, Postmaster General.

NINTH ADMINISTRATION, MARCH 4, 1841, TO APRIL 4, 1841.

William Henry Harrison of Ohio, President.

John Tyler of Virginia, Vice President.

Cabinet.

Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, Secretary of State.

Thomas Ewing of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury.

John Bell of Tennessee, Secretary of War.

George E. Badger, North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.

Gideon Granger of New York, Postmaster General.

TENTH ADMINISTRATION, APRIL 6, 1841, TO MARCH 4, 1845.

John Tyler, Acting President through death of President Harrison.

Cabinet.

Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, Secretary of the State.

Abel Upshur of Virginia, Secretary of the State.

John C. Calhoun, South Carolina, Secretary of the State.

Thomas Ewing of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury.

Walter Forward of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury.

John Spencer of New York, Secretary of the Treasury.

George M. Bibb of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury.

John Bell of Tennessee, Secretary of War.

John C. Spencer of New York, Secretary of War.

James M. Porter of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War.

William Wilkins of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War.

George E. Badger of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.

Abel P. Upshur of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy.

David Henshaw, Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy.

John Y. Mason of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy.

G. W. Gilmer of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy.

Francis G. Granger of New York, Postmaster General.

Charles A. Wickliffe of Kentucky, Postmaster General.

ELEVENTH ADMINISTRATION, FROM 1845 TO 1849—FOUR YEARS.

James K. Polk of Tennessee, President.

George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania, Vice President.

Cabinet.

James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Secretary of State.

Robert J. Walker of Mississippi, Secretary of the Treasury.

William L. Marcy of New York, Secretary of War.

George Bancroft of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Navy.

John Y. Mason of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy.

Cave Johnson of Tennessee, Postmaster General.

Nathan Clifford of Maryland, Attorney General.
Isaac Toucey of Connecticut, Attorney General.

TWELFTH ADMINISTRATION, MARCH 4, 1849, TO JULY 10, 1850.

Zachary Taylor of Louisiana, President.
Millard Fillmore of New York, Vice President.

Cabinet.

John M. Clayton of Delaware, Secretary of State.
George W. Crawford of Georgia, Secretary of War.
William M. Meredith of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Treasury.
Thomas Ewing of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior.
William B. Preston of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy.
Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Attorney General.
Jacob Collamer of Vermont, Postmaster General.

THIRTEENTH ADMINISTRATION, FROM JULY 10, 1850,
TO MARCH 4, 1853.

Millard Fillmore, Acting President through the death of General Taylor.

Cabinet.

Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, Secretary of State.
Thomas Corwin of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury.
William A. Graham of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.
Charles M. Conrad of Louisiana, Secretary of War.
Alexander H. H. Stuart of Virginia, Secretary of the Interior.
Nathan K. Hall of New York, Postmaster General.
John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, Attorney General.

FOURTEENTH ADMINISTRATION, MARCH, 1853, TO MARCH, 1857.

Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, President.

The first administration that we did not inaugurate any Vice President. President Pierce was the only President to ever set sail in the National ship without a mate, and passed through his

four years' voyage alone. William R. King of Alabama, who was elected Vice President, died before he entered into office.

Cabinet.

William L. Marcy of New York, Secretary of State.
James Guthrie of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury.
Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, Secretary of War.
John C. Dobbin of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy.
Robert McClelland of Michigan, Secretary of the Interior.
James Campbell of Pennsylvania, Postmaster General.
Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, Attorney General.

FIFTEENTH ADMINISTRATION, MARCH, 1857, TO MARCH, 1861.

James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, President.
John C. Breckinridge of Tennessee, Vice President.

Cabinet.

Lewis Cass of Michigan, Secretary of State.
Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, Secretary of State.
Howell Cobb of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury.
John A. Dix of New York, Secretary of the Treasury.
John B. Floyd of Virginia, Secretary of War.
Isaac Toucey of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy.
Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee, Postmaster General.
Joseph Holt of Kentucky, Postmaster General.
Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, Attorney General.
Edwin M. Stanton of Pennsylvania, Attorney General.

SIXTEENTH ADMINISTRATION, FROM MARCH 4, 1861, TO APRIL 14, 1865—FOUR YEARS, ONE MONTH, AND TEN DAYS.

Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, President.
Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, and Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, Vice Presidents.

Cabinet.

William H. Seward of New York, Secretary of State.
Salmon P. Chase, Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury.

Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War.
 Edwin M. Stanton of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War.
 John P. Usher of Indiana, Secretary of the Interior.
 Gideon Welles of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy.
 Montgomery Blair of Maryland, Postmaster General.
 William Dennison of Ohio, Postmaster General.
 Edward Bates of Missouri, Attorney General.
 James Speed of Kentucky, Attorney General.

SEVENTEENTH ADMINISTRATION, APRIL 15, 1865, TO MARCH
 4, 1869.

Andrew Johnson, acting as President.

Cabinet.

William H. Seward of New York, Secretary of State.
 Hugh McCulloch of Indiana, Secretary of the Treasury.
 Edwin M. Stanton of Pennsylvania, Secretary of War.
 Ulysses S. Grant of Illinois, Secretary of War.
 Gideon Welles of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy.
 James Harlan of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior.
 Orville H. Browning of Illinois, Secretary of the Interior.
 James Speed of Kentucky, Attorney General.
 Henry Stanbery of Ohio, Attorney General.
 William M. Evarts of New York, Attorney General.
 William Dennison of Ohio, Postmaster General.
 Alexander W. Randall of Wisconsin, Postmaster General.

My record exhibits the fact that a larger number of changes took place in President Tyler's Cabinet during his short administration of less than four years than ever took place in any other Cabinet and administration from Washington down, even during an administration of eight years.

Since John Q. Adams was President, the Postmaster General, Attorney General, Secretary of the Interior, and Commissioner of Agriculture have been added to my ancient list of Cabinet

officers. The latter office was a tub thrown to the Granger Whale. I have done the like at sea.

I entered on my diary, over half a century now past and gone, these singular coincidences: John Adams was born in 1735, and retired in 1801; Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743, and retired in 1809; James Madison was born in 1751 and retired 1817; James Monroe was born in 1759, and retired in 1825; John Quincy Adams was born 1767, and retired in 1829. The above shows that Jefferson was born eight years after his predecessor; Madison, eight years after his predecessor; Monroe, eight years after his predecessor; and John Q. Adams, eight years after his predecessor, Monroe; and yet more remarkable, Monroe was just sixty-six years of age when he retired; Jefferson was sixty-six when he retired; Madison was sixty-six when he retired; Monroe was sixty-six when he retired, and had John Q. Adams been re-elected as he should have been, at the end of his second administration he would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe died on the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

I HERE present from my diary the early Speakers of the House of Representatives, with their home States. This is a position of great importance, with power for good or for bad. I will commence at the incipency of that office, and trace it down to years within the memory of all, as well known through the daily journals.

Frederick A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania,	1789 to 1791.
Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, . . .	1791 " 1793.
Frederick A. Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania,	1793 " 1797.
Jonathan Dayton of New Jersey, . . .	1797 " 1798.
Theodore Sedgwick, Massachusetts, . . .	1798 " 1801.
Nathaniel Mason, North Carolina, . . .	1801 " 1807.
Joseph B. Varnum, Massachusetts, . . .	1807 " 1811.
Henry Clay, Kentucky,	1811 " 1814.
Langdon Cheves, South Carolina, . . .	1814 " 1815.
Henry Clay, Kentucky,	1815 " 1820.
John W. Taylor, New York,	1820 " 1821.
Philip P. Barbour, Virginia,	1821 " 1823.
Henry Clay, Kentucky,	1823 " 1825.
John W. Taylor, New York,	1825 " 1827.
Andrew Stevenson, Virginia,	1827 " 1835.
John Bell, Tennessee,	1835 " 1837.
James K. Polk, Tennessee,	1837 " 1839.
Robert M. T. Hunter, Virginia,	1839 " 1841.
John White, Kentucky,	1841 " 1843.
John W. Jones, Virginia,	1843 " 1845.

John W. Davis, Indiana,	1845 to 1847.
Robert C. Winthrop, Massachusetts,	1847 " 1849.
Howell Cobb, Georgia,	1849 " 1851.
Linn Boyd, Kentucky,	1851 " 1856.
Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts,	1795.
James L. Orr, South Carolina,	1858 " 1859.
William Pennington, New Jersey,	1859 " 1861.
Galusha A. Grow, Pennsylvania,	1861 " 1863.

And I here record the early Secretaries of State, and give their homes:

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia,	1789.
Edmund Randolph of Virginia,	1794.
Timothy Pickering of Massachusetts,	1795.
John Marshall of Virginia,	1800.
James Madison of Virginia,	1801.
Robert Smith of Maryland,	1803.
James Monroe of Virginia,	1811.
John Q. Adams of Massachusetts,	1817.
Henry Clay of Kentucky,	1825.
Martin Van Buren of New York,	1829.
Edward Livingston of Louisiana,	1831.
Louis McLane of Delaware,	1833.
John Forsyth of Georgia,	1834.
Daniel Webster of Massachusetts,	1841.
H. S. Legaré of South Carolina,	1843.
A. P. Upshur of Virginia,	1843.
John Nelson of Maryland,	1844.
John C. Calhoun, South Carolina,	1844.
James Buchanan of Pennsylvania,	1845.
John M. Clayton of Delaware,	1849.
Daniel Webster of Massachusetts,	1850.
Edward Everett of Massachusetts,	1851.
William L. Marcy of New York,	1853.
Lewis Cass of Michigan,	1857.

Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania,	.	.	.	1860.
William H. Seward of New York,	.	.	.	1861.
Elihu B. Washburn of Illinois,	.	.	.	1869.

Department of the Interior.

I here enter the names of those who filled this new office at its early day:

Thomas H. Ewing of Ohio,	1849.
T. M. T. McKernon of Pennsylvania,	1850.
Alexander H. H. Stuart of Virginia,	1850.
Robert McClelland of Michigan,	1853.
Jacob Thompson of Mississippi,	1859.
Caleb B. Smith of Indiana,	1861.
John P. Usher of Indiana,	1863.
James Harlan of Iowa,	1865.

Of recent years all well known.

CHAPTER XX.

MOHAMMED'S INFLUENCE AND POWER.

COLONEL CROCKETT at Benton, Miss., had also spoken of the never-perishing Mohammed, who would outlive kings and emperors. I desired to trace his acts and power, and I discovered that if ever mortal man possessed might and power over man- and woman-kind, then Mohammed possessed that might and power. He took within his mighty iron grasp millions of demoralized sensualists, men and women, and as within a moment caused millions to abandon their depravity and their multiplicity of gods, and to bow down upon their bended knees before the one God Allah. Then Bacchus and depravity became unknown within Mohammed's realm, and the Crescent floated in a pure and unadulterated atmosphere.

Then the followers of the Cross, who took no note nor raised a sword or hand whilst corruption reigned, nor considered it their duty to make an armed raid upon the coming Crescent's home to plant the Cross, but thereafter, in the year 1095, the First Crusade took place to blot the Crescent from off the earth; the Second Crusade was in 1147; the Third Crusade in 1189; the Fourth Crusade in 1203; the Fifth Crusade in 1217; the Sixth Crusade in 1229; the Seventh Crusade in 1248. The latter Crusade took place under Louis IX. of France, the only crowned head within my time of memory's history to lead the van to plant the Cross in heathen land. That day, June 25, 1248, King Louis placed on parade his well-drilled, well-armed, and victorious veterans from off England's bloody fields of war; those troops numbering forty-three thousand men. And amidst the cry of his people, Onward march, victory waits your coming within the Holy Land, and amidst the huzzas of many thousands, the vast ignorant army

departed, to find that Mohammed's spirit lived. King Louis, while on his supposed triumphant march to victory and to fame immortal, by entering Palestine through heathen blood, was intercepted by the Mohammedans who, amidst the cry of Mohammed and Allah God, rushed with the fury of a Kansas cyclone through the Christians' compact ranks, and with glittering scimiters mowed down the Christian dogs (so called) as does the reaper mow down the field of wheat; leaving their bodies upon the cold earth as food for vultures and for wolves. Over thirty-four thousand were sent to their account, and King Louis was taken prisoner; the first impulse was to execute him, but the second thought was that a ransom of one hundred thousand marks would be of more utility to the heathen exchequer than his dead body.

This heathen victory was considered by the then world as an extraordinary achievement at arms, as the Mohammedans were looked upon as ignorant heathen, and King Louis was a soldier of renown, having defeated Henry III. of England in three hard-fought battles. The few, very few who escaped death and returned to his empire and his aged Mother Regent and their homes, reported that they were astonished and amazed to find the Mohammedans their superiors in literature and the arts and sciences, as well as in war. In 1270 King Louis attempted his Second Crusade with a large army; he reached Tunis and quartered his troops on the margin of the shallow and unhealthy Lake Tunis, where pestilence and famine carried off the King and over three-fourths of his vast army.

In the year 1297 King Louis was canonized a saint by Pope Boniface VIII. Our Missouri city, St. Louis, was named in his honor by a French colony over a century now past. Since those days of religious strife and flowing blood, I have seen the Crescent and the Cross wave side by side, and not a frown of jealousy to mar the brows of their votaries.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA.

I HAVE frequently been both amused and astonished at the crude ideas and the lack of all idea of even intelligent business men respecting the existence and the extent of the Indians that peopled North America, and were with us but yesterday. I must here place on record for the distant future the most powerful and important tribes, leaving out many of the smaller or weaker tribes. I shall commence at the great Northern Lakes and carry my momentous history on down to the Atlantic, and move from thence to the Father of Waters, the great Mississippi, and continue the history on westward to the far-distant Pacific, naming the Indian nations who once were the lords of this, the now called New World, yet a very old world, and to give a few sketches of past tragedies, in which this, a mysterious and almost unknown people, took a leading part, and most of whom are now blotted from off the earth.

The Indian knows no boundary-line; has no regard for the pale-face's landmarks. Upon the southern line of the British dominion, and the northern line of Uncle Sam's domain, resided the Hurons, Mohicannies, Chippeways, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Narragansetts, Pokanokets, Pawtuckets, Ottawas, Senecas, Menimences, Pequods, Sacs and Foxes, Mohawks, Delawares, Winnebagoes, Lenno-lenapes, Powhatans, Abenakis, Pottawatomies, Iroquois, Miamis, Shawnees, Kickapoos, Tuscaroras, Meaumies, Kaskaskias, Manahoacks, Allegenies, Cherokees, Catawbas, Wyandots, Chickasaws, Natches, Choctaws, Yemasees, Mobilians, Creeks, Shawanees, Seminoles, Diggers, Missouriias, Otoes, Iowas, Kansas, Sioux, Yanktons, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Cayuses, Pimos, Mraiaopas, Utahs, Utes, Umatillas,

Ponchas, Ogalallas, Chrynnns, Mandans, Nez Percés, Gros Ventres, Modocs, Mountain Crows, Sans Arc, Minne-Con-Jous, River Crows, Wichitas, Comanches, Kiowas, Quapaws, Uncompahare, Shoshones, Arapahoes, Apaches. Here I name eighty-one tribes or nations, and I pass twenty-one unnamed, and more than one of them possessing numbers and courage to be able to meet the regular troops of this Union in the open field since my day. Where are they now? Yes, where are they? Three-fourths of the eighty-one nations have been blotted from off the earth, sent to their account without a white man's tear. And where are King Philip's and Osceola's braves? Of them but a small remnant now remains. Most of the remainder of this once numerous and powerful people are now coraled within the Indian reservations of the trans-Mississippi, who as a people, consist chiefly of the Apaches, Mescaleros, Creeks, Maricopas, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Kiowas, Comanches, Wichitas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Cherokees, Poncas, Otoes, Iowas, Pottawatomies, Kickapoos, Cheeholees, Pawnees, Osages, Sacs and Foxes, Kansas, Ottawas, Chippeways, Yanktons, Winnebagoes, Sioux, River Crows, Mountain Crows, Black Feet, Gros Ventres, Shoshones, Uncompahger, Uintahs, Navajoes, Moqujs, Hualpats, Flatheads, and a small number of the once powerful, and most intelligent Indians of my day, the Seminoles of Florida, who have now dwindled down to a small band of slaves, in mind and soul, as now corraled upon a bleak Western waste; no sunny south, no hallowed tomb, but only a shallow grave upon a snow-drift plain, for the descendants of the noble and the brave, a miserable remnant of a once great and intelligent people, far superior to over one-fifth of America's white voting races—the highly favored who claim office and command their superiors, and who have named some of America's Presidents, and do dictate to cringing sycophants; yet their ignorance rates far below zero, most of whom, as is well known, belong to the foreign element, and many of this class through combination, and frequently fraud, secure office to the exclusion of competent persons, as school directors, aldermen, and officials of high stations.

I do not claim to have made a new discovery in this report, for the fact is well known to thousands, who can name those incompetent persons by the hundreds, within and without the towns and the cities of this republic.

The Sioux were the most warlike of the trans-Mississippi tribes. The Mountain Crows were the only nation that dared to put on war-paint and step upon their trails, or attempt to filch their game. It was a band of the Sioux under Sitting Bull who defeated General George A. Custer and his well-advised, well-drilled and equipped cavalry in June, 1876, not leaving a single man to report to the press the history of the slaughter; and in the same engagement Major Marcus A. Reno of the left wing, with six companies of cavalry, to retreat within thirty minutes from the onset. On the second day the Sioux withdrew to the distant timber, not a single gun being fired within the wake of the departing foe, for at that juncture Major Reno and his men, with empty stomachs and parched tongues, stood trembling within their hastily excavated pits, and General Custer and his entire army lay naked on the battlefield, cold in death. When the Sioux were gone Major Reno and his forces buried their dead, and reconnoitered General Custer's ghastly battlefield upon the right; and the only living, moving life in sight was a single cavalry horse branded U. S. This surprising and widely disseminated victory yielded the Sioux a large number of officers' and soldiers' uniforms, blankets, arms by the hundreds, a large supply of ammunition, some brandy, and many horses. The Sioux before their enslavement were without a doubt the best horsemen in the world; they have been known during an engagement to shoot a white cavalry soldier and spring into his saddle, permitting their jaded horses to go at large; others during battle have been known to seize a loose horse, lead him into battle with one hand, whilst he used his other hand to control his own horse and fire his gun with unerring aim. It was this superiority that gave the poorly equipped and half-starved savages this widely noted victory.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEMINOLES' NAPOLEON, OSCEOLA.

IN 1832 the white planters of Florida coveted the Seminoles' arable lands, and the life of an Indian per acre they considered a small cost. The Indians claimed that by the pale-face count of years they had owned and resided upon those lands for many, a great many hundreds of years, running up into the thousands. They had seen the vast, towering, spreading cottonwood trees from a tiny, floating blossom spring, and the giant oak from an acorn grow, and they had seen sand and coral islands emerge from where the ocean waved, for those trees to grow upon. The whites, notwithstanding this plea, did through indirect means take possession of the homes and lands of many, and finally urged this Government in every form and shape to dispossess them of their entire possessions and banish them from the State.

The Seminoles possessed no pen, no ink, no type, no press, to talk to the far-distant world of his wrongs and the crafty white man's robbery; the result is that history and the gods of truth and justice have been also greatly wronged by cormorants in human form, but mark! mark! not forever wronged. Retribution ever appears promptly on time, scourges of contagion and blighting frosts and tempests will teach a lesson of the past. A contract was made with a few that ninety-nine within each one hundred of the Seminole nation repudiated and denounced as deceptive and a fraud. One of the old but wise and great chiefs, Monawahatchie, spoke of the contract as a pure white scroll marked with black water placed upon it with a buzzard's quill, to deceive and trap the red man, and I can say he truly spoke, and that reports transmitted to the War Department at Washington were unfounded, upon which reports General Clinch, with his well-fed

and well-armed regulars, was ordered to camp within the Seminole domain, to teach them a lesson in civilization. Chief Osceola signed the Wile Thompson treaty whilst in durance, and in irons placed upon him by General Wile Thompson. This act was General Thompson's passport to his tomb, minus his scalp. Generals Clinch and Thompson were soon followed onto the battlefield by Generals Scott, Worth, Smith, Jessup, Gains, and Zachary Taylor, in a later year President of the United States. Eight great generals and Major Dade, whose army, with the major, was slaughtered by Osceola. Those renowned generals were long held at bay by a savage, yet their peer in command. He was a believer in the tactics of Napoleon I., within whose warfare he had been schooled, and, as Napoleon, did not beat a drum or sound a trumpet on his march or camp nearby, and request his foe to form in line, but took the offensive regardless of position or numbers, to obtain a victory.

It was the first musket fired in the Seminoles' war that caused the flowing blood and dying groans of thousands, and long and costly contest for supremacy. Had that one single musket charge of death which entered the body of the centurion chief, Monawahatchie (Big Ocean Wave), who with two followers was marching on a mission of peace, been retained within its narrow chamber, even then negotiation might have supplanted cruel war, instituted to drive the red man Seminole from his dead, his gods, and home, to plant the curse of slavery upon the hallowed ruins; the torch was applied to their wigwams, the plowshare run through their sacred mounds, and cotton was planted upon the graves of their ancestors. As it was, Big Ocean Wave, whilst lying beneath a Florida's noonday scorching sun in front of the pompous General Clinch's military tent, in the last throes of death, wafted a war-whoop for justice and revenge. A shrill echo was returned through the moss-covered forest trees and everglades, to strike the white man's ear. Justice and revenge! Then the morrow's early dawn placed Osceola (Talking Bird), a kindred brave, upon the war-path to let loose the dogs of war. Heaven smiled upon the act, and caused consternation to envelop

the renowned Generals Clinch and Scott, and all the world to stand aghast whilst Osceola swept vast and well-drilled armies from off the earth. Finally, whilst under the supposed protection of a white flag within the American camp, General Jessup, who feared him, seized him and put him in irons, and placed him within a prison; and Osceola, the red man's Napoleon, found his St. Helena within the walls of Fort Moultrie, where he died a prisoner; and I, the only witness of those scenes and days of 1833 who now stalks the earth to pen this tragical history. Osceola was not a medicine man, but a Jove, to threaten and command. And many now, with quivering lip and pallid cheek, ask why curling cyclones with destructive fury sweep the earth. Osceola hurls them from the sky.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EXILED SEMINOLES.

THE year 1835 arrived, and the war between the Seminole Nation and the United States, which continued to rage with alternating results up to that date, when the Seminoles, who had long been on the war-path, and who had not cultivated their fields, were driven to starvation within the everglades, and their military stores, which they had heretofore obtained through conquest, had been exhausted, and their only alternative was to rush with their spears and bows and arrows into battle, and sell their lives at the best price possible, or lay down and die within the everglades, or surrender to the pale-face and be banished forever from their homes.

The three modes of solution were about evenly divided and adopted; one-third faced the muskets' and the cannons' balls, or rushed to meet the bayonet's charge; one-third lay down within the everglades and died, and one-third surrendered. A large body of this conquered people—men, women, and children—were shipped to New Orleans, on their route to their westward Indian reservation. The women and children outnumbered the men, as the men had been slain in battle. They were for a length of time detained in camp at New Orleans, and their camp was located at the city terminus of the new basin of the Cameron canal, guarded and supervised by a vast array of military form and pomp; guards and supernumeraries were ever on the *qui vivit*. There was no cause for fear of the unarmed, broken-hearted, dejected wild men, who were no longer the once brave Seminoles of Florida.

This protracted war with a mere handful of wild men created an astonishing large indebtedness to the United States. Yes,

only wild men, yet the most sacrificing and bravest that the great Jehovah had ever created and implanted in their composition Nature's just and first law, the protection of self against ruthless despotism and rapacious greed.

I said this Seminole war created a large indebtedness to the United States. The rations for each captured brave and the transportation of each squaw and her papoose cost a sum sufficient for the ransom of an emperor, and the cost of military stores almost equaled those of our war of 1812 with Great Britain.

The contrast between the citizens of Florida and those of New Orleans was self-evident, and so remarkably different that I at the time noted it on my diary. The former had for years used every endeavor to get the Seminoles placed at a distance from them, even to armed invasion of their homes, whilst the citizens of New Orleans, especially the butchers, the bakers, the importers, and dealers in provisions greatly desired them to long remain in their midst, and with great sorrow saw them depart.

To show the world that relentless and cruel fate in 1895, hounding the red man's trail, I copy verbatim from a report of General Coppinger, as published this day, August 5, 1895, in the Chicago "Daily Tribune," a leading journal of that city, which says:

"ALL IS SERENE AT JACKSON'S HOLE—NO REASON TO ANTICIPATE TROUBLE AT ANY POINT FROM THE INDIANS.

"JACKSON'S HOLE, WYO., August 2 (via Market Lake, Idaho, August 3)—(Special).—General Coppinger sent a message by General Stitzer to the Governor of Wyoming, telling him the Wyoming people must not be allowed to get frightened in other sections and shoot Indians in their panic, or there certainly would be a good old Indian war in earnest. The present affair was a flash in the pan, but it would be easy enough to get up a real war.

"There is no reason to believe there is any more danger at Swan Creek or Gray's Mountain or any of the other points now

sending out alarming reports than there is right here. General Coppinger received a telegram to-day stating that two hundred hostiles were in one particular section of the country, and that the situation was critical. The next courier brought another telegram asserting that the Indians were merely returning to their reservation, and so it goes.

"The man who has done the most to cause this farce is the proprietor of a hunting ranch on Jackson's Lake. He told of Indian guards watching Teton Pass to keep assistance out from the beleaguered settlers when no such condition existed; and, as a matter of fact, he had not been within thirty miles of the pass. This man tried hard to induce General Coppinger to go into the hole by Conant Pass so that the troops would build a road to his ranch. All is serene here and will remain so, if the white people have any sense at all."

At that period, 1835, the close of the Seminole war, there was an opportunity and an offer to the many discharged volunteers to engage, I will not say in a just or an unjust war, against Mexico, for the independence of Texas, but each and every Florida soldier declared that he had all the powder and war he desired.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CONDENSED HISTORY OF MEXICO.

OBSERVING reader, I will here jot down within the quinquessence of brevity a fair and impartial exhibit of the early history of Mexico, a portion penciled by self, dating back to the days of Emperor Iturbide; the bulk of a century now past and gone. No fictitious history of empire could be penned by man to eclipse the tragical reality of the now Republic of Mexico, a portion of which would never have been given to the world had Sailor I been wrecked in early youth, or kept no diary to supply the unacquainted and stranger, tramp historian to make a dime.

In an endeavor to do justice to Mexico, I published over my signature a portion of the facts here given, in that well-known and widely circulated journal, the "Inter-Ocean" of Chicago, in September, 1891. It is well known that, at an early day, even a half century back, that we did not possess the means of communication that we now possess. We had no fast ocean steamers; but few railroads; no telegraph; few journals or periodicals, and no Associated Press. Consequently, knowledge of occurring events, even of great moment, was not disseminated, but passed into oblivion.

Mexico, as a nation, has never received due credit for her virtues or achievements, while her delinquencies have been magnified. She has had no foreign allies, but alone and without assistance overcame foreign and domestic tyranny.

She had been a valuable but discontented province of Spain from her conquest by Cortes in 1520 down to 1808, when Napoleon Bonaparte invited the royal family of Spain to visit France, and on their arrival cast them into prison at Bayonne, and then

required the father to abdicate the throne of Spain to his son, and then required the son to renounce his crown to Joseph Bonaparte. The mother country thus becoming subject to a foreign power, the Creoles of Mexico considered it a favorable opportunity to throw off the despotic colonial system and establish an independent government.

Then the brave and noble-hearted priest, Don Mogul Hidalgo Castilla, in the name of the great Jehovah, buckled on his armor and stepped forward to emancipate his kindred and the native Aztecs from Spanish tyranny. He unfurled the standard of independence, and for a time was victorious in many well-fought battles, but was finally vanquished and shot to death July 27, 1811, as a traitor to Spain.

Priest Hidalgo's great drawback and misfortune was a lack of ammunition and arms; had he possessed military stores and arms equal to his adversaries, then without a doubt he would have achieved a lasting victory instead of defeat and death. At that day, and previously, it was not a surprise to see a priest or a bishop buckle on a keen-edged sword and enter into the battlefield with the cross resting on his breast. A man thus doubly armed is more dangerous than a regiment. Yes, at that day no surprise was exhibited if a priest or a bishop armed and openly appeared at the head of troops, or at the head of a state combination, or was the chief in command of a political plot—and where can any objection rest if the commander can select the Lord's side of the line? For instance, when Napoleon imprisoned Spain's royal family at Bayonne, and a governing junta was formed in Spain, the Archbishop of Laodicea was president of that junta, and in Mexico a priest, Father Morelos, also raised a regiment, chiefly native Aztecs, to give Mexico her independence.

Mexico was valuable to Spain as is Cuba at this day as taxpayers, and she was not willing to surrender her Mexican taxpayers without a struggle and a heavy flow of Spanish blood.

The crown of Spain had, previous to the Guerrero and Iturbide junction and revolution of 1821, quartered a vast body of its adherents as officers on the Mexican people, and up to that date,



THE SCHOONER "METAMORA."

by their own reckoning, received \$21,000,000 net revenue into the treasury of the crown. Of this sum \$1,500,000 was a capitation tax paid by Aztecs, a vast sum for naked aborigines to pay a pampered monarchy, yet white men this day in Cuba do the same.

In 1812 Don José Toledo appeared in Washington, D. C., and with the knowledge of the American authorities formed plans and enlisted 160 men and several officers for the purpose of invading New Spain. This I believe to be the first filibustering expedition known from the United States. Upon entering the province many lovers of self-government flocked to the ranks of Toledo; and the garrison town of San Antonio de Baxar, the then capital of the department of Texas, was taken. The following year Don Toledo was attacked by superior numbers and defeated, but saved his life by flight to the United States.

In succeeding years several other revolutionary commanders shared the fate of Toledo, without gaining any vantage ground, except to teach the people the use of arms, up to 1821, at which period the masses were ripe for a change in their condition. In that year Don Augustin Iturbide was, through a compromise of parties, appointed President and commander-in-chief of the revolutionists. The revolt was so general that few opponents could be found within the province, outside of two or three garrisoned seaport cities. Their old master, Spain, made but a feeble effort to regain these provinces, and in 1822 the United States Congress formally acknowledged the independence of Mexico.

Iturbide soon became ambitious, and on the 18th of March, 1822, his partisans, backed by the soldiery, conspired and proclaimed him Emperor of Mexico, under the title of Augustin I. He immediately proved to be a tyrant and attempted to render himself absolute. He dissolved Congress and cast thirteen of the members into prison. Thus was a revolution for liberty merged into despotism. Those and other tyrannical acts exasperated the people. Among the most bitter of his opponents was a former adherent, General Santa Anna, then in command of forces at Vera Cruz, who declared armed hostility to the usurper who, in

March, 1823, was compelled to relinquish his imperial diadem and leave Mexico for Leghorn.

The following year Iturbide returned to Mexico in disguise, was arrested and shot July 10, 1824, as a traitor to his country. After the departure of Iturbide from Mexico General Guadalupe Victoria, styled "The Washington of Mexico," on account of his arduous services to his country during her fifteen years' conflict for independence, was chosen President and General Bravo Vice President. A constitution similar in almost every respect to that of the United States was adopted, known as "the constitution of 1824." In 1826, under Victoria's administration, an act was passed abolishing forever all titles of nobility in Mexico, and also a decree prohibiting the importation of slaves under the penalty of confiscation of vessels; the captain, owners, and purchaser of slaves to suffer ten years' imprisonment, and the slaves being declared free from the moment they had landed on Mexican soil.

In 1828 an abortive revolt was attempted by General Montano, backed by Vice President Bravo, both of whom were banished from the country.

The administration of Victoria was one of happiness and prosperity.

President Victoria's four-years' term of office being about to expire, an election for President, under the constitution, was in order, and Gomez Pedraza and Vincent Guerrero entered the presidential arena. Pedraza was without doubt elected by two electoral votes, and Anastacia Bustamente, who ran on the same ticket, was elected Vice President; but Guerrero's partisans, one of whom was Santa Anna, alleged that he had been defeated through fraud. Santa Anna threatened to sustain Guerrero by force of arms and was suspended from his command. He then secretly organized a conspiracy, but soon openly proclaimed his purpose. He secured the fealty of his regiment, and hostilities were soon commenced against the government troops, who were commanded by Pedraza in person. Pedraza was defeated within the City of Mexico after a fearful combat of three days, in which

over eight hundred Mexicans were slain, and over one thousand wounded, and an immense amount of property destroyed.

Guerrero took no part in the sanguinary conflict, but resided quietly on his estate, until made President by military force and the declaration of Congress in January, 1829. Bustamente, who ran on the Pedraza ticket, was proclaimed Vice President, and Santa Anna was made Secretary of War. One of the first measures of Guerrero's administration was a decree expelling from Mexico all natives of Spain, but this decree was never fully enforced.

In the early part of the Guerrero administration, Ferdinand VII. of Spain, who had in 1808 surrendered the crown of his father to Joseph Bonaparte, fitted out a large squadron and captured Tampico. The Mexicans, in a very limited time, raised and equipped an army superior in numbers, forced their old and most bitter enemies to surrender, and made stipulation to lay down their arms and never more invade Mexican territory they were permitted to return to Havana, from whence they had embarked.

When the intelligence of the invasion by Spain reached the City of Mexico Congress assembled, and under the constitution passed a resolution investing the President with dictatorial powers. Under this invested power President Guerrero, on the 11th of September, 1829, issued a decree abolishing slavery throughout the republic. This act of goodness of heart did not add to Guerrero's popularity. The owners of the African slaves pronounced the act uncalled for, as it was not a necessity growing out of the invasion. The slaveholders within the United States also bitterly denounced President Guerrero.

This emancipation decree caused an unfriendly ripple between the citizens of the South and Mexico that was detrimental to the prosperity of both republics.

The ambitious Vice President, Bustamente, considered it a favorable time to place himself in power, and, Iago-like, proceeded to dispose of Guerrero. He worked upon his feelings by picturing to him the enormity of his acts,

especially his decree abolishing slavery, and laid before him the great danger he was in from a wronged and enraged people. At the same time he was secretly forming a conspiracy for his overthrow, and, finally throwing off the mask, he openly proclaimed that Guerrero had violated the constitution by seizing the Presidency through force of arms when not elected. Guerrero declined to be sustained by military force and resigned to Congress his dictatorial powers, departed from the capital, and was preparing to leave the republic when Bustamente, who was Vice President, succeeded to the Presidential chair; his first official act was to declare Guerrero an outlaw. Guerrero was captured and a Cabinet called, presided over by Bustamente. The decision of the council was that Guerrero should be treated as a common criminal, and tried by a military tribunal. The trial immediately followed, and Guerrero was sentenced and shot as a common criminal on the 10th day of February, 1831.

Thus the emancipator of slavery in the Mexican Republic, like the emancipator of slavery in the American Republic, met an untimely death.

President Guerrero had rendered arduous and valuable services to his country in many conflicts on the tented field, during her protracted struggle with Spain for her independence, and his short administration was noted for wisdom and clemency.

As soon as Guerrero was disposed of, Bustamente established a perfect despotism and proved to be a boundless tyrant, whose cruelty eclipsed that of Nero. He disregarded all legal acts, and to complain of his oppression was death. His military officers partook of his example. One instance will suffice: a newspaper published an article reflecting on the acts of an army officer; the officer ordered the press destroyed and the editor, who was then under arrest, shot. The order was immediately obeyed.

A decree was issued for the expulsion of all foreigners from Mexico who had not settled under the colonization laws of 1825. This decree was aimed at the settlers in Texas.

Discontent prevailed throughout the republic, and in 1832

Santa Anna, who had remained in retirement since the fall of Guerrero, collected an army from several disaffected military posts for the purpose of deposing the tyrant. When Bustamente learned that Santa Anna was marching to the capital with an armed force, and found himself through his unpopularity unprepared to resist, he relinquished his power into the hands of Congress, and fled from the country. Santa Anna immediately sent a vessel to the United States for Pedraza, whom he had deposed in 1828, and placed him in the Presidential chair to serve the short remainder of the term for which he had been elected. Then he retired to his estate, well knowing that a grateful people would soon tender him the Presidency.

In 1833 Antonio Lopez Santa Anna was elected President without a competitor; but he, like Iturbide and Bustamente, also became ambitious, and plainly showed a desire to raise himself to absolute power. He abolished the constitution of 1824, and dissolved by decree the constitutional council of senators known as the General Council. He increased his army, and appointed his adherents as governors. Several states took up arms against the usurper, but were speedily subdued. In his message of 1835 he plainly told the people that they were not worthy of a free government, and that the object of Congress was to perfect the opinions of the President. Being in fear of the Republicans on account of his schemes of centralization and self-aggrandizement, he sought the influence of the clergy and the old-time Royalists, who had denounced all the forms of the Republican Congress as invading the sacred rights of the Church. Military despotism was fully established. Confiscation and imprisonment followed resistance, and for a season Santa Anna was truly dictator.

The State of Texas at this period, 1835, contained a population of some fifty-three thousand, who had been uneasy and discontented, even to armed resistance, during the Bustamente administration. They now felt greatly exasperated at the unwarranted acts of Santa Anna and his officers, and especially at the acts dissolving their legislatures by a military order and imprisoning their representatives at the capital, as well as the act abolishing

the constitution of 1824, which they had considered one of the safeguards of their liberties. Santa Anna should have known that the science of revolution was well known in Mexico, and could and would be put in force at short notice. The usurper issued a manifesto against the disaffected Texans, and dispatched a force of fifteen hundred soldiers, under command of General Cos, to carry out his decree. General Cos, under the new system of centralism, was Military Governor, and the people of Texas saw their only safety in armed resistance. At the same period a fortunate coincidence for Texas took place without any concert of action, which beyond a doubt saved the Texans from banishment or extermination, and bestowed independence in 1836.

This coincidence, or act, was the assembling, equipping, and marching to the battlefield of Texas many hundreds of volunteers from the United States, but principally from New Orleans. Of those volunteers nearly four hundred, all young men, embarked at one time on one vessel, and several hundred followed, and arrived in time to be engaged in the first battles of the campaign of 1835: the battle of the Mission, and the storming of the fortified town of San Antonio, under the command of Colonel Milam until his death on the field, then under General Burlston to the final surrender of the Mexican forces of General Cos, on December 11, 1835, and after a siege of several days, with many hand-to-hand contests. Under this capitulation large, valuable, and much-needed munitions of war fell into the hands of the Texans. The surrender of General Cos terminated the campaign of 1835.

A majority of the soldiers actively engaged in those memorable battles were the United States volunteers. Those from Louisiana were known throughout the campaign as "the New Orleans Grays." John C. Calhoun, at the time of the enlistment of these volunteers, was bitterly denounced by many Northern journals, as the originator of the movement, with a view to extending slavery. This accusation was unjust, as he could not have even known of the movement until after many hundred had embarked.

It becomes necessary to a life's voyage to say that the

first move or call for United States volunteers to aid Texas in her struggle for independence was made by Sailor I, without any concert of action or consultation with even a single individual. When word arrived at New Orleans by vessel that the representatives of Texas who were Americans had been cast into prison at the City of Mexico, and that President Santa Anna had issued a manifesto requiring the Texans to leave the State, I felt that they were not properly treated, and that they merited aid. On October 11, 1835, I wrote the following notice, a copy of which is now before me:

“The friends of Texas are requested to meet at Bank’s Arcade to-morrow evening, October 12, at seven o’clock, to consult and adopt measures for the relief of the oppressed Texans.” I took this notice to Editor Putnam P. Rea of the New Orleans “Bulletin,” and asked him if he would publish the call; he replied, “Certainly, with pleasure.” The meeting took place, but the big men rushed in, took possession of the meeting, crowded the boys into the background. William Christy, Esq., was called to the chair, and James Ramage, Esq., was appointed secretary; Randal Hunt, Esq., an attorney of eminence, made a stirring and patriotic address, and Sailor I talked to the vast assembly, but was awfully scared at standing before so many big men—more scared than I was when the pirates of the Bahamas gave us chase and fired their cannon at us, and when gloomy Jo reckoned the extent of our lives to be two hours.

Lists were opened for volunteers, and over 150 names were immediately entered, and those volunteers adjourned to meet in the Customhouse Square next day at 7 o’clock A. M. for drill. On the 17th of October, just five days after the first call for volunteers, 380 cleared from the port on board of a sailing vessel, name obliterated, as the act would forever affect her intercourse in the Mexican trade, and it would also affect her officers and owners.

Mexico possessed several well-armed vessels, and an encounter with them was not desired by the unknown. To obtain arms every good rifle for sale in the city was donated or purchased,

then a house-to-house call for a donation of rifles, muskets, navy pistols, and ammunition was made by express wagons in charge of officers, and many first-class weapons were donated. Several veterans, with looks of sorrow, parted with their rifles that they had stood behind at the Jackson and Pakenham battle of New Orleans in January, 1815.

The unknown was not pierced for cannon and carried none, but her 400 men, including crew, did not propose to be seized upon and shot to death as pirates without a desperate struggle. Death was sure to follow capture; as we were bandit invaders, we had no claim to quarter. Our programme was, if overhauled by a Mexican revenue cutter or a cruiser, to immediately act on the offensive. First to store our strength, the troops, out of sight; then to run into or alongside of the enemy, make fast to her and then rush our 380 armed soldiers onto her decks. With this intent, in addition to our firearms, numbering near 500 pieces, I had 100 common boathooks ground sharp at my workshop, to be used as boarding pikes, and the volunteers had received, whilst on shore, three days' constant drill, and were immediately on setting sail divided into squads, put under drill with arms, or drill for attacking and boarding an enemy's ship, and very soon they could move with the precision of a Hoe printing press. A safe and quick landing was made at the then obscure port of Indianola, on the Bay of San Antonio. Then came to the volunteers hardships and privations impossible to picture with pen and ink. Whilst on drill within the Customhouse Square at New Orleans, many of the volunteers spoke and felt that they could hew their way to the halls of the Montezumas, but when marching from Indianola, hungry and thirsty, they were willing to shorten the distance to fame and immortality, even to the sacrifice of the coveted prize. On the 18th of October, the following day after the unknown set sail for Mexico, the steamer "Anachitat" cleared from the port of New Orleans with other volunteers for Texas, the number unknown to me. One fact I do know, that the United States volunteers engaged on the battlefields of Texas outnumbered the home troops, both in the campaign of 1835 and

1836. No doubt files of journals of 1835 exist in New Orleans, to more fully give this eventful history of that day.

The most extraordinary fact in connection with those volunteers and the Texas campaign of 1835 was that, within sixty days of the call to arms, not one armed Mexican was quartered within the State of Texas. The campaign of 1835 was ended, but not so with the campaign of 1836, which possessed its horrors; but I was not a witness of 1836. The Texas revolution was not a revolution for slavery, and Mr. Calhoun took no part in it.

True, wealthy citizens, many of them slaveholders, contributed funds. Mr. Calhoun's State did not furnish thirty men (direct from the State) as volunteers during the campaign of 1835, and a less number than Ohio in 1836. But when the question of annexing Texas to the United States came before the authorities at Washington, Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of State, used every exertion to consummate the annexation.

The surrender of General Cos' forces caused a cessation of hostilities, and the services of the United States volunteers were no longer required in active war. Few of them possessed funds; the wardrobe of all was scant; they were strangers in a sparsely settled country distracted by war, and no employment was to be had; consequently, about 170, to secure shelter and rations, garrisoned the Alamo, under the command of Colonel W. B. Travis, and a large number quartered at Goliad and vicinity. At this period the general opinion in Texas was that the Mexicans were vanquished or disheartened, and would never invade Texan territory again, but Santa Anna surprised the unwary by appearing before the Alamo with a large army, and after a siege of several days he made an assault on the morning of March 6, 1836, and put every occupant to the sword, save a black boy, a servant of General Travis. One soldier had, the evening previous, scaled the walls, and unobserved made his escape. Among the slain was the far-famed Colonel David Crockett, who was at that time a guest of Commander Travis. The above facts, respecting the two who escaped and the position of Colonel Crockett, we personally obtained from a citizen residing at the time but a few rods from the

Alamo. No doubt the boy's color, and being a non-combatant, saved his life.

Many journals, in speaking of this massacre, have placed Colonel Crockett in command. The prevailing opinion of Colonel Crockett is that he was an uncouth person, dressed as a hunter, and surrounded by his dogs. This is an error. True, he received little or no education in his youth, but after he arrived at manhood he employed his spare time in cultivating his mind, and became one of Tennessee's best speakers as well as statesmen. He was twice elected to the legislature of his State and for three terms to the United States Congress. He was a Whig, and stumped his State as an opponent of Jackson and Van Buren, which fact defeated him on his fourth nomination for Congress. This defeat cost him his life, as he immediately journeyed to his death in Texas. Crockett wrote the life of Martin Van Buren, which was well spiced with satirical flings. His powerful address at Benton, Miss., spoke his ability.

The Alamo massacre, which is always spoken of with horror, did not compare in numbers or atrocity with the massacre at Goliad, where on the 27th of the same month, March, Colonel Fannen and his forces, over five hundred men, after a persistent and hard-fought battle, were by order of the Mexican commander, General Urrea, marched out of the fort in four divisions, and over four hundred shot, in violation of the terms of their surrender. A few broke through the armed lines of the Mexicans and made their escape by swimming the San Antonio River; a portion were saved to perform labor in moving Mexican military stores. Almost every man who met this cruel death at Goliad, like those of the Alamo, were United States volunteers.

The now generally received opinion, even in Texas, is that General Sam Houston was the Washington, ever in the field the commander-in-chief, the head and front of the revolution from its incipency. This is an error. He never appeared in command of forces in any engagement during the campaign of 1835. As a civilian he was a valuable citizen, but when he did put in an appearance in 1836, at San Jacinto, he made amends for his tardi-

ness, and S. T. Austin, who was considered by the army to be too conservative or timid, was provided with a mission to the United States in behalf of Texas.

A large number of the Texans, upon the approach of Santa Anna's invading army—principally those with families—fled toward the United States border, promising to return as soon as they deposited their families in safety. But very few returned during the war, leaving the volunteers to defend their homes. In recording these facts we do not mean to imply that the masses of the Texans were lacking in duty or bravery, for they were not.

Santa Anna, flushed with victory, continued his march eastward with 1800 of his best troops, and on the evening of April 20 he camped on the San Jacinto, in sight of the Texans. On the 21st General Houston, with his little army of some 780 men, amid the war cry of "Remember the Alamo and Goliad!" made a charge of desperation on the Mexicans, leaving 700 dead upon the field, while over 700 were taken prisoners, with their commander, General Santa Anna.

The general feeling of the Texans was to put Santa Anna to the sword, but he was a diplomatist and equal to the emergency. Few men with the blood of the Alamo and Goliad fresh upon their hands could have so coolly faced the infuriated soldiery.

He told them that Santa Anna alive was more valuable to them than Santa Anna dead; that as the ruler of Mexico he possessed power, although a prisoner, and could give them independence. Stipulations were entered into that the second division of the invading army under General Urrea should leave the State, and that he, for Mexico, acknowledged the independence of Texas, with the Rio Grande as the southwestern boundary, and would never more invade the State of Texas. Then the flag of the Lone Star of Liberty was unfurled on the banks of the San Jacinto, which reduced Mexico's sixteen states to fifteen.

Fully one-half of General Houston's victorious army were United States volunteers, representing every State in the Union. Most of those from the North and West enlisted at New Orleans; but the Southern States furnished about sixty-five per cent. of all

volunteers. Francis Moore of Ohio arrived in Texas in 1836, with his company of " Buckeye Rangers," while Sidney Sherman of Cincinnati, O., raised a cavalry company sixty strong, which he commanded at San Jacinto. Santa Anna was sent from Texas to Washington, D. C., in January, 1837, and returned from there to Mexico, to be twice thereafter banished from his country, and twice elected President. In 1868, while an exile in New York, he planned an expedition against President Juarez, and was arrested on landing at Vera Cruz and sentenced to death, but was pardoned by Juarez, on condition of leaving the country.

One of the objects of this condensed history is to do justice to Mexico, where it is due; also to the long-neglected volunteers from the United States, most of whom sacrificed their lives in procuring for Texas its independence, and for which they suffered every privation and hardship through hunger and thirst, through sickness and painful death. No commissary stores followed their marches; no skilled surgeons or hospital nurses administered to their wants; the earth was their couch, and Heaven's broad arch their canopy. Their resolution was unbounded. No sooner had they driven the Mexicans out of Texas in 1835 than they equipped a force commanded by Colonel Johnson and Major R. C. Morris, of the " New Orleans Grays," for the capture of Matamoras.

This expedition proved a failure, and cost the volunteers many lives. Then in 1841 the remnant of them, in connection with Texans, numbering in all 335 men, formed an expedition for the subjugation of New Mexico. This expedition also proved very unfortunate. They suffered greatly in the mountains and lost several of their number, and were finally betrayed and then captured at San Miguel, by Armijo, Governor of Mexico. Had the Pathfinder, General Frémont, when on his mountain journey in 1845 directed his steps a few days' travel southward, the charred remains of the campfires of those volunteers could have been ignited to give him warmth, and their westward trails would have guided his course to the Pacific coast.

Notwithstanding Mexico's internal and external wars, she

made a progress in prosperity equal to many European nations, and the mercantile world considered her market very valuable, and her mines were estimated to produce, in gold and silver, five times more than all the mines of Europe combined. Some sixty years back her vast resources in gold and silver, and her valuable markets for merchandise, aroused the cupidity of American merchants and shipowners; but a heavy duty on imports interfered with large profits. To avoid the payment of this duty, every species of ingenuity was adopted. Manifests were falsified, tonnage underrated, vessels built with compartments and manned especially as smugglers, and when stealth failed bribery was resorted to. Thus fully one-third of all American exports to Mexico was run in free of duty. It was estimated at this period that the American merchants carried out of Mexico about sixteen million dollars in gold and silver annually, besides products amounting to a great many millions. I was solicited to invest and embark in this illicit commerce as early as 1832; therefore I speak knowingly.

The larger portion of this contraband commerce was carried on from New Orleans, then the heaviest shipping port in the known world, her foreign exports exceeding those of all other seaports in the United States combined. Many of those contraband vessels and cargoes were seized and confiscated, upon which the owners set up a cry of lamentation, and the United States authorities were appealed to. A commission was appointed to hear and record an amount of perjury sufficient to sink a substantial Sodom and Gomorrah. Indemnity was awarded, but payment deferred. In 1844 active measures were taken by the Cabinet at Washington, through Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, and after his death, through Mr. Calhoun, toward the annexation of Texas to the United States, and also to enforce the payment of this unrighteous indemnity, which Mexico persistently claimed was unjustly awarded.

In confirmation of this statement of dissatisfaction we will go to the archives at Washington. There we find an extraordinary message sent by President Polk to Congress, in which the Presi-

dent, in speaking of the mission of Mr. John Slidell to Mexico, says:

“ Mr. Slidell was sent to Mexico with full power to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments; both the question of the Texas boundary and the indemnification to our citizens.” But Mr. Slidell's mission proved to be ill-timed, as Mexico had already informed the Washington Cabinet that annexation should be followed by war, and annexation was at that time consummated.

At the same time that Mr. Slidell was journeying to Mexico, General Taylor's army of over four thousand soldiers, soon to be largely increased, was marching to the Rio Grande. Two bombastic and haughty letters from Mr. Slidell were addressed to the authorities at the Mexican capital, demanding their attention. Invasion having taken place, the Mexican Government refused to treat with Mr. Slidell, and Mr. Lanzas, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs, forwarded to him his passports.

It is very clear upon an unbiased survey of all the well-known circumstances that this war, which placed a stigma on America, could have been averted by a discreet and judicious administration, and at the same time have produced about the same results. But our Government was controlled by evident greed, backed by duplicity, to obtain indemnity and to embrace the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, which was never within the boundaries of Texas, nor even claimed to be until after the act of Santa Anna in purchasing his life when a prisoner at San Jacinto; an act which the then Mexican Congress very properly disavowed.

In several of the Mexican battles with the United States, Santa Anna, the Napoleon of the New World, the maker and deposer of presidents, was in command. He entered public life when twenty-three years of age, and died in the city of Mexico in his eighty-fourth year.

The masses of the Americans, judging from past and present actions, do not fully appreciate the real value of the commerce and markets of Mexico, and the necessity of amicable relations

and fair dealing to reap the benefit. And many Americans, not lacking in goodness of heart, but deficient in a proper knowledge of the Mexicans, write them down as ignorant barbarians. Never was there a greater error. Mexico has had her diplomatists—her Websters, Clays, Bentons, and Blaines—in her Lanzas, Pen y Pena, Bocanegra, and Almonte, and the records of her diplomacy, now within the archives at Washington, bear the stamp of equality with, if not of superiority over those of Calhoun, Buchanan, Donaldson, and Slidell, all of whom were actors in this tragedy.

As evidence of diplomatic ability, I quote the following passage from the declaration of Mr. Bocanegra, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, addressed to Waddy Thompson, our Minister in Mexico, August 23, 1843, on the annexation question, in which Mr. Bocanegra says:

“And if a party in Texas is now endeavoring to effect its incorporation with the United States, it is from a consciousness of their notorious incapability to form and constitute an independent nation, without their having changed their situation or acquired any right to separate themselves from their mother country. His Excellency the President, resting on this deep conviction, is obliged to prevent aggression, unprecedented in the annals of the world, from being consummated; and if it be indispensable for the Mexican nation to seek security for its rights at the expense of the disasters of war, it will call upon God, and rely on its own efforts for the defense of its just cause.”

A short time subsequent General Almonte, Mexico's Minister at Washington, addressed a note to Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, in which the following passage is a portion:

“But if, contrary to the hopes and wishes entertained by the Government of the undersigned for the preservation of the good understanding and harmony which should reign between the two neighboring and friendly republics, the United States should, in defiance of good faith and the principles of justice which they have constantly proclaimed, commit the unheard-of act of violence of appropriating to themselves an integrant part of the

Mexican territory, the undersigned, in the name of his nation, and now for them, protests in the most solemn manner against such an aggression; and he moreover declares, by express order of his Government, that on sanction being given by the Executive of the Union to the incorporation of Texas into the United States, he will consider his mission ended, seeing that, as the Secretary of the State will have learned, the Mexican Government is resolved to declare war as soon as it receives intimation of such an act."

Many Americans claim advancement in civilization on account of their abolishing slavery, yet the abolition of slavery by Mexico preceded that of the United States by thirty-five years.

In 1861 Mexico became greatly embarrassed, partly through her war with the United States. Her indebtedness having matured, she suspended payments to all foreign countries; thereupon England, France, and Spain united for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction. Mexico was invaded, and terms satisfactory to England and Spain were agreed upon. France declined to ratify the agreement and declared war. After subjugating several states Napoleon III., in 1864, induced Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, to become Emperor of Mexico. One of his first acts was to decree that all who adhered to the Republic should be put to death, and many were shot and others imprisoned.

This act sealed the Emperor's doom. Little did Maximilian know that no people loved liberty more and feared death less than did the masses of the Mexicans. The Republicans united and defeated the Emperor's army in several hard-fought battles. Maximilian was taken prisoner and shot on June 18, 1867.

Through various authentic sources I estimate that during Mexico's revolutionary war of fifteen years and her numerous internal wars, together with her American and French wars, nearly six hundred thousand of her citizens were slain, and not less than one hundred thousand of those were non-combatants. For instance, the Spanish General Coliejo slaughtered over four

thousand fleeing citizens of Quautia in one day, all unarmed, and mostly non-combatants.

It is evident that ever since our war with Mexico that a pressure has been brought to bear on the American people and the Government to induce hostilities with Mexico; or at least to create a harvest on the Texas frontier for speculators and adventurers, through quartering an army on the Rio Grande. For this purpose they cry, "Mexican mule and cattle raid." In 1835 and 1836 a few hundred volunteers drove not merely a few raiders, but large and well-organized armies from the State. Now, a well-armed and populous State prays to the American governmental authorities almost yearly for protection of life and property.

A tabulation of the number of raids and herds of Mexican cattle seized on by Texan raiders would be both lengthy and interesting. But the scarcity of cattle on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande has greatly curtailed the trade in late years. Yet Texas journals occasionally record raids into Mexico by Texans for the purpose of procuring cattle free of cost. But those raids of Texans are not reported over the country by the Associated Press, nor are the number of raiders, and of mules and cattle, magnified by the Texas press.

There is not a shadow of doubt but that usurpation by the military has been the bane of Mexico, retarding its prosperity and impairing its happiness as a nation. The writer has noted her prosperity and adversities since 1830, and should have knowledge of results; but if there is any virtue in a nation being exempt from bloodshed and broils, it is a virtue that the United States cannot claim to possess, as each passing year plainly shows; yet the very actors of those horrors cry "Butchers!" and point an indignant finger at Mexico.

The New Orleans "Times-Democrat" of May 14, 1883, now before me, in publishing occurrences of half a century back, in a portion of its article says, "There is now on a short visit to our city a gentleman who fifty years ago constructed many of the most prominent buildings of our city. Mr. A. C. Fulton, now hale and hearty, although he is over seventy-three years of age, is

on his way to Texas and Mexico to look over the battlefields. In 1833-34, he put up on the site of the St. James Hotel, the well-known resort of those days, the Banks Arcade, a portion of which is now being removed, after half a century, to make way for the new Produce Exchange.

"In 1835, Santa Anna, then Dictator of Mexico, having imprisoned in the City of Mexico the Representatives of the then Mexican state of Texas, issued his pronunciamiento requiring all Americans to leave that state under penalty if they were found within its limits. Mr. Fulton espoused the cause of Texas, and through the city papers here, on the 12th of October, 1835, called upon the citizens to assemble to take action in behalf of the oppressed Texans. A corps of 380 volunteers were raised, and they were armed by the wealthy citizens of New Orleans.

"They embarked immediately for Texas, and soon participated in the Battle of the Mission and the storming and the capture of the fortified city of San Antonio de Baxar, which ended the campaign of 1835. He then built a number of large stores, including the Thayer and Twitchell Block on Poydras Street, between Magazine and Camp streets. He, with Mr. Joseph Baldwin, the brother of Recorder Baldwin, well known in earlier days here, built an addition to the St. Mary Market and erected the Poydras Market. After losing a considerable sum on a cotton press on account of a panic, he put up the granite building No. 111 Canal Street, and in 1841 he built for Jacob L. Florance No. 112 Canal Street, and Nos. 8, 10, 12, and 14 St. Charles Street; in 1842 for Mr. Florance, Paul Tulane, and Mr. Pelia he built a block of buildings on the triangle of Canal and Tchoupitoulas Street. Mr. Fulton's account of the extent of the city half a century ago is very interesting."

A protested draft now before me says that my cotton press loss was \$11,000, with an addition of \$2.50 paid to Joseph Ben-raken Marks, a notary public, for protesting the non-payment.

I omit a portion of the "Times and Democrat's" article on account of some small and unimportant errors in it; those errors are chiefly in dates and figures.

CHAPTER XXV.

OCCURRENCES IN NEW ORLEANS DURING THE THIRTIES.

IN the thirties, as now, a race war broke out, but then the slavery question was annexed to it, but unintentionally and thoughtlessly by the prime movers. They cared not for the slave, but for self; a big commotion growing out of a tempest in a teapot: cannon mounted in the streets, soldiers fully equipped and placed on duty day and night, whilst the feared enemy were sleeping in their beds at their homes. The sequel was this: James Caldwell was finishing and decorating the interior of his new St. Charles Street Theater, and had employed Mr. B. Alexander, a free mulatto, to plat and superintend the work. The white workmen under him objected to his color, and other workmen, mine included, sympathized with them; a meeting was called for the coming Saturday evening, in front of the theater; speeches were made, and a resolve offered to never permit a free black to learn a trade, or teach a slave in mechanics. Mr. Caldwell appeared before the meeting and stated that it would be a great loss and injury to him if the work was suspended; that he had employed the yellow man because he knew he could perform the work required, but notwithstanding his desire to retain the mulatto, he said, if there was a white man present who could take his place in every department, to step forward and he would then and there immediately employ him at good wages and dismiss the mulatto. Not a man offered to receive the good wages, for those who possessed proper knowledge well knew that it was almost impossible to perfect work and designs a portion of which were in place; a second portion ready to put in place or on his plans; and a third, a very important portion, in the brains of the mulatto.

The meeting adjourned to meet on the morrow, Sunday, at

Jackson Square, to consult and pass resolves; the action was considered as a blow aimed at slavery. The enormity swept through the city as does a prairie fire before the wind. Every slaveholder was aroused.

On Sunday a vast crowd assembled in Jackson Square; a speaker had just ascended the rostrum when General Plusha and his company of soldiers with drawn swords, closely followed by some twenty gendarmes, rushed into the square with the fury of a tempest, slashing their swords right and left; hundreds retreated in bad order; the worst injured were some ten sailors, who, in their Sunday garb, had stepped over from their ships to see what kind of a craft was to be launched, and did not seek safety in flight, but one of them sang out the words "Free trade and sailors' rights," which exasperated the general; after being hacked, and bleeding, they were cast into the calaboose. On the morrow they were brought before the court. Mr. William Christy volunteered to defend them; they had committed no wrong and were dismissed. The white workmen threatened vengeance, but used none, but went to their work. Two pieces of cannon with their gunners were placed in range on Chartres Street, and sentinels posted, which was a folly when a half dozen streets were left unguarded.

Not long previous to this race war, a Mr. Pendergrass, a gentleman from Ireland, established a newspaper in New Orleans. He was learned, active, and shrewd, and said he would show the Americans how to conduct and run a newspaper. He espoused the workmen's cause and sought after the worst side of the feud; he made inquiry of my workmen respecting the facts. They told him that I had been an outside witness and could give the facts of the siege, and that I was awfully indignant at the abuse of the innocent sailors, but was down on the workmen for attempting to get up a strike without a cause, and that I had requested Lawyer Christy to defend the sailors. The editor called on me at the building, furnished paper, and requested me to write the facts, and to give my opinion of the outrage. I told him that I feared my ability in the writing line, but he urged the act,

and I dusted off a corner of a work-bench and jotted down a fifth of a column the best I could, with sympathy for the abused and imprisoned sailors, and with bitter contempt for their persecutors, but I imprudently spoke of hempen halters coupled with days from 1810 to 1815. I requested the editor to read my say; he did so; when he ended the reading I remarked that perhaps it was too hot for his type metal; he replied that his font came from Dublin and had been tested and could stand a volcano.

The next issue of the Louisiana "Advertiser" contained my hasty say, and it was located in the editorial column verbatim, not diluted in the smallest degree. General Plusha was awfully wolfish, and his braves caught the contagion and assembled in force, marched to Editor Pendergrass' printing office, drove the typesetters from their cases, cast the press in fragments out of the windows into the mud and slush of the unpaved, common street, and the type and furniture thrown on the top of the broken press. No one in the "Advertiser's" building was injured by the soldiers except the roller boy, who immediately acted on the defensive to protect his paraphernalia, which he did with well-marked effect. The editor was seized upon and thrown into the calaboose, as was said, to protect him from violence. It was those who seized him that he feared. He had some sixty-five dollars in his pocket when he entered the prison; soon after being seated on a bench to mourn his sad fate, a dirty blanket was thrown over his head, and held down whilst his money was taken from his pockets. When he supposed the operation was over he threw off the blanket; the nine or ten prisoners were innocently seated around the room, some telling yarns, some humming a tune, and all looking as innocent as lambs.

A record of the teapot war must now exist within the files of the journals of that day, and out of the many thousands who viewed the wrecked furniture, printing cases, and forms of the Louisiana "Advertiser" as they lay upon the muddy street, a few should now be present to give the history of the cowardly, un-called-for raid on the press; a war in which swords were pitted against brains.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A VISIT TO THE OLD FARM HOME.

IN 1838 I made my first sea voyage as a cabin passenger; not a deck or second-cabin passenger, but my choice of berths in the first cabin of a sumptuously furnished ship, on the same ocean where my home and quarters had ever been the cheerless fore-castle, my mess tossed to me in rusty, battered tin plates and pans, and my fraudulent, unsweetened, or molasses-sweetened coffee in a tin cup to match the set. Now a change of pure white china dishes and coffee cups; a downy bed to sleep upon, and astonishment that quick as lightning came through the captain requesting me to take the head of the table, as the situation required his presence on deck. No sleety sail to furl; no call at night, "All hands on deck," yet I dreamed of being called to go aloft, and dreamed of gloomy Jo and Bible John, and of my fore-castle home. This was an every-day voyage; no shipwreck, no man overboard, no short allowance, no pirates to fire on us, no mysterious girl to place beneath the waves, yet the voyage claimed space within my diary.

This, my voyage, was from New Orleans to New York, on board of the fine steam-packet ship "Savannah," which had been running in the New Orleans and Galveston trade as a packet, and was making this eastern voyage via Charleston, S. C., to go into dock at New York, to receive a copper bottom and then return to her Gulf trade.

I consumed one day in overhauling New York, and consumed one day in overhauling Philadelphia; I then journeyed to the old farm home, which I had not seen for ten years. I concluded to play the wandering stranger, which I did successfully for the space of one hour, by asking my parents and brothers and sis-

ters the location of their long absent son and brother from whom they had seldom heard, and a multitude of like questions, before making myself known to them. My little baby sister, who was under five years of age when I made my last visit to the old farm home over ten years previously, had changed her baby slip for a lady's dress, and was no more a baby, for on my making myself known she seized me with the grasp and the power of a blacksmith's vise. In like manner all had changed at the old farm home, and the once to me well-known cows, horses, pigs, and chickens were all gone, and a new race stood in their place. The apple orchard had grown old; the peach trees had lived their allotted days and departed, and flax had been harvested where they had blossomed and borne fruit. Mothers at that day spun the flax raised on the farms to make their linen, and spun the wool from off the sheep, and knit their and their children's stockings. In this respect there has been a great change since George III. was king.

The old spinning wheel has been broken up in kindling wood, or stored away up in the garret, with its distaff for the spiders to weave their webs upon; and now, in 1896, the madam's duty is to boss the hired girl—if she can. Yes, mothers and daughters, as well as sires and sons, have changed since George III. was king, and Madison was President. At that day silk and broadcloth did not make the man or the woman; brains and work was the passport to station and renown. At that day his nation and its lawmakers did not bow to the Golden Calf or the Almighty dollar, or mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame.

Many of the former neighbors had departed to their tombs, and I was astonished to find their houses, barns, and fields, that had once appeared to me to be located at a great distance off, had apparently been moved during my absence to crowd close upon my old farm home, and that the once large fields in which I had planted corn and hoed potatoes had contracted their borders; all without had contracted its dimensions; not so with my chamber room; it had expanded, after being quartered in a ship's fore-castle of smaller dimensions with one dozen other

sailors. The cause of this supposed outside contraction grew out of long viewing the expansive ocean, its far-distant sailing ships, the vast stretch of mountain ranges, and the apparently endless plains.

I concluded to journey back to New Orleans by land, and view its extent. I took the Pennsylvania Railroad to Harrisburg, then a canal to Hollidaysburg, where I boarded one of Mr. Reese's stagecoaches and crossed over the mountains to Wheeling, Va. At a later date, before railroads were built over those mountains, I made two more journeys over their wild and rough surface and ragged heights. Whilst on one of those journeys I reconnoitered the once far-famed battle ground where our George Washington, then an under officer, in a battle with the Indians, made his name known to the world and fame. Those mountains and passes were unknown to the white man until the year 1697, when James Mulford (I believe I have the name and date properly on my diary) crossed and recrossed the Allegheny Mountains' dizzy heights, and reported to the world his explorations; for this, his daring bravery and hardships, he received a title of honor from Queen Mary, who was jointly crowned in 1695, with William III. her cousin, as Queen of England and ruler of America. This I believe to be the first, if not the only instance in which a king and queen of Great Britain were crowned as joint rulers of that nation. Some of the Indian tribes called this native New England adventurer a Yankee. This word in their language signified an Englishman.

On my first mountain journey westward after reaching Wheeling, I crossed the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to St. Louis, Mo., by what was then known as the National Road. This grand east and west road was graded and bridged, and a large portion of it turnpiked or macadamed by the General Government. The act creating this grand highway was projected and carried through Congress by Henry Clay, and it was long known as Clay's National Road. That one great thought and act should give Henry Clay an unperishing monument. This national work formed a continuous highway from Washington,

D. C., to St. Louis, Mo., and was a boon and a guiding star to thousands of early pioneers who sought a home in the then Far Western wilderness. When our stagecoach arrived at Vandalia on the Kaskaskia, which was the then capital of the State of Illinois, and having learned that the legislature was then in session, I concluded to lay over for a few days to view the new country, and to see laws made for the new State. Much of the first day's debate was on the subject of removing the seat of government to Springfield.

Most of the State was then in its created form, wild and rough in beauty, as was its once inhabitant, the wild man Indian; yet possessing vast dormant value; and the members of its legislature were also rough in appearance, yet it was an august assembly, men of worth and giant minds, and competent to lay the foundation of an empire. Long John Wentworth, who was called the "Gentleman from Cook County," took a leading part, and a member with what at this day would be called an odd exterior—that is, a coonskin cap, wolfskin leggings, and a blue blanket overcoat, with a voice like a bugle horn; he had been a captain in the Blackhawk War, and his eloquence caused the hall to shake and the natives to gaze with astonishment. He was called by the presiding officer "the Gentleman from Jo Davis." The sudden word "Jo" startled me, for it carried me back to the days of gloomy Jo.

I had with me some of the old United States bank bills, signed by Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, and as I was pleased with the Kaskaskia Valley, I gave them to Uncle Sam's land commissioner at Vandalia for 160 acres of land some five miles south of the capital. Wrecking this United States bank was one of President Jackson's numerous sins, as pictured by Davy Crockett at Benton, Miss., in my sailor days.

I departed from Vandalia for St. Louis by the Mr. Reside's stagecoach and the Henry Clay highway, boarded the steamboat "Pittsburg" at St. Louis, bound for New Orleans. On the second day out we struck a snag, attempted to run the boat on shore, but failed to make a landing as the boat filled too quickly

and settled down to the river's bottom; the water was over a portion of the lower deck. One lady passenger was drowned by being pushed or stepping off the flooded deck. The boat's chief cargo was lead from Galena, Ill., and bran and shorts from St. Louis mills for cattle feed. The boat was raised from the water and put in commission again. I reached New Orleans without any occurrence of further note, and went to my work, as then a contractor and builder, or building for myself to sell, which produced more per month than sailor's wages; but I soon found that there was trouble on land as well as on sea; that adverse winds there existed. It is impossible to rehearse and rewrite each scene in a life's voyage, but as I fully noted within my diary, and possess the documents in two acts or occurrences, I must condense and place them within this record.

I had purchased some ground on St. Thomas Street, in the suburb Delord, and very soon when my funds were at a very low ebb, and when a dollar was as large as a car wheel, the city council made a demand on me, through a bill presented by an official, for \$306.40; a similar demand was also made on a large number of my neighbors, but varying in amounts, depending on the location and extent of possessions. The funds were wanted to pay for condemned land for opening or extending that street. I felt that the appraisers had awarded the owners of the condemned property more than its just value, and had assessed Sailor I in excess of my wealthy neighbors. In cases of this kind all persons aggrieved had a remedy in the court of law, and I resolved to procure counsel and contest the city's claim. I called on Lawyer Preston, a veteran at the Bar, stated my case to him; he immediately told me that it was no new question, that he could not promise me any relief, that he should have to charge me \$50 or \$60 to defend the case; that the cheapest way out was to let the court give judgment in the case and I pay the \$306.40; that then no cost would attach, and no lawyer to pay, but that he would defend the case if I desired. Poor encouragement, I thought, and called on Lawyer Elwell, a young, active lawyer, who said, taking my statement, that he feared he

could not relieve me, and used the same words that Lawyer Preston had used; said he should charge me \$45 or \$50 to defend me, but had great doubts of any benefit to me, and that I had let the time run too short to investigate properly, and although I had never been in a courthouse but a few hours in my life, I had at sea read Blackstone, Chitty on Pleading, and various works on the laws of Admiralty. I resolved to defend myself; went immediately to work, compiled my documentary evidence, and filed my answer. The day to render judgment on the commissioner's acts, and attach a judgment to each man's property, arrived; two of my neighbors who preceded in action had procured first-class attorneys. No. 1 was called to answer; his attorney introduced evidence, made a long and learned speech, examined pages of notes, thumbed over a large basket of well-bound law books that his negro slave had toted into the court on his head. The veteran city attorney, Lawyer Rall or Rawl, made a long and learned speech in behalf of the city, upon which the court said in this case, "I have to render judgment against the defendant, with cost." Case No. 2 was called, evidence presented, speeches made on both sides with vigor, and when both attorneys were exhausted the judge calmly said, "The court decrees against the defendant with costs." No. 3, Sailor I, was called to the rack. "Where is your attorney?" queried the court. I stated that as it was a very plain case, as my answer exhibited, I was willing to defend myself. I immediately saw that the city attorney did not relish my style of papers or pleading; he found fault, made sharp, big talk; I kept in calm water, fired every shot to tell, and the judge rose from his seat and announced that the court decreed for the defendant, and taxed the costs to the city. Then the city attorney exhibited both passion and grief, and declared that under the law and the evidence that I was not entitled to a decree. This act annulled the entire proceedings of the surveyors, commissioners, lawyers, and the court. On the following day the city attorney called on me to know what I was willing to pay for the benefits that I would receive. I told him that I did not desire to take advantage of the situation, that I would pay the

\$306.40 less \$150.46, counting per front foot. I paid the \$155.94; had my original bill receipted by city officials M. O. Hovy and Geo. Doane. This bill receipted, with the reduction, now lays before me, and is dated February 24, 1840, and says "notified April 27, 1840." The city attorney told me that it would cost more than the sum that the city claimed from me to duplicate the work. Some time thereafter I was defendant in a building suit in which the city was decreed against, and paid the costs; Sailor I was attorney.

In time Sailor I purchased various lots of ground and erected for self eleven plain, moderate edifices; two of those were erected on ground that possessed, or was mingled with, eventful history. It was a portion of a larger tract of land adjacent to the city of New Orleans, that the Government of the United States had donated to General Lafayette in 1803, as a token of respect and regard for the general's worthy and arduous services to America at a critical period in her days of trial and struggle for life and independence. This land, on the death of the general, descended to his several heirs. My deed now before me, and dinged by the lapse of many years, reads that on the first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, Mr. George Louis Gilbert Dumotier Lafayette, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, residing in the city of Paris, in the kingdom of France, obtained by inheritance from his father the said late Major General Lafayette, in which deed and act of procurement is included the renunciation of Mme. Françoise Emilie Destutt de Tracy, wife of the said Mr. George Louis Gilbert Dumotier Lafayette. The madame says that she parts with all her matrimonial dotal paraphernalia and other rights, mortgages, and privileges. My deed recites that said tract of land was originally granted to the late Major General Lafayette in pursuance of the fourth section of an act of Congress passed on the third day of March, eighteen hundred and three, entitled "An act to revive and continue in force an act in addition to an act, entitled an act regulating the grants of land appropriated for military purposes, for which tract of land a patent was issued by the

President of the United States on the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and twenty-five."

The pleasing fact to every American is here witnessed that the Lafayettes maintain the ascendancy, as George, who was named after George Washington, was in 1840 a member of the Chamber of Deputies, in the then Kingdom of France.

President John Q. Adams did not keep a full holiday on the Fourth of July, 1825, for he on that day signed the patent to perfect Major General Lafayette's land title. When the General made his last visit to America in 1824, the year preceding the land grant, I with hundreds of others supposed that we were doing the general a great favor by almost shaking his right arm off. At that day he was hale and hearty, but the frosts of time had tinged his locks.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WEIGH ANCHOR AT THE CRESCENT CITY'S PORT, TO FIND A PORT
AND MOORINGS IN THE FAR-DISTANT WEST.

AFTER I had visited or passed through seven States into Missouri, the eighth, in 1828, I took an interest in the expansive West; I had read of the fertile and valuable lands of the Sacs and Foxes that the great chief Black Hawk presided over. At that day I considered a St. Louis journal a valuable prize to get possession of to know the Western world. As the sand-glass of time recorded its hours I collected valuable information; valuable because it gave the thoughts and acts of men throughout the world, and exhibited the moving, bustling life within the beehive of man.

In 1832 I learned that the Black Hawk War had broken out and with fury raged; that the pale-face desired his hunting ground and home. The Indian town of Saukenuk, on Rock River, near the now famed Black Hawk Watch Tower, had been reduced to ashes, and its three thousand inhabitants, permanent and transient, and even the women and children, had been driven northward, near the now Wisconsin line, to hardship and suffering. Black Hawk and his men bravely fought for their families and their homes, but heavy guns and trained numbers overpowered the brave chief, and on the bloody field of the Bad Ax he found his Waterloo, and the women and children were shot down in their flight. At the finale, it was not a battle, but a massacre. The wise and great chief was taken prisoner, but his cup of grief was not full; the unkindest stab was yet to come. An under chief, the white man's friend, the talented and great orator Keokuk, whom Black Hawk despised, was by the pale-

face pronounced chief of the remnant of the Sacs and Foxes, and the once great chief, Black Hawk, who in youth was a companion in arms with the renowned Tecumseh, and who was a noted brave when but sixteen years of age, was sent to Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, where he was confined in a prison for nearly one year. He died at his Indian lodge on the Iowa River, in October, 1838, the same year that I had made a long inland journey to the Far West.

Through exploration and reading the journals of that day, I knew there was ample sea room in the West, as the Indians were retreating and also rapidly disappearing from the earth. The white man's war and injustice to creation's first man, the Indian, within this space of the Western Hemisphere, has not ceased in 1895. I stop writing to clip the following cruel and fiendish, wrong from the Chicago "Tribune" of this day, August 21, 1895, a well-known and leading journal, which says:

"The question of what action should be taken by the Government in connection with the killing of the Bannock Indians in the Jackson's Hole country July 13th last, has been referred to the Department of Justice. It is understood that a communication on the subject was forwarded there this afternoon which recites the circumstances in the case and ends with a strong recommendation for an investigation of the matter by the Department of Justice.

"It is understood that the Attorney General was asked to send special agents to Jackson's Hole, and that the services of the Indian inspectors would be offered as assistants. Agent Teter probably will not form part of the company, as he has taken so prominent a part in the troubles that the settlers are greatly prejudiced against him.

"It is believed that the arrest of certain settlers by the United States authorities has been recommended, so that the case may be brought into court and the relative weight of the treaty with the Bannocks and of the laws of Wyoming may be judicially determined."

Their mournful tramp toward their tombs will soon have an ending, and in many centuries to come naught will remain to speak and prove their once existence save this, my record.

In June, 1842, I concluded to weigh anchor at the Crescent City's port, to find moorings in the West. Although I had never been on Black Hawk's war-path or hunting grounds, yet I well knew the land and people through the early and later journals, and through that source I learned that General Scott had, by treaty with the Indians, obtained the land on the western shore of the Mississippi without contaminating it with human blood, consequently no specters of the slain to walk the earth by night, or slaughtered mothers' shrieks to mingle with the thunders of the sky.

I found Davenport on this treaty land, over fifteen hundred miles from New Orleans, and midway between the two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific; a hamlet of a few houses in a wilderness. Scenes shifted so rapidly that it was difficult for me to picture them on my canvas, or enter the necessary words on my diary. Westward did the star of Empire take its way.

The hamlet now numbers over thirty thousand persons. Coming time refuses to give me the grandeur of the future. I can inform coming time that at no distant day, at some point within the latitude of Davenport, west of the Mississippi, will be erected this nation's capital. Coming time was willing to say that the small corner that it now stands in on the Potomac flats does not become a great nation, to say nothing about the exposed position where two or three ironclads could batter down the city before morning messtime, and with a small land force put our President and his Cabinet in irons, and as a ransom require the contents of the Treasury to be delivered on board of their cruisers as ballast, or perhaps, sack and burn down the capital as was once done, and the act tamely submitted to.



GENERAL SANTA ANNA IN 1835

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARRIVED ON THE FRONTIER—SCENES UPON THE BLACK HAWK HUNTING GROUNDS.

WHEN I had decided to break camp at New Orleans and ship to the Indians' late hunting grounds, I concluded to change my occupation. I sold my houses and lots, and invested the proceeds in every class, kind, and quality of merchandise that I supposed to be in demand on the frontier, and although but a sailor I found in due season that I rightly judged the wants of a new and distant people. I kept an invoice of purchases up to six thousand dollars, when I found the task lengthy and uninteresting, and dropped it out of my diary; all I entered on my diary was that the veteran Captain Woods of the upper Mississippi River steamboat "Agnes" said that it was the greatest bulk, the heaviest tonnage, and largest freightbill that he had handled for any one shipper on one voyage during his career as captain and owner of steamboats.

On July 4, 1842, the "Agnes" made a landing on the Iowa shore at the town of Rockingham, five miles west of Davenport, to land some goods, and to take on a few cords of wood to ascend the Rock Island Rapids. No coal was used at that day on boats, and it required extra power to pass over the thirteen miles of up grade, previous to the Government's betterment of those rapids. Rockingham was at that day the competitor of Davenport for the ascendancy. I considered life too short to stand by idle and see freight discharged and wood stored on board by useful men; consequently I bid Captain Woods "Good-day," went on shore to tramp a portion of a sandy road by the river's windings to Davenport, to find quarters for my wife and child, and a store-room. I found the then new Le Claire House fit for an emperor.

I rented a two-story brick store with basement from a Mr. Thornton, father of Congressman and foreign consul James Thornton, and a warehouse from a Mr. Macklot; purchased a broom and had the store swept out by self, and drays on hand to haul the goods before the steamer arrived. By outstripping the steamboat, I added not less than one hour to my business life. I opened store next morning the best I could; had a big rush of customers, and soon put goods down to twenty per cent., and produce up to fifteen per cent., an act that did not offend the community. Within ten days I purchased a lot 128×150 feet, northeast corner of Rock Island and Second streets, in Davenport, to intercept the Pleasant Valley trade, which was the main country trade at that day, and immediately went to work and completed by October 10, 1842, the two-story brick building now on that corner, where it has stood fifty-four years, and it has a healthy life of fifty-four more years, notwithstanding that brick buildings erected the same year, 1842, have been condemned by the city and torn down; two of those condemned buildings stood on Front Street north of the Packet Company's building, and I erected the grand stone structure now occupied by Mr. J. R. Nutting; that I erected in 1854, and a like structure that I erected in 1871 west of it on Front Street and Bridge Avenue; both have yet a healthy life of many years over a century. I make mention of this to exhibit the utility of building knowledge. The Rock Island and Second streets' two-story brick building of 1842, with one-fourth of the original ground, was lately purchased by Mr. H. Frahm for five thousand dollars. At the same time that I erected the last mentioned building I built a warehouse east of it, and also the three small dwellings on Rock Island Street north of it, as homes for my coopers who worked for me and made pork barrels, as I packed pork quite extensively for that day; each of the three tenants worked out the price of their house and lots, besides living well, and owned a cozy home; if every workman would do the same no poor fund or poor house would be wanted, and a large number of my workmen did the same; two of them obtained large possessions, all

earned and purchased through Sailor I, and those men received honorable mention in the report of a Congressional Committee. I have to mention those facts, as they are connected with a life's voyage.

Iowa's soil is widely known for its fertility, and I found all products of the soil in abundance, and much cheaper in Iowa than on the farms within the Southern or Eastern States, but over 1500 miles by the Mississippi to New Orleans, and a greater distance to the East added heavily to the cost. Early in October, 1842, I placed \$1600 worth of this produce—consisting of wheat, potatoes, and onions—on board of a steamboat for the New Orleans market, all of splendid quality. The boat was delayed, the warm Southern weather affected the onions and potatoes, the price of wheat was down, and in due season I received a request for \$13.60 to pay balance of charges, which I remitted. At this same period I was building a large flatboat to make an additional shipment of potatoes and onions. The boat was freighted; Captain Anderson, a river captain, delayed in clearing, and after a few days on the voyage cold weather set in, and ice commenced to form, and the boat had to tie up at a lonely island where most of the cargo perished, and I never received one cent for boat or freight—a total loss of boat, produce, and outfit of very near \$2000, a large loss at that day, and closely following my steamboat loss; and I had through hard work procured the money, for I never received a gift of one dollar. True, I inherited an interest in the old farm home, with large additions, but I desired to paddle my own canoe, so I immediately deeded all my portion to my brothers, sisters, and brothers-in-law, free of cost. This flatboat was the first that was ever built and freighted in Iowa. Mr. D. P. McKown was supercargo of the "Eliza," and on the 25th of January, 1888, he made a report of his voyage from his log, to the world, through a historical journal of Davenport, Ia., which said report I here give to confirm my crippled statements.

“ M'KOWN'S WINTER.

“ This One Is Ethereal Mildness Compared With It—The Winter of Winters 45 Years Ago—Its Weeks of Temperature 25° to 38° below Zero—How Mr. McKown Knows—Set in on the 17th Day of November and Let up on the 20th of April—The Old Settler Ahead.

“ ‘You believe the climate is changing! What makes you think so? Because this is such a severe winter! All nonsense. I want to tell you that this winter is ethereal mildness compared with a winter we had in old times. Old settler’s brag! Not a bit of brag about it. What I tell you is a fact.’

“ The speaker was D. P. McKown, the secretary of the Scott County Pioneer Settlers’ Association, who has lived in Davenport nearly fifty years.

“ ‘It was the winter of 1842-43, and I know all about it, for I was in a fix that made it almost unendurable, and I counted every one of its tedious days, looking for a let-up every hour which never came until after six long months had passed. Talk about cold weather hanging on—why, if this region had been as thickly populated then as it is now, many people would have perished. It was the coldest winter ever known in this Mississippi Valley by white men. I will tell you how it was with me, and you will see why my memory of it is so clear.’

“ And Mr. McKown entered upon a graphic story of his experience in that historic winter of 1842-43.

“ ‘A. C. Fulton was then, as he is now, though forty-five years older, one of the most enterprising men in Davenport. He had a large flatboat built in October, ’42, by a carpenter named Charlie Anderson, who named the boat “Eliza,” in honor of a young lady in the village to whom he was engaged. In November Mr. Fulton loaded that boat with onions, and intended the cargo for the New Orleans market. The crew consisted of Captain John Anderson, Charlie Anderson (no relation to each other), John McCloskey, a man named King and myself. The

cargo and boat cost Mr. Fulton eighteen hundred dollars. We set sail from Davenport on the 17th day of November, with beautiful weather prevailing. Next day it became cool. The water was low, and it was hard boating, I tell you, for ice was forming fast. The third day we tied up to Otter Island, five miles above Burlington, to wait for a thaw. It was frightfully cold—away below zero, and the river was soon solid ice. Well, sir, we stayed there all winter. We lived on onions and pork—took along pork as part of our provisions. All the drink we had beside water was a decoction from sarsaparilla root which was dug from under the snow—and it thinned our blood so that it almost killed us. The man who owned Otter Island hired us to chop cord wood at 37½ cents per day and take it in orders on a store in Burlington. Money was very scarce. We could get no groceries—sugar, tea, coffee, flour, and the like—nothing but cornmeal, whisky, powder, and dry goods. The only flour we had was ten pounds which our employer bought us for Christmas dinner. Oh, that was a dinner! The Sunday before Christmas the boys shot a wild turkey, a couple of pheasants, and three or four hares. There was no finer dinner in the land. We had plenty of good whisky. It was a jolly day.'

“‘But you are forgetting the temperature, Mr. McKown. How cold was it?’

“‘One of us used to go down to Burlington every little while. There was a thermometer outside a store there, and it used to register 25 to 38 *degrees below zero!* Day after day, week after week, the mercury was that low. Everybody said it was the coldest winter ever known here. I know myself there has been nothing like it since. I forgot to tell you one discovery we made. We found two bee trees. One was four feet in diameter, but there wasn't a pound of honey in it. The other was eighteen inches in diameter, a sycamore, and we took *seventy pounds of honey* from that tree. How about the break-up? Well, sir, there was no break-up until the middle of April. We didn't get away from that island until the 25th of April. Why, on the 17th of April the ice bridge at Davenport was still solid enough for

teams. We got into St. Louis on the 6th day of May, seven months after leaving Davenport. There we had more bad luck. We ran afoul of a wood flat and sunk it. The man sued us for damages; we beat him in court, but we had our lawyer's fee to pay. We sold flatboat and onions at auction. The onions were spoiled because of a leak that was sprung in the hull when we lay at Otter Island. The net proceeds, after paying the lawyer and the auctioneer, were eighty-four dollars. That sum we divided among the crew, and we separated. I went to Cincinnati. Mr. Fulton came down to St. Louis to meet us, laughed at our story, and said we had done as well as we could, but he never went near the boat or its cargo. Only three of the crew stayed with it all winter—Charlie Anderson, McCloskey, and myself. Every one of the original crew excepting myself is dead now. McCloskey was the last—he died in Camanche three years ago.

“ ‘ Grumble and brag about this winter, will you? Why, if the people had an idea it would last until the middle of April, lots of them would go crazy. I tell you it is a pretty nice winter.’ ”

“ And Mr. McKown turned from his astonished listeners to an insurance customer.”

As a historical fact worthy of note, I know that there has not been as long and as severely cold a winter during fifty-two winters since that winter of 1842. Ice in the slack water of the Mississippi froze to the depth of nearly three feet; pond ice of four feet was reported.

This same winter of 1842 Sailor I was lost and adrift near three days on the vast and bleak prairie ocean.

During the winters of 1842 and 1843 several hundred Sac and Fox Indians camped within the now incorporated limits of the city of Davenport, and within three-quarters of a mile of the now City Hall. They were peaceable and committed no depredations and were more orderly than any like number of whites in camp that I ever saw, and I have seen many. Both men and women made small purchases at my store. Treat the Indian with kindness and he will return kindness,

Whilst I have the commercial page of my diary before me, I must say that, in 1844, I concluded to try the dry-goods trade in Philadelphia; rented 28 South Second Street, the then famed dry-goods market of the Quaker City; I was nextdoor neighbor to the well-known Quaker dry-goods king of that day, Mr. Jesse Sharpless. I soon ascertained that a sailor could purchase goods, but that he could not compel the community to do the same. I wasted money, then divided my stock between Davenport, Ia., and General Grant's town, Galena, Ill., then a rich lead-mining region.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SCENES AND ACTS ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

WHEN a sailor or a frontier settler spins a yarn of the distant past, he should, if possible, have in his possession dates and pages of records and documentary or personal corroborating testimony, as many adventurers during their voyage of life have passed through scenes and acts more romantic and more astonishing than any fiction ever penned by the most learned within fiction's world. Knowing this situation, Sailor I did in due season store away a stock of the corroborative.

In time I desired to abandon the frontier general merchandise trade, sold all my odds and ends in bulk to Messrs. Burrows and Prettyman, for the sum of \$4500.

At that period there was not a flour mill in Davenport, and but one pair of burrs to grind grain in Scott County; they were located at Rockingham, on the river, and they were on the repair or sick list full half the time. The best quality of wheat existed in great abundance, yet, at some periods, not a single sack or barrel of flour could be purchased. The chief supply of flour was from a grinding mill in the upper loft of a saw mill in Moline, Ill., and its single pair of French burr stones were for a time the only grinding power in Rock Island County, Illinois, and when the ice was forming or running in the Mississippi River Iowa was deprived of her flour and cornmeal, and no money could procure it, and several teams broke through the ice, and the horses were drowned.

In 1839 a Mr. Davis erected an 18 × 22 feet log mill on Crow Creek, near the river road, and ground wheat and corn, but a freshet in the fall of 1840 carried away his mill dam. I purchased this pioneer mill, the first water-power mill erected in

Iowa, with its twenty-one acres of land, without seeing it, but when I investigated the situation, I found the mill to be a wreck, without a sufficiency of water. Its once fair supply had been reduced through cutting the timber, pasturing, cutting the grass, plowing and ditching the land along its borders. The plowing and cultivating the land caused it to absorb the rains and melting snows, and the ditching caused the water to immediately rush off in a large volume. Its value as a mill had departed, and I split up the walnut logs of which it was built into fence rails. My title to the mill and land is recorded in book C of Land Deeds at page 361, Scott County, Iowa.

When the enterprising Mr. Davis had his mill dam and walnut log mill built, he had no fifty dollars to purchase a set of French burr mill stones, but necessity, the mother of invention, called on him, and he went to the river's shore, selected two bluish, rough, ill-shaped boulder stones of adamantine hardness; resolution was his constant companion, and with sledge, chisel, hammer, and muscle he metamorphosed them into an upper and a nether grinding stone.

I have known pale-visaged men with sunken eyes and white tapering fingers, and who could not splice a rope or furl a sail, claim that those boulders, some of which will girth eighty feet, were used by the glaciers as footballs to be kicked and pushed over hill and dale, and left as they are scattered round. I doubt if those theorists ever communed with Neptune on the sea, or Minerva or Isis on the land, not even in a dream as a Sailor I have done, who at the time of this not unfortunate, but fortunate occurrence took place, as they could evidence give, that those boulders dropped from planets that in their course missed stays and collided with other worlds, and toppled their composition of earth, rock, trees, vegetation, lakes, and rivers overboard to scatter on this globe, after half a century's journey through space, to now form our boulders and our mines of coal.

I gave those once rugged, shapeless boulders to a farmer to use in a horse-power mill; they proved to be too heavy for his horse power, and he ascertained that he could not run a mill by

the force of circumstances, and continued his coffee-mill grinder, and sold the boulder millstone to a Mr. Thomas Wood to grind mash for a whisky distillery on the slough at the west end of Davenport. The distillery has long departed, but the residents there claim that the perturbed spirits of the delirium tremens' victims now hold their revels and make night hideous on that slough.

Whilst on the frontier milling and water-power subject, I desire to place on record two additional experiences in that line, without regard to their merits, but because they are entered within a life's voyage.

In the month of July, 1842, I made a preliminary examination of the Rock Island or Upper Rapids of the Mississippi River. I found that a vast water power, equal to that of Lowell, existed and awaited development. I immediately concluded to enter on the task; I knew it was but a question of genius and dollars; the dollar side of the question was discouraging, yet I decided to embark in the doubtful, hoping for aid after a start was made and the situation developed, and no aid appeared; it passed me on the right and on the left. Time rolled on, and in 1893, this water-power question, as it had frequently done, came before the community through Iowa's historical journal, the Davenport "Democrat," and to place this water-power question on its proper course in history, I furnished that journal with my acts from my diary, which reads as follows:

"A BIT OF HISTORY.

"When the Work Commenced on the Water Power—A Veteran Resident Writes Reminiscences as to the Development of a Plan which Still Interests the Citizens of this Locality.

"Some time ago this paper published some remarks of Hon. Hiram Price on the rapids water power. His recollection goes back many years, but he is antedated by the old resident, A. C. Fulton, who tells the beginning of work on the water-power pro-

ject which has already engrossed the attention of two generations and bids fair to interest another before the immense force now going to waste is harnessed and utilized. The interesting communication is as follows:

“To the Editor of ‘The Democrat’: Vast space has been used in theory on the early history of Davenport, whilst the facts exist. Fact possesses substance, theory is but a shadow. The equator and the north pole are not placed more widely asunder. The Mississippi water-power project is one of the themes. The Business Men’s Association and individuals have for over fifty years introduced theory on this water-power subject, its supposed birth and parentage. Now, lately comes Hiram Price, who said, ‘Almost as soon as I struck the county, the water-power scheme was here. The proposition to control the rapids of the Mississippi for power-purposes was as old as the place. Very roseate were the dreams of the oldtime boomers of the idea.’ Who were the boomers? Let us come down to facts and hard pan. We must write short. The intelligent readers understand short. It is a hardship, a great hardship to name self, but history and science demand the sacrifice. We, that is I, passed happy days on the water. On reaching the interior I resolved to procure a water power. On July 15, 1842, I set out to reconnoiter the upper rapids of the Mississippi River. The eye of a civil and military engineer immediately told me that a water power of no mean proportions lay before me, and I resolved then and there, on the Mississippi’s wild and rugged bank, to harness and work it if possible. I immediately procured teams, provisions, and a cook, to camp out, and took to my assistance the renowned civil engineer, Mr. Gibbons of the then State works of Illinois, and at an expense of over \$400, found we had a head and fall of over eleven feet from our bench stake at Stubb’s eddy, where the Lindsay & Phelps mill now stands. My *modus operandi* was to run a dam or marine wall up the river from Sycamore chain, to take in all the fall, then to open an 80-foot canal to Smith’s or Fulton’s island and use the slough as a portion of the canal and operate the first works at the mouth of

Spencer's creek, then extend the canal, and create a pond to secure a head of water at East Davenport. To accomplish this, I purchased the island in the river. See county records of October 11, 1842, \$100 paid. See book C, page 137, \$600 paid to I. Vanansdoll. See Ira F. Smith, canal ground deed, 100 feet in width through his farm, book C, page 452, paid \$46.50. See William Conrow, canal deed, book C, page 454, paid \$12.10. See A. W. Finley, book E, page 36, paid \$400. See William Crosson and other deeds.

" ' Not a single dollar would a citizen of the city or county risk in the water power. All said their prayers were with me. Suits of great interest growing out of my canal right of way purchases have been before our courts. Too long to write. See court records.

" ' Good Mr. Price is sure that the sum of \$200,000 or \$300,000 properly handled will start the water power. My estimate for excavating all the earth or alluvial of an 80-foot canal was \$11,000 or \$12,000. The possession of some rock on the line I considered to be an advantage, as this would be required at various points. I did not expect to use picks and shovels, but raise a head of water at Sycamore chain, dig a small ditch, and let the mighty Mississippi excavate or wash out my canal whilst I slept. To know the nature of the task, I took soundings every 150 feet along the line. I got up a self-propelling and self-commanding dredge boat to dredge the banks where necessary. The whole boat consisted of the wheel and two posts or anchors. It was a cylinder, propelled by the water of the ditch passing through it. They could be cheaply constructed and extend from thirty feet up to or over one hundred feet in length and number many. One was tested on the rapids of the river and operated well. I sold the upper section of my canal grounds, surveys, estimates, and right of way, which was perfect, to New York parties, with the express understanding that the work should continue to completion. See records. Their banker failed. A water power now can never, never be created as it could have been at that period.

“ ‘ At and previous to this same time, with two others, I was placing a dam across the Wapsipinicon River, and erecting a flouring mill in Buchanan County, near the Indian reserve line of 1837, where now rest thrilling occurrences of that day that would eclipse those of the Black Hills or Oklahoma. Material not for a Dickens or a Cooper, but for a Prentice or a Greeley, in their early days. This was at such an early territorial period that the enterprising Mr. J. M. D. Burrows, within his book, “ Fifty Years in Iowa,” attempts to cast a doubt on the then herculean undertaking. Facts, history, no theory, and yet the most important, I leave to oblivion.

“ ‘ Yours,

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.

“ ‘ Davenport, July 15, 1893.’

“ It will be noted that it was fifty-one years ago yesterday since the first attempt was made to find the possibilities of the power of the upper rapids.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WORK TO MAKE A WORLD—THE WILD GIRL OF THE
THOUSAND ISLES—THE SLAVESHIP AND AFRICAN PRINCE.

IOWA had her Black Hills and her Oklahoma frontier days, wherein rest thrilling occurrences of that period, occurrences that would eclipse the most extravagant fiction ever penned by man. Love and law, powder and diplomacy, revenge and untimely graves, and then the struggle to build up a finished world in a wilderness; herein comes the tug of manly war, a herculean task, constantly surrounded by adversity. Those who strut the streets in full dress little know the task and care necessary to protect naked infancy.

Then soon came upon the Indian trail the wonders of genius, and the strides of intellectual advancement to be made known to the world through Iowa's James Harlan and William B. Allison.

I had been on the frontier just two weeks when a small, lithe adventurer, a genuine specimen of the frontier stripe, in every word and in every action, called on me; he said his name was Lambert; that he was born, reared, and educated in the big potash timber region of Northern New York; that he had purchased from William Bennett a half interest in a valuable water-power claim on the falls of the Wapsipinicon River in Buchanan County, Ia., and they desired to get an advance in goods and money on the prospective water and land, when the land came into market; or they would sell a half interest to someone to aid them; that Mr. Bennett had no money, but that he had a bunch of cattle that would bring money at the end of the grass season; that the cattle were picking up rapidly on the abundance of prairie grass; that he himself had a little money, but not sufficient to start the improvement on, and that he had authority to make a trade of a half interest of the claim or get goods and money; that

he had tried to get aid at Dubuque but failed; that the property possessed large value, and that Mr. Bennett named the coming city Quasqueton. On his word, without writings or contract or security, except verbal, I furnished Bennett and Lambert \$240 in building, hardware, and other goods and money, and also ordered from St. Louis bolting cloths and machinery in a small line.

At that period sailors' and frontier settlers' word was good for all they possessed, and Mr. Lambert gave his word that I should be the half owner in the Buchanan County Water Power and land, or get my money back, if I would furnish one-half of the sum necessary to develop the water power, and one-half to make the land purchase, when it came into market. The \$240 advanced and the machinery I purchased was called a large sum at that day, when we had no banks save sand banks and river banks, and our chief currency was hides, tallow, wild game, horses, cattle, and farm products.

Mr. W. Bennett was a native of Maine, and the first settler in Delaware County, Iowa, as well as the first settler in Buchanan County, Iowa, where he built his log house on the site of Quasqueton. He, with two hired men, in February, 1842, erected the edifice, and completed it and a cow stable in nine days, and moved into it during the coming month of March, 1842. He was a natural genius and an untiring worker, such as explore the seas, and the land, and extend civilization, and give the finish to a crude world.

In October, 1842, Bennett and I visited the now site of Independence. Not a white man's footprint there appeared; we already possessed a splendid location, but we desired all the earth, and would have taken possession of that portion of it, and we were well prepared for the undertaking, for we had a rifle and ammunition, an ax, and fully two days' rations of corned beef and corn bread, and herds and flocks of game in sight; an abundance of pure water rushing over the Wapsipinicon's falls, and a tin cup to drink it with; what more could mortal man in reason desire? Yet we would have then and there seized upon and

taken legal possession of the splendid town site, but upon reconnoitering the surroundings, we discovered it to be forbidden fruit. It was located on the west side of the Indian line of 1837, and at that very hour the smoke of the camp fires of the good and peaceable Sacs and Foxes (excepting three or four drunken ones) could be seen slowly rising above the timber, not over a mile from us on the western side of the river.

In those frontier days hope and ambition were at a premium; no such word as fail was then known; energy and ceaseless activity were the password. A world was to be founded for the home of future millions, and but a few to perform the task; not a mere animal task of bone and sinew, but also the task to endeavor to improve and pass down to coming generations the philosophy and soul-stirring intellect created over two thousand years now past and gone, by the never dying Cicero, Plato, and the great Socrates, who brought down philosophy from the heavens to the earth.

In 1847 Rufus Clark, one of the citizens of our Quasqueton, five years after we had camped one night on the town site of Independence, erected a log house and purchased the land from Uncle Sam, in connection with a citizen of Wisconsin. Mr. Clark was a trapper, a hunter, and a fisherman, and all Quasqueton was astonished when he trapped a piece of land, and lived in a house with a chimney, something that he had always claimed to be an unnecessary luxury.

On my first entry into Buchanan County, on July 28, 1842, I found the population of the county to number nine persons. Two-thirds of the number was quartered in Mr. Bennett's log house.

On August 5th of the same year (1842) the census taken by Mr. Bennett gave the county a population of fifteen persons, self included, which exhibited an increase.

Some forty acres of land had been broken and put under cultivation, consisting of sod corn, oats, potatoes, and garden vegetables, all of which looked remarkably well for a raw sward crop.

The work on the Quasqueton dam and mill became known

abroad, and on November 15, 1842, the census then taken by us placed the population of the county at twenty-two, Sailor I included, and which now, in 1897, continues to increase.

Those pioneers who endured the perils and hardships of a frontier life, to establish civilization in an unknown wilderness, a noble, enterprising class of men, are entitled to monuments towering far above those of kings and emperors who are accidentally born to station and to greatness, with no real, no true merit in their composition; yet they are entitled to wear a diadem.

The cold of fifty-five winters and the heat of fifty-five summers have since that day visited Iowa, and been recorded on the tablet of time; yet memory places the face of, the then, every resident of Buchanan County with moving eyes plainly before me, yet they have all, yes all, departed. Rest, noble twenty-one! and may all delinquencies be placed in the graves with the dead, and all virtues remain to live and grow, and be remembered; and may the angels of the adventurer and the enterprising watch over you!

With long and wearisome labor we, beaver like, knit together a vast chain of logs, brush, stone, and earth, to form a barrier to the turbulent waters of the Wapsipinicon River. Whilst thus engaged, fourteen hours of the twenty-four, with water-soaked garments, bright visions of wealth and greatness floated constantly before us. There were no eight-hour sluggards then as now, in 1897, to cripple usefulness and murder time.

We had erected a warehouse and a blacksmith's shop, and if ever mortal men were proud of their possessions, then we were the proud ones spoken of. We possessed a splendid water power, and an unsurpassed site for a vast and unbounded city, in the center of an expansive district, a healthy location unsurpassed for its fertility, and we had every hope of being the founders of the metropolis of the great West; yet well we knew that untiring energy and sleepless exertion were absolutely necessary, and that hardship, toil, and privations were to be encountered on all sides. We expected storms and adverse winds; yet we resolved to manfully face the inevitable.

We had not self alone in view, but the interests and welfare

of others, and that of a coming people when we should be blotted from off the earth, and truly, as I said, Iowa had her Black Hills and her Oklahoma days.

I must here take from my diary the adventures and the life and death of one of our workmen on our frontier mill, poor unfortunate Oscar Day. Mr. Day was a native of Michigan, born and reared near the headwaters of Lake Huron. To create a future home he had taken up a claim of 160 acres of splendid prairie land, within one mile of Quasqueton, and had erected a 16 × 18 feet, one-roomed log house on his land; the floor was also formed of logs split through the center and the flat sides turned upwards to form a floor to walk on. Mr. Day had left his work and house for a few days to go to near Dubuque and see his inamorata, a worthy farmer's daughter, who was to be the mistress of the domicile when the finish had been placed upon it, but alas! when he returned a man from the Michigan woods, and known as "Big Bill," a noted claim jumper, with his man Friday, had taken possession of his house, and had put a prairie grass roof on his unfinished stable for their horses. When Mr. Day approached his home they ordered him to make tracks, or accept the contents of their rifles. Mr. Day saw that they had slipped the chunking between the logs to make loop-holes to fire through, and had made a fort of his house in which two men could shoot down a dozen assailants. Mr. Day was not of the class who turn their left cheek when smitten on the right; he was unwilling to submit tamely to the great wrong. His employers advised no hasty action and risk of life, and pledged themselves to see him placed in possession of his property, and they had even planned to form a breastwork on their home-made log wagon, and run it on the first dark night close in contact with Big Bill's fort, and carry the fort by strategy, but to this proposition Oscar protested, claiming that it would to him be a lasting disgrace, and he with his rifle made many journeys to reconnoiter near his home; at length he saw Big Bill at a distance from his stolen quarters, endeavoring to get a telling shot at a large elk, well known as the lone elk of Buchanan County, for it was

the last of its herd, which had numbered hundreds. It had been pursued and shot at by dozens of both whites and Indians, for months and years, but it had, through cunning, speed, and good generalship, escaped to be shot at again.

Mr. Day saw the lone elk making its enormous leaps toward the upper timber of the Wapsipinicon, and waited Big Bill's return; when within hailing distance, some two hundred yards off, Mr. Day shouted to Bill to know if he would surrender the house immediately. His reply in a hoarse voice was, "No, never! I have that claim for sale." Both instantly raised their rifles and fired. Day fell, shot through the heart. The whole proceeding was witnessed by a citizen of Quasqueton, who was on his way to his land claim with his wagon. Big Bill slowly took his way to the cabin, and the teamster hastened to Quasqueton to report the tragedy. The teamster had also been watching Big Bill when endeavoring to shoot the lone elk. The corpse was brought in and placed in our warehouse; two of the men slept in that building; they said that they were good friends of Oscar's, yet they thought Oscar might not want them to sleep so near to him. There was not a vacant room, nor was there a coffin or boards to make a coffin within Buchanan County. Some proposed to wrap him in a blanket. Mr. Lambert suggested to utilize two old flour barrels, one over the head and one over the feet, but measurement proved them to be too short; but Mr. Bennett, as ever, came to the rescue. We had an old 15-foot disabled Indian bark canoe; we cut 6 feet 6 inches off the bow, and 6 feet 9 inches off the stern; the larger or stern end we sprung over the smaller or bow end, like unto the lid of a pasteboard box. We had a dry-goods box that I had shipped goods in, and a portion of it made the coffin head, the foot being already closed; some raw-hide straps, bound around the ancient canoe, formed a casket fit for an emperor. As there was no storage for poor Oscar, and night had approached, we placed his remains beneath the virgin turf of Buchanan County, in the mellow light of the harvest moon, and with suppressed tears all wished him a pleasant journey to the happy hunting ground where no land jumpers rove.

This inland funeral wafted my memory back to the ocean burial of the mysterious girl and the pirate schooner of the Bahamas; yet we had no coral wreaths, no Bible John to offer up a prayer to the great Supreme.

Within those two short eventful days upon the ocean and the frontier prairie tragic scenes, equal in magnitude to the average ordinary man's life journey, rapidly passed before me. Lawlessness and revenge came together, twins in life and in death, and as cruel as the grave.

The next morning the small boy volunteered to go alone and reconnoiter the desperados' quarters, and see if the murderer and his man were yet in possession of the house and stable. He soon returned to say that both had deserted. A trail gave positive evidence that they had gone southeast toward the Mississippi River early the previous evening. Within one month word arrived from Camanche, Ia., that Big Bill had died at that village from a rifle ball passing through him; that when the shot was fired Bill stood on an elevation, and the ball entered his left side below his armpit and passed through the muscular tissues near the angle of the scapula, and came out of his back, close to his left shoulder blade, and death was the result of the inflicted wound; that for some days his doctor had not considered the wound at all dangerous. The day previous to his death Bill told his doctor and a Mr. Bigelow, said to be a counterfeiter, at whose house he died, that he had received the wound at Quasqueton, Ia., and that he had shot his assailant dead and had seen him moved after death; that he was then sorry that he had shot the man.

Upon the news of the cruel death of Oscar reaching the farmer's daughter, his affianced, she became insane, and took to strict silence in her room, never to speak, but constantly to gaze into vacancy, up to the day previous to her death, when she said to her parents that on the morrow morning, at nine o'clock, she should leave home to go to Quasqueton to see her Oscar. Her words were not heeded until the Yankee wooden clock of the kitchen told nine the next morning, when her mother sprang

from her seat and entered her room to witness her last gasp of life.

One incident in connection with the lone elk I must transfer from my diary. It was noonday, and all hands were enjoying their mess, when the only small boy in the county, a youth of eight years and seven months, and who within a year thereafter departed from this life, rushed wildly forward, exclaiming, "The Indians are coming to fight us; give me a gun, quick, give me a gun!" Within five minutes every man and one woman had a rifle in their hands, but soon it was evident that the Indians were not hostiles; there were eight of them, all mounted. They stated that the lone elk was northeastward, near at hand, and they requested permission to shoot it on the white man's side of the Indian line. All immediately said yes except Mr. Lambert, who was a joker, and he said he objected because it was not an elk but a spirit of the hundreds of elks that they had slaughtered, and that it was folly to attempt to shoot it. This made some of the Indians look sad, but at the word from Mr. Bennett to hasten in pursuit of the elk, they spread out to the right and to the left, two and two, and speeded away as the winds, and the small boy went on the jump after them to see and know. Two shots were heard, which told us the elk was there. After hours the small boy returned and said, "Them Indians could never kill his elk." When asked if the Indians, when he last saw them, were bunched up or scattered, he said, "neither," that they were "stretched out straight like his mother's grapevine clothesline."

On that day of the phantom-elk chase occurred an arrival that caused an upheaving and a flow of hot lava within Buchanan County. The ever reliable small boy also reported that two strangers in a covered wagon, with two nice black horses before it, and two lighter horses behind it, stopped to see the Indians after his elk. One of them, the boy said, was a woman or a girl, he knew not which; she was driving the team and asked him the name of the tribe of Indians to which the hunters belonged. He told her the Sacs. She said all Indians were her friends; then she said that she could shoot that elk, but he would

bet his boots she could not. "That woman does not belong around here. I never saw the like of her around here," and he said that before he was done looking at her, she whipped up and started off.

During the following forenoon the Indian hunters returned to cross the ford to reach their camp; they had three wild turkeys, about one dozen prairie chickens, and a prairie wolf, but no lone elk, and almost all of them were inclined to believe that there was some truth in Mr. Lambert's phantom yarn.

On the following day after the Indian elk chase—it was Sunday—a well-built and good-looking strange man, full six feet in height, with dark piercing eyes and a few gray hairs scattered through his raven black hair, and a fluent speaker, appeared at the Quasqueton boarding house, where over two-thirds of the county's population were assembled for their Sunday's exchange of programmes. He was accompanied by a young woman, both mounted on splendid and spirited dark horses. The young girl or woman was of remarkable presence; she appeared to take no thought or look at persons or surroundings, and did but speak to answer questions, but those few words exhibited hidden ability, and they had a marked effect on the hearer. Her form and movement were faultless perfection. The men placed her age at seventeen or eighteen, and the four women, the then entire female population of the county, placed it at nineteen or twenty years. The man, upon being asked from whence he came and their future intentions, quickly and with emphasis said that he was the far-famed Canadian patriot Johnson of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River, and claimed to have long been a terror to the British dominion; that many of those islands had alternately through necessity been his and his trusty followers' homes; that his family had maintained an uninterrupted residence on one of those islands; that the young woman now with him was the remnant of his family; that he had grown tired of his island life of constant adventure and excitement, and that he and his daughter concluded to leave Canada and journey by wagon and horses to the Iowa frontier; that he had already

secured a home by purchasing a two-roomed log house with a small kitchen, from a Mr. Kessler, within two miles of Quasqueton, and had also purchased twenty head of cattle and some tools from the same person; that Wildy, his daughter, liked the frontier very much, that she had never received any name, but in her infancy she was so wild in action that she was called by her mother and all her friends "Wildy," and when grown up larger was called by the Canadians and the Indians "the wild girl of the island," and a wild girl she was, but the Americans, chiefly hunters and trappers, called her the "Queen of the Thousand Isles."

The hero Johnson, after stating that he desired to purchase a plow and a few more cattle, and the wild girl had made a courtesy that would have done credit to an empress, they mounted their horses for their homes.

Immediately on the strangers departing the county's small boy exclaimed, "Them is the same people I told you about yesterday, who were looking at the Injuns chasing my elk, and who had the nice horses behind their wagon; the very same ones they are now riding on; and that girl or woman is a white Injun, I know she is." "Laws me!" exclaimed the boarding-house madam, "I was just going to say the same thing." "Yes," said Mr. Bennett, "I thought the same, when I saw her bound into her English-built side saddle with so much ease. That girl has been raised among Indians. I seen it in her talk, actions, and walk. She is educated, I see, but she is, as the boy Dan says, a white Indian. I know there are now several lodges of Indians camped on the St. Lawrence Islands where Mr. Johnson told us his troops had rendezvoused."

This frontier boarding house, where I first sighted the wild girl and the far-famed Johnson, the Hero of the Thousand Isles, contained three rooms and a small kitchen, and was constructed out of logs, but it possessed the advantage of having the split side of the logs that formed its floors hewn to a line with the then indispensable broadax. This artistic operation deprived the floors of the wavelike surface that the floors of all the other

abodes within the county possessed. Some of the seats we used were formed by sawing off three to five inches of the end of a log, and boring three or four holes into it, and placing three or sometimes four legs for the block to stand on, and the weary to sit on.

Our mill improvements brought other settlers to its locality, but the Johnsons were rated as the upper ten, more on account of the wild girl's intellectual ability than Johnson's reported acts of bravery, which soon spread to other settlements within the territory. Persons claiming to be connoisseurs declared that the wild girl would have been a proper model for a Titian. She did not possess beauty alone, but wit and amiability. Her wardrobe was scant and common, but its wearer gave it grace and beauty. She had from her childhood been her own dress maker, bonnet or cap maker, and moccasin maker on the islands. Her greatest pleasure was to take her light island gun and go into the lonely and dense shades of the Wapsipinicon timber and shoot wild turkeys, or to pass over the undulating and expansive prairie, and shoot down the swiftly soaring prairie hens.

The wild girl and one of her neighboring women made a visit to Davenport to purchase some goods, where she made the acquaintance of a kindred spirit, a Miss B., whom she invited home with her to spend a few days, and go on a hunt and see her shoot wild game; the wild girl's object being, if they could sight the lone elk, to get her Davenport companion to quietly, under her directions, to maneuver in a manner so as to place the elk within her range. She had got sight of it when hunting, and noted its conduct and cautious action. Soon the hunt took place, and to the surprise of all the wild girl shot down the elk, and received the envy of all the women in the county and the applause of all the men. The boast of the wild girl had been that she would shoot that elk.

I must mention one fact respecting the action of the elk and deer in the locality of the Wapsipinicon River. The river was the dividing line between them; the elk claimed and had possession of the east side of the river, and the deer the west side, and should an elk pass on the west side it would be attacked by the

deer and driven back home or killed, and should a deer intrude on the elks' territory it met with the same fate. In addition to my personal knowledge I received the same facts from Indians, and from Mr. George L. Davenport of Davenport, Ia., who was from his birth raised among the Indians. In infancy his nurse was an Indian squaw, and consequently he was a white male Indian in every act, as was the wild girl a white female Indian in every act, and both looked and took that part in life. This Indian trait was visible in his bearing at all times; it was a second nature imbedded in his composition.

Mr. George L. Davenport was born on the island of Rock Island (near where the United States arsenal now stands), November 15, 1817, and was the first white child born in this portion of the West. At that period Black Hawk and the whites were friends; it was fifteen years before the war, and thousands of Indians had their homes near by, and several lodges were located on the island. The young Indians were his sole associates during his youth, for no whites resided within eighty miles of his home, save the troops of the blockhouses or forts on the island, and he spoke the Indian language as soon as he did the English. At the age of seven he was adopted into the Fox tribe, and named "Musquaque." A learned invalid soldier educated him in his youth. When fourteen he attended school some sixteen months, at Cincinnati, O., where he was constantly ill at ease on account of being lost and lonely in a crowd. He returned to his native island and his Indian friends. At a later day he attended an academy at Winchester, Va. On several occasions he acted as Indian interpreter for the Government. He was a business man, was president of the Davenport Gas Light Company, and president of the Davenport National Bank, and in later days Government agent over the Indians on the Tama County Indian reservation. Chief Black Hawk in council stated that Mr. Davenport and his father were the only truthful and honest whites with whom he had dealt.

Justice has never been awarded to the deep intellect of the American wild man. Mr. Davenport confirmed the statement

that during the agitation of the slavery question in the day of Henry Clay's Missouri Compromise, when fists were clenched and swords threatened, Black Hawk told the whites that there was no difficulty at all in solving the slavery question, if the white man possessed wisdom. That all that was necessary was for a firm chief of the people to move all the black women from the South into the North, and move all the black men from the North into the South, and continue the process for three generations, after which no Africans would longer exist to create strife; that the blacks, desiring to put a stop to slavery, would gladly consent, and if it was not an even trade, the persons injured should receive pay from the nation. I could also record the wisdom of King Philip, Tecumseh, Osceola, and Sitting Bull, and exhibit the dialectics of the product and philosophy of the wild man, which, if placed before the world in proper form, would be quoted by coming generations as is the philosophy of Cicero, Plato, and Socrates, but the task is beyond a sailor's ken; they were philosophers of the Pythagorean class. Originally it existed in every word and thought they issued, yet their Indian nature was and is unpliant. No more of this; it will not, cannot be appreciated by the present semi-artificial world.

If Mr. Davenport had been a person to write or speak publicly, what an interesting and extensive account of centuries of ancient Indian history he could have given to the world, but he had imbibed the wild man's nature in his youth, as did the wild girl. Then it became a second nature that could not be cast away.

The Indian chiefs, as the African chiefs, are the books, the proper channel for history to pass through, in its traditionary course and form. Mr. Davenport told me that before the white man's invasion, the various Indian tribes treated and protected from waste all their wild fowls and their elk and deer, just as does the farmer protect and keep up his stock of fowls and cattle, or they would long since have become extinct; that the Sacs and Foxes had for ages resided on the south side of Lakes Erie and Ontario, previous to making their home in the Mississippi Valley.

Mr. George Davenport possessed the well wishes and the good will of all who knew him. He died in Florida, where he had journeyed for his health, on the 28th of February, 1885.

I must now follow my diary within Buchanan County, a county named after a President of many errors, and with no sand in his composition.

The newcomer, Mr. Johnson, was the hero of the day and the big man of the county, but soon Mr. Bennett and two of his men missed some of their best cattle from the range; they were sold in Dubuque, and a full description of the person who drove and sold them was obtained; a second lot soon followed to the same market, and the evil doer was identified by the purchaser; it was the patriot Johnson. To prosecute would require time and money. The losers of the cattle concluded to take the short frontier cut to justice, to do which Mr. Bennett, Warren, and Lewis caught Johnson unarmed, and out of range of the wild girl's rifle, and gave him a severe beating, and ordered him to leave the county. The majority of the people took Johnson's part, and severely condemned Mr. Bennett and his aiders. Johnson had to take to his bed, and his close and constant friend, a Mr. Green, who had purchased one-eighth of the mill property from Mr. Lambert, watched over him whilst the wild girl rode her horse to Dubuque, during more than zero cold, to procure a warrant and officers to arrest Mr. Bennett and our two workmen, Messrs. Warren and Lewis.

The wild girl had read of and knew the courts of Mohammed's Caliphs, and the tribunals of the Venetian Doges, but she had never seen a court in session, or even a courthouse, yet she entered the Dubuque court, and in an impressive manner recited the great wrong and injury that had been inflicted on her father. Her person, eloquence, and dignity captivated the whole court, from judge to janitor, and created a sensation that could be felt. Her father's fame as the hero of the Thousand Islands had already reached the little mining town, and the court ordered a cessation of proceedings, and hastened to issue a bench warrant for the arrest of the offenders, and to dispatch the sheriff with

two trusty deputies to bring the evil doers before the court. The judge left his elevated seat on the tribunal and escorted the wild girl to the door, and placed her under the sheriff's protection. The cohort of loungers mounted the tables and benches; the baldheaded jurors and the phalanx of attorneys stood with amazed countenances and open mouths in silent gaze.

The sheriff, on whose honest face the map of Ireland was engraved, vowed by the beard of St. Patrick that he would safely escort her ladyship to her Quasqueton home, and place Bennett and his murderous crew behind the iron bars of Dubuque's most gloomy prison cell.

Out here at that day the Irish controlled the caucuses; now the Germans hold the offices, only for America's good.

Buchanan County, at that period, was attached to Dubuque County for judicial purposes, and when the wild girl, on that cold and blustering day, with a scowl on her brow and fire in her eyes, was seen placing her Canadian courser on the Dubuque trail, it required no prophet to foretell her destination and mission. Mr. Lambert was requested to immediately mount one of Mr. Bennett's fleetest steeds and scout the judicial precincts of Dubuque. In due season Mr. Lambert, using whip and spur, re-entered Quasqueton to rehearse the scenes of the Dubuque court, and warn Bennett and his confederates that the wild girl was near at hand on the war-path, re-enforced by the court that she had captured.

The notice was short, night approaching, and a storm was brewing, but the three, who had ever breathed freedom's pure air, resolved not to enter a felon's cell. Mr. Bennett said that all was peace and prosperity until that daughter of Eve and son of Satan entered the frontier, and then he struck out eastward toward Michigan, and Messrs. Warren and Lewis took their course toward the timber region of Turkey River, where several woodman huts were erected. The brewing storm broke forth with terrific fury, and night set in; Mr. Bennett found shelter, but Messrs. Warren and Lewis sank exhausted on the snow of the bleak prairie; they were accidentally discovered the next morn-

ing. Mr. Warren was cold in death; Mr. Lewis was saved by being covered by the drifting snow, but it became necessary to amputate one of his arms, and the unfortunate Warren found a resting place beside the lamented Oscar Day.

The spring of 1843 soon followed, and a portion of the public lands of Buchanan County was to be placed on the market, to be sold at auction to the best bidder at Marion, Linn County, Iowa. A gloomy prospect presented itself before us. Mr. Lambert had exhausted his last dollar. Mr. Bennett was a fugitive fleeing from justice, and Sailor I possessed a very light purse, and word was out that a combination with the hero Johnson and the then Jay Gould of the frontier, who is now on the earth, in northern Iowa, at its head, to strip us of our mill, warehouse, dwellings, land, and our long and constant work, they resolved to reap where they had not sown.

I was at Marion on time for the land sales, and found that the reported combination against us was a reality. There I found Mr. Johnson and Mr. Thomas Green, and their banker, a politician by profession. I felt extremely wolfish toward the politician, and resolved to talk frontier to him the first time I should sight him, but when I fell in with him I found that he was not a Furioso, but a Chesterfield, therefore doubly armed, and I had, as in duty bound, to doff my weatherbeaten hat. And the wild girl was also on hand at the sale, the most to be feared, and the most dangerous of the four, for her vast power and influence left me destitute of a single friend in the large assembly, and I was plainly told that I and my partners should never possess Quasqueton or an acre of the land, never!

The wild girl was all-powerful, and swayed the assembly as does the moon sway the tide. When at our frontier hotel meals, her impressive appearance and action concentrated all eyes upon her; she rose from the table like a swan from its cradled sleep upon the placid waters of a lake, to take the arm of the deepest-dyed villain that ever breathed Heaven's pure and unadulterated air.

At that day the claimants of lands at all the government land

sales in Iowa appointed a club or court of about seven persons to arbitrate and adjust disputes and conflicting claims, and also to see that no land speculators should step in and deprive settlers of their homes, or run the lands up and over the Government's minimum limit of \$1.25 per acre when claimed by settlers. I called on this claim committee of seven, who refused to arbitrate or intervene, stating that the case had already been brought before them by a very intelligent young lady, and that they had already pledged themselves not to entertain any grievance from any quarter connected with that Wapsipinicon water-power land, and that Lawyer Green of Marion had told members of the club that I had long been a pirate on the seas, and was now a pirate on the land.

The wild girl possessed untiring energy and sleepless vigilance, and had made a telling point in the club court.

Upon the morrow the land sales commenced, and the Quasqueton land was reached. I had already deposited my \$1.25 per acre, purchase money in coin, with the receiver of land money, and which was one-half of all the money I had with me, and I possessed but a small quantity all told. We had, previous to the Johnson war, fondly hoped to secure not less than one section of land at the sale. I bid \$1.25 per acre on the mill and town-site, eighty acres, but the hero Johnson ran it up on me to ten dollars per acre, at which price it was awarded to him, but his banker objected to the price, and the sale was an abortion. Under the rules of government sales this act of bad faith deprived Mr. Johnson of the right to bid on lands, but he boasted that he had Mr. T. Green and others to do the bidding for him, and that the mill company owed him sixty dollars that he would secure through the purchase. I felt very sad at the prospect of losing our money, work, future prospects, and the homes of four families, so I proposed to Mr. T. Green that if they would drop the contest, and I should become the purchaser, that I would deed to Mr. Green the one-eighth of the mill property and the town lot that he claimed under contract with Mr. Lambert, and would also pay Mr. Johnson the sixty dollars that he claimed from the

company. With this understanding I deposited the sixty dollars with the postmaster, to be given to Mr. Johnson if I became the purchaser; if not, to be returned to me. Upon the money's being placed in the postmaster's possession, Mr. Johnson in a swaggering manner reminded the light-weight postmaster of the consequence if he should not fulfill the trust. Mr. Thomas Green got Lawyer George Green of Marion to draw up what he called a strong and heavy bond, to the effect that if I became the purchaser of the land and water power, that I would deed to him, T. Green, the one-eighth of the mill lot or property, and a certain town lot that he claimed to have purchased from Mr. Lambert. Immediately on my delivering the bond, Mr. Green said, "We have you tight now; we shall get the whole property if we can, and if not, Mr. Johnson and I have secured ourselves." At this point Mr. Lambert arrived from Quasqueton to surprise me by telling me that I had been deceived; that the company was but sixteen dollars in debt to Johnson, for pine lumber he had procured in Dubuque, that Mr. Bennett claimed he had been paid for in cattle that he took several times, and that I had given Mr. Green a bond for a deed to our own warehouse lot; he had given me the wrong number to secure our warehouse to himself. I was not carrying a description of the property within my mind, and I was deceived. This success in obtaining a deposit with the postmaster, and the attorney's lengthy and ironclad bond, elated the two, and they entered Receiver McKnight's hotel in the morning, and Johnson boastingly said that it might be dangerous to refuse his bid at the coming day's sale, and that General Jackson was very short of timber when he placed Receiver McKnight in office. This remark was for the receiver's ear, and it reached it with effect, for Mr. McKnight with flushed cheeks seized his trim, dapper Irish auctioneer by his coat collar, and backed him into the washroom, and with energy said, "Now, sir, attention! General Jackson has been greatly insulted by that man Johnson, who acted trifling with the land office, by not complying with the sale made to him. It is now time to go to the saleroom, and when that sailor lad bids on his improvements

see that you knock it down to him quicker than lightning." "I think I know my duty." All journeyed to the saleroom, and under the rules of sale all lands bid off the previous day and not paid for are offered for sale the following day, and come first on the sale list. The west half of the northeast quarter of Section 34, in Township No. 88, north of Range No. 8, west of the 5th P. M. was called. I instantly made my bid at \$1.25 per acre, and it was knocked down as quick as lightning; the money was already on deposit, and I had the name of the purchaser prepared, handed it to the clerk, and departed with the land certificate of purchase within ten minutes of the time that I had entered the saleroom. Several conspicuous persons appeared to be bewildered and astonished, and soon followed in my wake. I went to my hotel, ordered my horses to depart, when Mr. Green and his attorney stepped up and demanded a deed under the conditions of the bond. I informed the lawyer and the claimant that Mr. Edwin R. Fulton, my younger brother, had purchased the land, and that my deed would be worthless, and named their warehouse sharp game on me. Upon this Mr. Green made a show of drawing a pistol from his person, but I knew he had the weapon, and was on the *qui vive*, and persuaded him to let it rest in his pocket. Then Mr. Johnson desired me to visit the postmaster and have the sixty dollars turned over to him, but I was under the necessity of informing him that the officer that he had abused the day previous had performed his duty and returned me the money on the evidence that I was not the purchaser, upon which Johnson threatened daggers, but used none, and I departed for my home. Iowa had her Black Hills and her Oklahoma days.

At that period young Lawyer Green was as shallow as a frog pond, but he was a Eugene Aram, minus Eugene's crimes, and in time became Iowa's far-famed Judge Green.

Previous to the Johnson, the wild girl, and the Bennett war, we had fondly hoped to secure a large tract of land at the sale, but my light purse and Bennett's flight reduced our purchasing ability, and we were content to save our work and water power.



ROBERT FULTON.

The loss of Bennett's home management was a great loss, for he was a man of remarkable ingenuity and ingenious resources, to form and create astonishing wonders of utility from nature's scattered and apparently worthless stores, and his absence spoke desolation to our world-building at Quasqueton, and Sailor I had large work at a distant quarter.

My brother, who was astonished to find that he was a land-owner in Iowa Territory, at my request made Mr. Green a deed for the one-eighth of the water-power property, but did not deed him our warehouse and lot that he sought to obtain.

At an early period Mr. Lambert desired to call the coming town Trenton. After the land was secured all interested rejoiced, and I went to work to write up for my diary an abstract of ownership of the land from tradition as well as from records. Indications here existed to show that this tract of land, like many portions of this continent, was occupied many thousands of years now past, and at one period the occupants were moundbuilders, and no doubt but that the wild man of North or South America were the parents of the Tartars, Japanese, and Chinese, but we know not the past or the coming plans of the Divinity.

The first Indians encountered in Iowa by the white man were the ancient and once powerful Sioux, not at their homes but on their hunting grounds, by Ferdinand De Soto. Forty-nine years after Columbus discovered the New World Ferdinand journeyed to the upper waters of the Mississippi, and floated on its surface down the stream in an Indian canoe constructed out of a large tree or log, having been shaped into a boat or canoe by artistically forming its outward lines, then burning out the inner cavity with red-hot stones and fire, so as to form a light hull. To perform the task requires ingenuity, untiring energy, and vigilance. A very few of those canoes have been seen by the white man.

Then, in 1673, came in this direction Marquette, a Jesuit father, to make history for a coming people, and invite settlements into the fertile valleys of the Mississippi region, and to convert the aborigines. Then in 1682 La Salle followed on their trail to descend the now Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. La

Salle named the river upon which he had long drifted and paddled his canoe, Colbert, in honor of a French Minister of that name, and he bestowed the vast territory that he passed through to King Louis XIV., and called the territory Louisiana to honor his king.

France was the first white power to control and govern our Buchanan County water power, in connection with the balance of Louisiana. France relinquished it to Spain in 1762, and in 1800 Napoleon Bonaparte was in the ascendancy, and by treaty with Spain again obtained our water power and the balance of Louisiana by treaty.

The French Empire's rule on this continent became an incumbrance to both the American Indians and the whites, and we, under sanction of President Jefferson and his Cabinet, through our Minister to France, Mr. Livingston, negotiated a purchase of Louisiana, which embraced our water power, from Napoleon for sixty million livres.

My diary says that, in 1834, Iowa and our water power were a portion of the Territory of Michigan; in 1837 it became a portion of the Territory of Wisconsin, and in 1838 it became the separate Territory of Iowa, when President Van Buren appointed Robert Lucas of Ohio its first Governor. This act produced great dissatisfaction amongst the people and his superiors within the Territory, and on the 28th of December, 1846, it was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State, and numbered as the twenty-eighth State.

At one period Iowa comprised but two counties, a fact known to but very few of its now inhabitants. The dividing line of those counties extended from the west end or foot of Rock Island, and passed west through the city of Davenport and that portion north of the line was named Dubuque County, and that south of it was named Des Moines County.

Iowa has an area of 55,046 square miles, equal to 35,229,440 acres. George W. Jones and Augustus C. Dodge were its first United States Senators. Iowa was the fourth State launched and rigged out of the territory of Louisiana.

Since that day of Statehood all has been tame; no wild man, no wild game, no Black Hills, no thrilling acts, no Oklohomatragedy; nothing to excite the world, nothing new: the same old song, the same old tune—nothing new.

To confirm my diary written one-third of a century previously, with the actors standing before me, I now copy verbatim from what is called an early history of Buchanan County, written and published in 1875, by a learned and experienced historian, Mr. A. T. Andras, now residing in Chicago, whose history says:

“The early history of this county is veiled in much obscurity, yet, from the best information that can be obtained, it appears that in February, 1842, William Bennett, a resident and first white settler in Delaware County, with his family came to what is now Quasqueton, and built a small log cabin at a point on the east side of the Wapsipinicon, about twelve rods above the present location of the flouring mill, and was the first permanent white settler in the county. The next who came to the county were S. G. and H. T. Sandford, who were soon followed by Ezra B. Allen. Early the same spring Dr. Edward Brewer, now the oldest living settler in the county, and Rufus B. Clark and family, came and settled about a mile and a half from Quasqueton. Frederick Kessler came about the same time and brought his family. A man by the name of Styles came with his family during the summer, and for a while kept hotel—the first one in the county—at Quasqueton. Bennett was engaged in improving the water power and erecting a mill, and had several young men employed, who boarded with him. Their names were Jeffers, Warner, Day, Wall, and Evans. This mill, which was the first in the county, was raised in October of the same year. During the fall there came three young men—Henry B. Hatch, who stopped with Kessler, and Daggett and Simmons, who worked and lived with Brewer and Clark. Sometime during autumn a liquor saloon was opened and run for a short time. There were a few patches of land broken that year, on which a small quantity of potatoes and some other garden vegetables were grown, but

there was no wheat raised in the county until the next season.

“Some time during the fall or early winter of 1842, a man by the name of Johnson settled at a point about equally distant from Quasqueton and the present site of Independence. Johnson represented himself as being the famous Canadian patriot who had lived for years among the islands of the St. Lawrence River. He was accompanied by a rather attractive young woman whom he introduced as his daughter Kate, the identical Queen of the Thousand Islands. Subsequent events, however, proved him to have been an escaped criminal, an adventurer of the worst sort.”

This history goes on to say that the first death was a boy some seven or eight years of age, who died some time in 1843.

This report of the first death was an error, for previous to the boy's death, which took place late in the fall of 1843, one man was shot to death near Quasqueton, and one was frozen to death in December, 1842, and one citizen of the county, made prominent by the historian of 1875, was shot dead in Iowa, but outside of Buchanan County, in the woods of Skunk River, and I never knew the wild girl to be called Kate, although on her entering the county the name question was before the people. The boarding-house mistress, who had kissed her almost to death on her first visit, soon grew chilly and named her a tomboy after she had shot the lone elk. I quote this history of 1875, to in a measure confirm my diary report.

I must now return to the pages of my diary. Soon after obtaining our land and improvements at the auction sale, I had a call to the Dominion of Canada, an epoch long to be remembered. I was reconnoitering near the St. Lawrence River, when my mind floated back to Iowa and the Quasqueton water power, the thrilling events and trials that had there abode, the patriot Johnson, and the wild girl of Territorial and island renown. The Thousand Islands were near by, and I felt a curiosity to visit those islands, especially the wild girl's once home.

Whilst passing along a road through scattered timber, with

those thoughts on my mind, I observed a small farm of some twenty acres, with a house and garden near the road. A well-built man, leaning on his staff, with locks tinged by the frosts of time, was approaching the gateway at the road near me, and although dressed in the plain Canadian garb of that day, I immediately knew that he had long been a soldier; and as I knew that many of Napoleon's forces on his defeat at Waterloo had followed their kin or friends to Canada, I respectfully saluted him, and immediately queried if he had not been under Napoleon as a soldier or an officer. He looked both hurt and indignant. I surmised the cause, and hastily said that on the great general's defeat by combined Europe, I had, in sympathy with my parents at my old farm home, paraded the floor with tears of sorrow. He bowed his stately head in acquiescence, and proudly stepped forward like a young soldier on dress parade, and took my hand, saying that he was frequently twitted with bitter scorn by the English settlers on being a vanquished Frenchman, and continued by saying that he had been a soldier in Napoleon's ranks, and had with him climbed the Alps, and marched with him through the ashes of Moscow beneath vast arches of flames, and that he had on the eighth day of September, 1812, placed two of his brothers in one grave, which was surrounded by vast masses of human blood congealed, on Borodino's battlefield. I then in return told the soldier from whence I came, and asked him if he had known a man by the name of Johnson, and his daughter that he called "Wildy," and gave him a portion of Iowa history. With great astonishment and interest he said he knew the girl well, and knew Johnson by reputation as an evil man, and the soldier said that the patriot Johnson had no daughter Queen of the Thousand Islands, no family on the islands at all; that he had but used those islands as safe quarters of retreat and defense; that he was a man of noble soul, respected even by his enemies for his manly worth, bravery, and untiring energy in Canada's cause of independence; that the Iowa Johnson was the degenerate son of a worthy Welsh Canadian, and he was a great criminal guilty of every crime known to the Canadian laws, and that the

Canadian authorities would welcome him back with open arms, dead or alive, and the Americans should know that he was a fraud and a criminal to be feared. Then he made close inquiry respecting the twain which I in substance rehearse as written in my diary. He then said that the girl's father's name was Paul DeVoe, and that he had long been an under-officer in his regiment, and had left France a few months before the speaker had, and on his arrival in Canada after long search he found his once officer and his wife, whom he wedded but a few months before he departed from France, residing on an island of the St. Lawrence. The madam was a lady of prominence, culture, and amiability. They had been betrothed for several years, but had waited for war's cessation.

Mr. DeVoe became acquainted with his wife when she was on a visit to Napoleon's military camp in Italy, to see her kinswoman, Empress Josephine, who had accompanied the emperor on his toilsome march over the Alps, to soon be slighted and cruelly cast away. In settling on the lonely Indian island in the St. Lawrence River, it was Mr. DeVoe's desire, after the emperor had been banished to St. Helena, to separate himself from the moving, active world. He had brought from France some two thousand pounds English money, not a large sum to retire on, but their wants were few. With their garden and the wild fruits and berries, and the abundance of fish and game to be procured from the Indians at a very low rate,—and at an early age the wild girl became an expert hunter,—they were secure from want.

The wild girl, for by that name the soldier said she was known to the very few whites who visited the islands at that early day. The Indians gave her this name in her infancy. She was born, raised, and educated on the island; she never saw a schoolhouse or a church on the mainland. An Indian squaw was her doctor and nurse, and no gorgeous cradle rocked her lullaby; the wild animals were her playmates, and her talented mother and father were her teachers.

There were no whites on the island except a fisherman and

his son, and this only during her young childhood, as on the death of his boy by drowning the fisherman could no longer be content to occupy the lonely hut. The sole population of the island, up to 1843, were Indians, save the DeVoe family; occasionally a hunter or a fisherman might appear.

The soldier said that Madame DeVoe brought with her from France a large and rare library, the chief wealth that she inherited from her literary father, Louis Beauharnais. This library, compactly stored within a large recess, and on elevated shelves, created a great contrast in the rough room, and this library accounted for the wild girl's intellectual strength and great oratorical powers.

After the death of Mr. DeVoe and his burial on the mainland, the funds of the remaining two were running short, when a French savant who had known the Beauharnais family and the library sent a messenger from France and purchased it, with the exception of a few volumes that they would not place a money price upon, or part with. The price obtained was £260 sterling.

Madame DeVoe was a devout Catholic, yet she had never entered a church or visited a bishop or a priest on the main shore whilst in Canada, but with the wild girl, by permission of the lone fisherman, she fitted up the deserted humble hut as a chapel, which a traveling French missionary priest dedicated as a temple of the ever-living God, and within it held one service to teach God's Word and administer the Holy Communion to the two whites and a few Indians.

At the madam's death, through gradual decay, she was placed at rest beside her husband, in a church's burial ground on the mainland, by her ever friend and countryman, the old soldier of Waterloo.

After my interesting interview with the soldier my desire to sail on the St. Lawrence, and visit some of the primitive islands, and especially the wild girl's once home, had increased, and I asked my new-made friend if it was possible to procure a suitable sailing boat and a man, near at hand. He informed me that two

boats lay in a harbor within one-half of a mile of us; that the most secure and comfortable of the two belonged to a genuine native of Africa, who had some years previous escaped from slavery in New Orleans, and who was truly a remarkable man; he owned the boat, but had always refused to lend or charter it. The veteran said that he would accompany me to the abode of his near neighbor, who was known in the Dominion as "African John," and who was the owner of a choice boat, and as we slowly passed on our journey, the veteran said that African John owned 150 acres of good land on which he resided, that previous to purchasing it he had rented it; that he was a very remarkable and intelligent man to have been born and raised in Africa and been a slave in the South. He declared that the ex-slave was the peer of the then great John Bright of the British Parliament; that his color alone had been a bar to his entry into the provincial Parliament.

At that day, 1843, the renowned Gladstone had not stepped before the footlights of the stage of fame, to astonish a gazing, gaping world. The veteran said that the African possessed a good library which he permitted his white neighbors to use, and that he subscribed to more home and foreign journals than any farmer in the parish, and those he also freely permitted his neighbors to take to their homes at pleasure; all he required was their return, which did not always take place.

As we neared the African's home, we observed him crossing his dooryard; we hastened to intercept him and endeavor to charter his sailboat, and never was mortal man more astonished than was Sailor I, when African farmer John, with marked agitation, hastened toward me with both his black hands extended to receive my right hand, which he seized with a convulsive grasp that caused me to cringe, and to the surprise of the veteran soldier he exclaimed, "I have constantly seen and conversed with you in my dreams, but I never, never expected to see you face to face." Then hastily letting my hand drop from his vise-like grasp, he raised his rough hands, and harshly rubbed his unmoving and firm-set eyes, exclaiming, "Am I awake and in

my dooryard, or am I but dreaming, as I have done before? No, it must be a reality, for here is my good neighbor Pierre." The African soon recovered himself from the shock of amazement. I was also greatly astonished to meet in Canada an African that I had first seen at sea, a slave, and whom I knew in New Orleans as "Slashed-cheek John," as he was called when there a slave, carrying bricks up a ladder onto a three-story building, on his head. He was called "Slashed-cheek John" because his cheeks had been cut or slashed up and down in stripes which never became obliterated. It was a well-known mark of African nobility, cut on their face in their youth. Slashed-cheek John was a prince, who through treachery had been sold to a Spanish slaver by his uncle, his father's brother, to get him out of the way as a ruler of the Guinea nation. John was a prince beyond a doubt, as I had previously known through those who had seen and known him and the king, his father.

The very extraordinary and tragical circumstances under which I had first sighted the prince slave rushed back to my memory with a rapidity and force that caused cold drops of perspiration to accumulate upon my rough, weatherbeaten face, and I, like the prince, had to assure myself that all was not a dream. This to me unexpected and extraordinary meeting, and great change in the prince slave's condition, caused me to observe the situation and acts of all closely, for I was bewildered and amazed at the astonishing change.

When the prince recovered his composure, we entered his neat home, as snug and cozy as a ship's main cabin, and I gazed at the surroundings with wonder; no great show, but neatness prevailed—a well-equipped farmer's home.

It was evident that his wife lacked the pure rich glow of blackness that the prince possessed, and it was self-evident that her ancestors had been contaminated by white blood. They had three children, who did but a trifle lack their father's shade; the eldest, a very young miss of ebon hue, was seated at a rosewood piano, in close proximity to a pale-faced, flaxen-haired, and dapper-formed young white teacher, primely dressed, and whose

downy and scattered mustache appeared to give him great anxiety and much trouble. He named Kingston, Canada, as his home. Boy No. 2 of the tribe kept in the background, and the most conspicuous portion of his being was an ivory streak near the lower boundary of his South Guinea features. No. 3, a small pickaninny, not much larger than a marlin-spike, and as black as a tar bucket; a very small sample of humanity that at that day, 1843, as a slave he would not be worth in Savannah, Ga., over fifty dollars, when a ten-months' pickanniny should be worth seventy dollars, or over; but he possessed great ambition, for he doubled himself up like a jackknife, and was using every exertion to cram both of his big toes into his capacious mouth.

When the use of the sailboat was requested, Prince John immediately replied that I could have it free of cost, without regard to time, and that he offered his own services on the same conditions, and that he was prepared to immediately furnish the necessary ship stores for one day's or one month's voyage upon the river and the lakes. We agreed upon a three-days' voyage, but secured stores for six days, for three persons. The stores were safely packed in boxes and vessels, when Prince John stepped into his dooryard and blew a blast with a large tin horn, remarking that when he was a slave in Louisiana, he and his fellow-slaves were called up to go to work by the crack of the whip at the first glimpse of the morning dawn, but he called his man with the tin horn, who could, if he thought proper, disobey the call and depart for better quarters. His white Virginia tenant and farmhand immediately appeared, and was kindly requested to hitch up a team to transport us and our ship stores to the boat's snug harbor.

The prince said that his Virginia workman had an interesting history which he had freely spoken of to others. He had said to them that his father was an extensive slave-breeder in Virginia, who had two sons, him and his brother; that on their father's death his brother took to drinking strong drink, and both of them went to gambling, and they soon shipped off their slaves to New Orleans; that he saw to

their transportation and sales. They soon used up all the proceeds of both the slaves and the extensive tract of land, and became destitute. They then went to enticing slaves to run away to the North, and then followed them up, as they knew where to find them and under the fugitive slave law get possession of them, and run them down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans, and sold them through a Mr. Jacobs, a native of Berlin, Germany, a well-known and extensive negro trader, who knew of the cruel wrong, and reaped largely from the illegal traffic. "It is said to be a duty to forgive those who wrong and injure us, but I find it very hard to forgive the negro trader, Jacobs, who had me severely whiplashed to bring down my pride, as Mr. Jacobs called my occasional talk and objections to slavery whilst I was in his negro quarters for sale. This cruel treatment by Mr. Jacobs I may forgive, but I can never forget it. My Virginia hired man unluckily got caught in running off free negroes with the slaves and selling them into slavery; this made his slave-stealing known and brought his acts to the surface. He was a criminal both North and South, and escaped to Canada destitute of money, but he found in Canada a good and worthy wife, and had made Canada his home of safety. He whilst in Canada ascertained that his brother was shot to death at Christiana, Pa., by some runaway negroes that he was attempting to arrest and shackle."

The prince said his South Carolina housemaid possessed a far more interesting history than did his Virginia tenant and working man, but he had been requested not to give it to the world, as she was a woman of one of South Carolina's leading and best families.

When we reached the sailboat's harbor the prince gave three loud and shrill Indian warwhoops that were echoed back by the dense forest and caused a young blanketed Indian to appear in a bark canoe, who, upon coming on board of our craft, did by a well-directed push send his canoe near the shore, when a young Indian squaw, before unseen, in a moment leaped into the canoe and like an arrow darted out of sight. The blanketed Indian,

without a sign or a single word, went to work to properly place and secure our ship stores and to aid in setting sails.

We had a five-knot fair wind to waft us to the wild girl's island. I seated myself near the prince, who was at the helm and who was familiar with the river's soundings, as well as the small landing cove at the island, and as we sailed upon the ever gently flowing limpid waters, the prince said that there resided on the wild girl's island, which lay some two leagues distant, a very remarkable and widely known and celebrated Indian squaw, known as the prophetess, even in foreign lands, who had foretold, when quite young, many very important coming events; that the prophetess was a member of the once Wissahickon Indian tribe, who resided within the contracted valley of the Wissahickon Creek, near Philadelphia, during the American Revolutionary War and when she was a young girl, a mere child, after the surrender and massacre of the Americans at Valley Forge by the English and their cruel German Hessian allies; those Hessians, flushed with blood and victory, were on their eastward march to cross the Delaware River above Philadelphia to unite with the British garrison at Trenton, N. J.; they entered the Wissahickon Indian village, and cruelly slaughtered all the men then at their homes, and grossly abused their squaws, and also robbed and illtreated their good Quaker neighbors. The remnant of the Indians fled from their wrecked homes and journeyed into Canada, and united with other tribes on the mainland near the Lakes, and on the islands of the St. Lawrence, and amongst their number was the then young prophetess, and, although very young, she declared that she had seen through her prophetic vision that the Americans would defeat the English and their cruel allied Hessian bands, and named the time. Then when the War of 1812 was raging, and a dark cloud hung over America's flag, and all Europe, as well as all Canadians and the Indians, expected and declared that the Americans were doomed to be blotted from the nations of the earth, the prophetess visited the surrounding inhabitants and told them all she saw: that the Americans would drive the British from their Lakes and from their land across the

waters of the seas to their own squaws and homes, and that all Indians in time would sleep the sleep of death beneath the cold earth, and that henceforth they would never be a great and powerful people to step upon the war-path and challenge the whites with their arms of thunder; that the pale-face would build cities on their camping villages, and their hunting grounds would become fields of corn, but after moons almost beyond count the Africans would be in the ascendancy throughout the world.

As we neared the beach the prophetess sighted our sail, and as was her wont she appeared at the cove, and insisted on aiding us to moor our craft. We placed our Indian on watch, and Prince John informed the prophetess that I, a stranger, the Indian's friend, desired to visit the wild girl's once home. Without a sign or a word she stepped forward onto the larboard of two diverging trails, which I, on observation, well knew to be an Indian trail of very ancient creation; the African prince stepped onto the trail a respectful distance from the prophetess, and I brought up the rear, at about the same distance from the African, and onward at an even pace we marched, and, as Indian etiquette required whilst on a trail, not a word was spoken until we reached the wild girl's deserted home; then the prophetess merely pointed—not with her finger as does the pale-face, but with her whole outstretched hand and arm—toward the deserted habitation now crumbling in decay; rank weeds were growing up to the very threshold, and the jessamines and honeysuckles, that had long woven around the humble home a veil of beauty, lay mouldering on the ground. We entered through the tottering open door; a cross-eyed night owl crouched upon an upper timber, and a smell of decaying wood floated in the air, and there was the alcove of a bay window that the old soldier described to me; two of its upper shelves yet remained in place, but the books, the once library treasure that spoke through inspiration, were gone back to France, and vacancy alone remained to distress the eye, and whilst within the then musty structure the prophetess said that her guardian angel, who resided on a flowery island within the environs of the Milky Way of the blue sky, where snows and

storms never came, and where the fish did not hide themselves beneath the deep water of the lakes, but lived amongst the waving flowers and drank the glittering dew, told her that the wild girl would not be happy evermore.

I requested the prophetess to visit the temple spoken of by the veteran soldier; she immediately led the way to near the southern beach. We entered the temple by lifting a wooden latch by a raw-hide string, and there stood the altar, and its massive cross erected by woman's hands from wreckage picked up on the island's beach. It was adorned on both flanks by very ancient damask curtains festooned by silken cords, and here before this altar a missionary priest had spoken the Word of God to a few, and here upon the little temple's rough split-log floor, did a few for many years kneel in silent prayer to an ever-present but unseen God.

Within the shadow of the temple a tiny moss-covered mound appears. The wild girl had a little sister; happy voyager! It did not long sip the cup of life but winged its way to heaven, and here within a cable's length from the temple appears an elevation caused by the deposit of a young white girl who was at an early day claimed by the grim messenger of Death. She was supposed to have been lost from a wrecked vessel on the Lakes. Tradition says she was very beautiful, but was unknown. Fair miss! had I been thy advocate I would have plead thy tender years, and have pointed out those who had outlived their allotted days; yet highly favored probationer, thou escaped many earthly trials, and were it not sinful I would envy thee thy sweet and happy repose. Sleep, angel, sleep! Heaven will guard and protect thee!

The temple was not like unto the grand Belus of Babylon, or that of Jupiter at Thebes; it was but a fisherman's log hut, dedicated by a humble priest to the ever-living God.

When the prophetess spoke of the deserted cottage, the absence of her alma mater and instructor, the wild girl, the neglected and decaying temple, the tiny moss-covered mound, the lone grave of the beautiful shipwrecked girl, and the almost total extinction of her once powerful Wissahickon tribe, hot,

burning tears flowed in currents down the furrows of her swarthy cheeks and I had to solicit kind heaven to protect with its winged heavenly guards the temple and its altar from vandal hands, and bestow its blessings on the converted aborigine, and my African Methodist responded, Amen!

We felt our visit ended, and proposed to make our return to the boat by a different route. The prophetess again led the way, upon a tortuous path; it was the white man's passage way, and was flanked by Canadian thistles, briars, and a few trees the counterpart of the ailantus. This white man's trail will be overgrown and blotted out when our Indian trail that we entered through will remain in full and perfect form. I have plowed up those Indian trails, yet they could be followed through the fields in seeding time, and trails are plainly seen for many years, not on the ground, but in the growing and the ripening grain.

As we were on the white man's trail, and etiquette did not require silence, I asked the prince if he knew the counterfeit Johnson; he said that he did, and well knew that he had enticed runaway slaves to the States by offering and even advancing large pay, to go there to work, and then, through false masters, have them arrested under the fugitive slave laws, and sent back to slavery; that he had himself received tempting offers to visit New York and New Jersey States; but the offers were too large, they could be seen.

The prince said that the wild girl was very good-looking for a white girl, which together with about six hundred dollars, left from a sale of books, attracted Johnson's attention. He claimed to be a brother of a great Kentucky General Johnson, and urged her to depart with him to the American West, and there to go to a church and become his wife; but she refused this offer, but was willing to be united to the great man within the little temple by a veteran Indian chief, who married all the members of his tribe since missionary days; that she would never leave her island home with him except as a *femme couverte*, and Johnson with reluctance consented, and without a doubt the wild girl left her island and hermit home as pure as a pearl, and as brilliant as a

diamond. She was not a Magdalene. It was plain that Johnson had induced her to play the daughter part on the frontier.

I asked the prince whether the Canadian or the American Government owned those many islands; he replied that the ownership of some was not in dispute, but that the ownership of others was not positively adjusted. This question had frequently taken possession of my mind, but a few months past, the latter part of 1895, I found the following lines published in a New York journal, which exhibit an adjustment. I desire to place it on my record:

"Canada proposes to auction off her portion of the famous Thousand Islands. The American portion of that archipelago is world-renowned for its beauty, but there are great chances for improvement on the Canadian side of the line. There are likely to be wealthy American purchasers in plenty, however, and the work of betterment may be continued."

We reached our sailboat, placed a sovereign in the hand of the prophetess, upon which she raised her eyes toward Heaven and without a word vanished out of sight by the windings of the white man's path.

My diary proceeds to say that we concluded to steer our course toward Lake Ontario, where we would have more sea room, but as night was approaching, and we had passed a very busy and interesting day since we departed from the prince's farm home, we concluded to secure safe anchorage and take our mess, and wait for the morning dawn, and in the meantime talk over the long past. When all was snug in shape, and I had written up my day's diary, I thanked the prince for the page that he had given me respecting the very interesting history of the wild girl and the prophetess, and that I would in return rehearse early American history that I had personally obtained from my parents and grandparents, actors in those trying days; that the persons and the latitude of those scenes were unknown to him, but would be recognized and perhaps appreciated by others when placed upon my record; that a portion would corroborate the statement of the prophetess, and to prevent time hanging heavily I would endeavor to add to his knowledge of America's early days, and

in return obtain from him his own history, and the traditions of his dark continent, to place it within my diary; that I would open the subject by saying that the grandparents of three of my grandparents landed at the now Philadelphia landing with William Penn's three ships, chiefly English Quakers or Friends, in 1681; the parents of my other grandparent landing at the same landing from Londonderry, Ireland, in 1747, and their children soon united with William Penn's Quaker meeting and society in Philadelphia. Their religion says, "Treat your neighbor as yourself," "Do to others as you would be done by," "Be charitable and merciful," "Lead a useful life; for this purpose were you created."

My forefathers all minutely traced and rehearsed their acts and their history back to the advent and actions of Oliver Cromwell on both the islands; that Oliver was reared a common man, but made himself a ruler in 1644.

Respecting some of the revolutionary scenes rehearsed to me, and on my diary, was that in which Generals Howe and Clinton with 35,000 English and Hessians, in 1776, defeated the Americans at Flatbush, near New York. The German General Heister commanded the Hessian regiments, and the English army roster of that day placed the number of Hessian troops in their ranks at 20,000; a large army of itself at that early day. A larger army than Charles XII. of Sweden commanded when he invaded and conquered powerful nations. In 1777 Fort Mercer on the Delaware was garrisoned by only 430 Americans, and was attacked by 2000 Hessian grenadiers, who had to retreat after a great loss; their German General Donop was mortally wounded. He was known as the Nero of his day.

In the same year, 1777, General Burgoyne with 9000 English, Germans, Canadians, and Indians laid the country around Oswego in distress and waste, with their blood-dripping swords and tomahawks. Villages laid in ashes, and dead bodies piled up by the roadsides, signalized their progress, as a terror to disloyal Americans. The cruelty, slaughter, and destruction would eclipse that of this day, 1896, in Turkish Armenia. Yê Gods!

decide the most manly and Christian of the two; Sailor I cannot decide.

General Howe, when supreme in Philadelphia, took up his winter quarters on South Second Street, third door below Dock Street, used a good Quaker's bedding and furniture, but the act cost him a battle. During that winter his troops plundered the settlers along the Delaware of all they possessed, and left them destitute. When General Howe quartered his army at Trenton, N. J., they with every act of cruelty ravaged the western portion of the State of New Jersey, and placed hundreds on the verge of death through starvation. I could name many acts of cruelty practiced by the invaders, and many acts of daring heroism of the Americans, given me by the eye-witnesses of that day.

The ancestors of Sailor I pathetically and with energy rehearsed to me, when their locks were gray, the destruction of life and property by the British and their Hessian allies, the battles, the trials, and the distress of that day, which tried men's souls and from which a nation rose.

Some spoke of their Pennsylvania and some of their New Jersey homes, which were within reach of General Howe's Burlington headquarters of the combined British and Hessian forces, from whence pillage and devastation stalked abroad to blight the land, and destroy with sword and torch, and create distress and sickening horrors. Wild beasts were not their prey, but inoffensive men and women were sought as prey; to cause screeching mothers to call on high Heaven to protect their offspring from fiendish hands. The unhallowed design was to govern or devastate the land and convert it to its original wilderness, as is now repeated on Cuba's isle.

A curtain of more than Turkish darkness rested between the vision of those invaders and manly intelligence. Sodom and Gomorrah did possess one righteous man, and so did Great Britain.

I told the prince that the righteous Englishman, who should ever live within the hearts of Americans, was William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and a member of the British Parliament, who fear-

lessly and nobly plead in 1778, for the lives of our fathers who were within the very grasp of ruthless hands. I must here place on my record, for future generations, the plea of the Earl of Chatham before the British Parliament.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM PITT.

“I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and genuine colors the ruin which is brought to our doors.

“Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence.

“The people whom we first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy. Ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect.

“The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and ex-

tend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

“If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms. Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defense of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; ‘for it is perfectly allowable,’ says Lord Suffolk, ‘to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.’ I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house or in this country.

“My lords, I did not mean to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation, I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. ‘That God and nature have put into our hands!’ What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor.

“These abominable principles, and this more abominable

avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country.

“I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? Your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war!

“Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away with this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

“My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.”

The black prince said that prayer and poetry existed in every line of the earl's address, and that a man with such nobility of soul merited the best berth on board through life's voyage, and a never perishing flag should wave over him when moored within the harbor of death; that the earl's address could never become antiquated, and that it fully confirmed my ancestor's report of horrors.

The African prince said that after the revelation of the proph-
etess, that he had taken a great interest in tracing the German history and character with an unbiased intent and mind; that he gathered his information from his library, from intelligent persons, and from a vast number of journals of the day, which informed him that the name Hessian was bestowed on the British allies by the Americans, because the first shipments of those troops were procured from, through, and by the Duke of Hesse Cassel. Then followed vast additions from Berlin, Frankfort on the Main, and throughout Germany. He said that he had traced German origin back to the year 484 before Christ, when Egypt was reconquered by the Persians, and that they were then as now an Ishmaelitic people, and that enlightened observation showed the Germans under all and every flag to be and remain Germans to and beyond the fourth generation, that Webster explained the word Hessian.

The African said that, in glancing over early and modern history, he had ascertained that all German writers, unlike all other European writers, went out of the way to obscure any of their delinquencies, and ran on the same course to magnify their virtues; that this was a national trait down to the present hour, and left the task of pointing out their lacking to others; that history since the birth of Madam Hagar's second son witnesses that they did not, do not, look on others with their eyes, but with their prejudices; that they for centuries, a great many centuries possessed no language, only a jargon, until the learned in the English language, Martin Luther, patched up that jargon in the sixteenth century, as is well known by everyone of even limited

knowledge; that they had ever been a very suspicious people, almost beyond belief.

The African, in speaking of numerous superstitious acts, named one that appeared to me so horrid that, had I not known him to be reliable in history, I never could have given credence to his statement. He said that in the fourteenth century a plague similar to the Asiatic cholera broke out and became very virulent in Germany, and like the cholera, it arose in Tartary and Egypt. The Germans attributed the cause and the deaths to the Jews, whom they attacked, and whom they literally exterminated.

Whole streets of them—men, women and children—were put to the sword. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the one city of Mentz, and this at a period long after hundreds of statesmen, orators, and philosophers whom we now reverence and quote had performed their tasks on earth, and gone to rest in their tombs.

At that period Holy Writ, or call it fiction if you please, with its wise and scholarly pages, had been written years numbering thousands, and the New Testament, call it also fiction if you please, had been written over one thousand three hundred years previous to the cruel massacre of men, women, and children by thousands, under the orders of ignorant German kings and princes. Within this New Testament are published letters from St. Paul to the Corinthians, written and printed in the long past, yet now exist as evidence of wisdom and greatness—letters that would be a credit to a scholar of this year (1843).

As is well known, this wanton cruelty took place after the spirit if not the body of the great and wise ruler and lawmaker, Mohammed, had winged itself to the happy hunting grounds—over eight hundred years previous to this slaughter of innocent thousands who had not even raised their hands against the ignorant people and nation that slaughtered them in their beds, their homes, and in their flight on the highways. Thus spoke the prince, the slave, and the farmer on the St. Lawrence. Yet we now with horror cry “Turkish Armenia,” and many miserable

Armenians, generally the offspring of Arabs, beg Germany to govern them.

The African in closing said that their adhesiveness was wonderful; stick a pin in one, and the whole tribe throughout the world will cringe from the effect.

Even now, whilst I pen from my diary, the wanton and cruel massacre of the helpless Jews by the authorities causes me to shudder and feel sad. I suppose they had no Red Cross or Clara Barton, to speak a word or stay the more cruel than Turkish slaughter in Armenia.

This day, 1896, many, a great many whites consider a negro's proper position to be in slavery, and an Indian's to be in his grave. Speak to many whites respecting an African or an Indian possessing knowledge and ability, and they will immediately curl their lips and elevate their ears. It will be a valuable lesson in knowledge to such to give them a short sketch of an African slave who performed wonders that astonished the then world, whose act, if performed by a white man instead of a negro slave, would have called for a towering monument over his tomb.

I speak of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was born at Buda, in St. Domingo, in 1743. His parents were African slaves, and up to manhood he worked with the other slaves under a slave driver. He united with the Catholic Church in his youth, through which he picked up knowledge from the preaching of the priest, and received a knowledge of letters and reading from his creed and hymn book, aided by an old slave raised in New Haven, Conn., and he extended his knowledge and education by picking up and reading all old scraps of printed or written papers and wrappers that he could find.

His slave teacher possessed a very interesting history—that is if a negro can have a history. He was born and raised in Connecticut when it was a slave State; his parents were native Africans who were brought to New England from Africa by a Dutch man-of-war, and sold into slavery for the sum of two hundred dollars for each slave, which was then the current price of a mixed bunch of negroes. They had not then run up into the six

and to the nine hundred dollar mark, as in the thirties and forties last past, for common slaves.

When the question of emancipating all slaves in the Northern States came up, the master of this slave family did not desire to lose the price he had paid for the parents and the teacher that he had fed and raised, so he sold the family of three on the sly, to avoid censure by his more humane neighbors, to a St. Domingo planter's agent. The boy slave had picked up the use of letters at a New Haven Sunday school, and could teach them to Tous-saint.

In early manhood Toussaint's ability attracted the attention of a Mr. M. de Libertat, who had large possessions on the island, and who employed him at first as a coachman, and then as manager of his property. In 1794, when the island became a republic, he was chief in command of the forces.

In 1796 England undertook to steal possession of St. Domingo, and had gained possession of several ports when Tous-saint with his blacks caused the British commander General Maitland to surrender to him all of those ports and stations that he had captured, and Toussaint was then the Black Cromwell, the sole ruler and commander of St. Domingo, under whose wise and honest rule it prospered.

In 1801, the Treaty of Peace of Amiens released Napoleon's hands in Europe, and he decreed the re-establishment of slavery in St. Domingo, and sent a squadron of fifty-two sail under General Le Clere's command to enforce his decree. Toussaint resisted to the last extremity, and when the last extremity was reached, he, under stipulation, surrendered to save his negro forces from death, and he was received by the French officers with applause and military honors, as a great and wise ruler and general, but Napoleon, a powerful despot, considered the negro slave too dangerous a man to run at large; he might seize upon an empire, and in violation of the stipulations to surrender Tous-saint was through treachery arrested and confined in a ship and sent to a prison in Paris, where he was treated with uncalled for severity, and died in April, 1803. But retribution came at St. Helena.

I laid before the African prince a sketch of Wendell Phillips, a man of truth and extended knowledge, and the apostle of human rights, a graduate of Harvard College, and a gifted orator, who was born in Boston in 1811, and who departed from this world in 1884.

Mr. Wendell Phillips was a very plain, unassuming man, who would not attract attention in an assembly of men, but when he opened up the gates of his pent-up spirit of right and greatness, he dwarfed the supposed superiority that surrounded him. He had opponents and enemies numbering many, a great many, to combat, but he was never known to strike his colors, or flinch before a charge. Humanity and open honesty were his watchword, and he always wore his heart upon his sleeve, plain to the vision of all, and who, in one of his public addresses on the curse of slavery, said:

“If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country.

“I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has hardly left one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

“Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell shows the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says

Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty; Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood in the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army—out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery; one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and as you say, despicable race, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, and not by quantity.

“Further, Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius.

“History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: ‘Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years;

I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen'—and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. This was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: 'Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked the liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them'—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken of a victorious slave.

"It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesman dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited until 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800, this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting him a constitution: 'Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world.' With lofty indifference to the race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

"Again, it was in 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that it is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place

by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: 'Make it the first line of my constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs.'

"Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temple with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel such as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions and trust a state to the blood of its sons; anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

"I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to Empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. 'No retaliation' was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words he uttered to his son in France were these: 'My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo. Forget that France murdered your father.'

"I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave.

"I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

"You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Lafayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the

ripe fruit of our noonday; then, dipping his pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture."

And now, in 1897, Sailor I will place on record the greatness of the slave, the general, the ruler, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

The morrow arrived after an evening's interchange of this important history and occurrences, together with our sleep, and we weighed anchor and set our sails, but changed our course on account of the current and reverse wind to sail upon St. Lawrence Bay. When under way I told the African that I had always maintained a great desire to know the history, the customs, capacity, and the traditions of the Africans and their Dark Continent; that I had seen in North and South America and the West India Islands hundreds of native African slaves, and closely questioned them, but they could add but very little to the information that I had received from sailors and others, who had been in the African slave trade; that he, the prince, being of royal birth, and a resident up to an age to see and know, should be able to give me some idea of ancient Africa, as well as modern, of which I possessed a fair knowledge, obtained by very careful research within the days of the early African explorer, Sir Mungo Park, and followed it up, and untiringly noted it down to date, but too lengthy to rehearse on a three-days' river and bay voyage; that I would have to retain it for a Cape Horn or a Mediterranean voyage; that I especially desired to know if the Africans had any theory or tradition of first creation, or of a Creator or any religious belief or ideas in that direction; that he, an African prince, should possess a knowledge, if any African could possess that knowledge, especially as he had within a few years picked up an education and a historical knowledge bordering on perfection, and almost beyond belief, and he should, on the subject, be able to express himself intelligently.

He replied that the African reads his version of creation through tradition, and the white man reads his in a book, and that all African tradition was handed down by the chiefs and kings,

as are the Indian traditions; that it was an imperative duty of all rulers so to do, and they all received their many lessons in their youth, as he had done. He said that the white man's creation, as written, had been doubted by some, and that the African's theory of first creation, as handed down, was subject to doubt, yet he found great difficulty in shaking it off his mind, to credit the white man's written creation.

Respecting the Church he said that for a long season after he attended the Methodist church he could not realize that there could be a power greater than the African deities Reo and Buso. When in Africa he felt and knew that it required some great, some superior power, to create the vast clockwork of this earth and its sky, but he then and now believed that there was a plurality of worlds, with their inhabitants, far superior to ourselves, because their age numbered not thousands, but millions of years; that an ambitious power that could create one great world would not sit down content; that in the construction of this world and its grand furniture ambition is plainly stamped. It appears on every leaf of the forest trees, on every flower of the valley, in the pearl-bordered ocean, and the diamond-set sky.

With this preface the African said that, thousands of years previous to the white man's date, there resided in the then only world,—the orb now our sun, the central lamp of both the celestial and the terrestrial world,—two deities, one blacker than a coal pit or midnight darkness; his name was Buso; the other was pale-faced, and his name was Reo. They in unity created the moon and the stars. The worlds created by those deities numbered thousands, and all was peace and harmony in the celestial world. tradition says, until a woman, the daughter of Mars, who was a Cyclops, and a beauty of the Chinese hue, appeared and interfered respecting the tints that she claimed should be placed upon the rainbow, which was then on the ways, and being constructed ready to launch, and for her to christen. Through this question of the rainbow tints, and this woman appearing, an ill feeling and jealousy was created between the two deities that never subsided, so says African tradition. Then the deity Buso proposed to cre-

ate this, the lower world, as his kingdom to govern; Reo gladly gave his consent, and this, the lower world, then a vast, hot molten globe of fire revolving in unlimited space, was cooled off to be Buso's future home and kingdom, but Buso, in revenge, before emigrating, toppled over the volcanic mountains of the now sun, and set the whole mass on fire, to forever blaze, and Reo had to retreat to the pleasant regions of the moon, where he is now stationed, and known as the Man in the Moon, and the sun remained on fire, and ever will.

Reo had peopled his upper kingdom, the moon and the stars, with winged inhabitants, who were at his command, and Buso desired to do the same, so he formed a vast net of strong reeds, and lashed them together with willow twigs, as does the African fisherman of this day, to catch the shark and sword fishes of the sea, and with this net the great Buso drew from the waters of the seas and ocean, men and women of all shades of complexion according to the waters drawn from, and he also drew with his net from Mother Ocean the first of all beasts that roam on the plains and in the forests; not a single pair of mankind and beasts, but many pairs, and left them on the beach to dry and breathe the upper air and mature into moving, active life.

The African deity Buso was of enormous proportions and stature; his head rose above the mountains' summit, and his stride extended from shore to shore of the Nile, the Niger, and other great rivers. Eleven elephants and a rhinoceros could stand on the palm of his hand, and his feet were of a magnitude greater than that of two 74-gun ships. He carved vast slices of delicious food from off the clouds to feed the starving blacks, and with a wave of his mighty hand he caused torrents of rain to fall from the sky to quench the Africans' and their elephants' thirst, and to cause the parched herbs and grass to spring to life. His blackness cast a shadow of darkness around him. The darkest clouds of Heaven were his lamps, and cyclones were his toys. He was all-powerful. He could hurl flaming meteors from the sky and whistle down the winds, and his great mind could traverse through Earth, through ether, and through realms



INDIAN CHIEF BLACK HAWK.

above, and he it was who placed the vast rocks on Egypt's towering pyramids. He was the African deity, the great Buso, but in time Buso became proud and careless, and Reo gained the ascendancy, and planted Buso ankle-deep in the earth at the distant north where in time he perished, and his cold bulk chilled, and caused the land where flowers had bloomed, and chirping robins and cooing doves had built their nests, and reared their young; and where his beasts of burden, the great mastodon, propagated and appeared in herds to shake the earth with their tramp, soon to become fields and seas of ice, surrounded by cold gleaming pinnacles, and the whites now call the great Buso the North Pole. Tradition says that there his icy form possesses the power to confine the departed spirits of bad Africans forever within cold, icy vaults; no sulphurous flames, but tormenting cold.

Previous to planting his great magnetic body, now a vast towering corpse of ice, the world knew no North or South, or East or West; all nature outside of the walks of the great Buso was chaotic; then, soon after Buso's confinement, the cold and snows extended even to twin-topped Mt. Ararat, and to the plains where gentle spring and summer ever lingered, then spread and extended onward, onward with its chilly breath to Florida's orange groves.

This vast corpse, cold in death, drove all the northern nations or tribes southward from their previously sunny homes, save an Eskimo tribe alone, to there remain and be the monarchs of the frozen zone. After many ages those fleeing tribes from the northern cold drifted as far south as Italy and Spain, and now this day, many claiming to be far-seeing and wise, with strained thought and vision, query from whence those strangers came. My African possessed the knowledge through tradition of those ancient northern people, their acts and southward immigration.

I will not record a full description of the vast icy corpse of the great Buso, *alias* the North Pole, and the most astonishing and interesting surroundings, for whilst I now write of the first creation, and the fate of the great Buso, I have just received the

Chicago "Tribune," of Friday, February 14, 1896, which publishes that a Mr. Fridjof Nansen has visited the North Pole, and I desire to see and test Mr. Nansen's description of the Pole and its wonderful surroundings, unaided by Sailor I and my African, for Mr. Nansen's description of the Pole and its surroundings will settle the now mooted question respecting his visit to that Pole.

I at first thought the prince's statement and tradition a little fishy, but after calling to my mind the white man's early history or traditions as handed down to us—the Garden of Eden, with its beguiling serpent, and its tree of forbidden fruit, "whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woes," and our expulsion from Eden, and granddaddy Adam making man's first plea before a court and judge. The water flowing from the parched rock; the sun standing still to rob the night to lengthen day, whilst human blood was being shed. The daily rations of manna from the sky to feed the hungry people. Samson toppling over vast temples, and Madam Lot being converted into a pillar of salt, and the stars of Heaven dancing for joy, and the herd of swine that rushed into the then ever pacific seas, to create devil fish and tempests, and the shrewd Moses, who was cradled in a canebrake, to be for forty years with his Israelites, lost and wandering in a contracted wilderness, consuming this long period in finding an outlet from that wilderness, places a damper on the water flowing from his rock.

Sailor I would have entered into a contract under bonds, and taken payment in goats and camels, to pilot them out of that wilderness within sixty days.

The African's day and creation do not so greatly vary in astonishment; but many things have changed even since Solomon was King, and what is known as Scriptural days.

It is doubtful if our biggest men, even President Cleveland, would appreciate the favor of riding through the streets of Washington on an ass, notwithstanding his course was strewn with boughs from off the trees.

If a Chicago and a New York man should enter the Kingdom

Come and tell the ancients now resting there, who once, when on earth, drew water from a well on wash day and to quench the thirst of the multitude and that of their camels, and who had grieved over that broken pitcher at the well, that in Chicago they did not draw water from a well by women's hands, but received millions of pitcherfuls every hour of the day and night, through a vast cavity opened through the earth, and that the water was drawn by hands and arms of moving, working iron from the depths of a vast lake to quench the thirst of over one million people, and the New York man would say they had no well of water in New York, but utilized an ever-flowing, limpid stream, conducted forty miles through an aqueduct, now under ground, now on the ground, and now suspended in the air, to supply the tents and houses of over one and one-half million people, and no pitcher is broken at the well, I greatly fear the good ancients will say, An African yarn from St. Lawrence Bay.

The African prince said that he had long and greatly desired to rehearse to the world all he knew respecting his landing as a slave in America, and his position previous to that day, in Africa; all of which he said flashed painfully through his mind when he met me and his good neighbor Pierre in his houseyard. That many of the occurrences connected with that event were to him a great mystery that had worked on his mind night and day; that he had never made known his home life in Africa, or the trials, the hardships, that he and others had endured, and the exciting occurrences that he had witnessed, as many of them were almost beyond belief.

I told the African that I would assist him in giving and placing on record his advent in America, and the thrilling occurrences in its connection, by rehearsing facts obtained in part from a captain's log, all of which could be corroborated by documents and the journals of the thirties, but that my knowledge in connection with his would produce and place upon my diary, and on his mind, the whole situation and the facts as they occurred, upon which I wrote down as follows, within my diary:

A Baltimore clipper-built schooner, the "Metamora," sailed from Nassau via Cardenas, Cuba, bound for Vera Cruz, with a crew of captain, mate, six seamen, a cook, and also a one-armed ex-sailor, Golas, a Mexican, who had lost his left arm in an engagement on the Gulf of Mexico, whilst in the Mexican service. He was a brave and fearless young man; he was destitute of funds, but desired to return to his kindred in Mexico. The schooner took him on board as an act of duty due to a brave sailor, yet he volunteered to aid whenever necessary or called upon.

One-armed Golas had witnessed many historical events and passed through many severe trials; he enlisted in the Mexican land forces in 1823, when but nineteen years of age. Witnessed as a soldier the capture of Emperor Don Augustin Iturbide at Arrogas, and was in the ranks when the emperor was shot at Padilla, on the 10th day of July, 1824; and was present and witnessed President Vincente Guerrero shot to death on the 10th day of February, 1831, as a traitor to his country, when he was not a traitor but a noble man.

When in 1830 Ferdinand VII. of Spain fitted out a squadron in Cuba, to invade and recover his lost Mexican possessions, in a naval engagement on the Gulf of Mexico off Tampico, Golas, who was then a sailor, lost his left arm. There is a bitter hatred in the breast of every Mexican against the Spaniards, their once cruel and unrelenting masters, and sailor Golas possessed that hatred, and expressed it whenever Spain or Spaniards were mentioned. He denounced them as a haughty and a cruel people.

All on board were under twenty-seven years of age, except the Mexican and a Greek sailor Sapoles, who was near forty years of age. The other eight men were all Americans. The captain was the youngest man on board. The cook had been a sailor on board of a Nantucket whaler from his youth, but had broken one of his legs from falling on the deck from a yardarm in a storm. The injury shortened the leg, yet he was surprisingly quick and active.

One hazy morning when our reckoning indicated that we were

no great distance off Matanzas, Cuba, a man was sent aloft to investigate the surroundings: he immediately reported a sail, supposed to be a ship, not a half league distant over our bows; our course would cross her wake, and we were nearing her. A puff of wind partly cleared off the haze, and the lookout reported that the ship had many men on board. The captain asked if they were forward or aft; the answer was, "Most all forward." Soon there was a commotion on board the ship. They had sighted us, and over one-half the persons on the deck hastily disappeared below, and the ship hoisted a flag of distress, and lay to, and a small boat with three men in it was seen rowing toward us; we shortened sail so as to receive them on board; two of the three soon reached our deck. It was plain that both were men of shrewdness and good talkers. The leader, who had occupied the stern of the boat, said that he was a Spaniard and the first mate of the ship, and as he spoke but little English he had brought an American to talk to us, for they saw by our colors that we were Americans. The strange sailor said that his name was George Bedford. Sailor Bedford was a well-bronzed and active-looking young man, of medium height, with elasticity in his walk and in every motion, and intelligence was marked on his features and mingled with his every word; but he was very oddly dressed for a sailor, having on his head the crown of a slouch hat with most of the rim cut away, a large-sized chocolate-colored frockcoat with the skirt cut off at his hips, with Scotch plaid trousers held in place by a strip of canvas. His footgear consisted of a pair of Russian-leather boots with their tops cut off well down to his feet. Some time after this visit to the little schooner he told her officers that his Spanish captain had ordered him to put on his American coat and hat to go on board of the schooner. Sailor George stated that the ship was short of both ship stores and water; that they wished to get our bearings and they desired all the stores and water that the schooner could spare; that they had lost two boats, and the small one, the captain's barge, then alongside of us, was all that remained, and that it was injured and could not carry much more than the three men

that manned it, without taking in water, and they desired that we furnish them with a larger boat to transport the stores that had been promised by us. The captain objected to this, but volunteered to run the schooner alongside of the ship, and pass all the stores he could part with on board of her, as the sea and weather were very favorable. The Spanish mate agreed to this, but when the captain requested that sailor George be left with him on board the schooner to aid in handling the stores, as he would require most of his small crew in sailing the schooner, and coming alongside of the ship in safety, and that the ship must set her sails and yardarms in position to receive the schooner, the Spanish mate did not appear to like this reasonable proposition, but finally consented. The captain was fearful that the mate would offer himself instead of the American sailor, but he entered his boat and steered for his ship, looking dissatisfied.

The captain immediately took the strange sailor into the cabin, and requested the Greek mate, Sapoles, and Golas, the one-armed Mexican, and limping Ike, the cook, to follow, and then he said to the strange sailor, "Speak quick and truthfully. Are you not worked up in mind with fear, and is not the ship you just left a slaver and a pirate, and has she not at this moment a cargo of African slaves on board of her?" The sailor answered, "Yes, captain, all is just as you have named; she has a cargo of some 240 negroes on board, and so many have died and been thrown overboard that I have lost my count, and I am doomed to death because I know too much, the moment that we sight Cuba and I am no longer a necessity at sea, or in Africa as an interpreter and a sailor. The ship's crew—sailors, four special guards, steward, carpenter, three cooks, and officers—numbering forty-three of us, all told.

"When we sighted your schooner our captain said we must get correct bearings from that schooner, and some ship stores if we had to take them by force if we can reach her, but we must avoid a conflict in this latitude, for our reckoning, if near correct, places us near Cuba and Florida, and it might cost us the ship and cargo. He immediately ordered all hands then on deck ex-

cept the slave merchant, first mate, and eight of us sailors, whom he named, to remain on deck, and ordered the other sailors, then off watch and on deck, the second mate, steward, two cooks, and carpenter to go below in the main cabin to lull suspicion, and instructed them not to appear on deck or in sight unless called by a blast of the ship's trumpet; for we had hailed a topsail schooner sailing under the American flag on yesterday noon and hoisted a flag of distress; but we had a large exhibit of men on deck and the schooner, without a sign or word, changed her course and ran from us at over ten knots before the wind. Every man on board the ship save the owner is a soldier and a sailor, and can go aloft if necessary; and the slave merchant is constantly in calm weather practicing on a chalked-out man at the ship's length, to the great danger of all on board.

"During a tempest off the African coast we lost two of our guards by sickness. Both had been soldiers when Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808, and we lost two sailors by being washed overboard on the same coast. All on board of that ship, with the exception of the second mate, a Portuguese, are desperate men, to be greatly feared. Strict discipline is observed by all on board and all are put under drill each week, if the weather permits, and we constantly keep near the bow, in a rack and well sheltered by a canvas, twenty loaded muskets, all the time kept in good order by the guards, to be at hand at a moment's notice if the slaves should revolt or outside invasion take place, and there is an armory room below deck, stored full of muskets and other arms in position to seize and use instantly. When we sighted your schooner the two guards on deck were ordered to take their muskets with them and go into the main cabin with the others, out of sight."

The stranger George further said "that one of the slaves of intelligence, whom he knew for over two years in Africa and who was sold to the ship to get him out of the way, and who had been at his request permitted during most of the long voyage to remain on deck, as he was a willing worker at the pumps by night and day, and was yet more useful in communicating orders to

the slaves below deck—we named him Slashed-cheek John, because he had no reasonable name and his cheeks had been scarred or slashed in his infancy—is to the slaver a very dangerous man; he has now a plot on hand to burn the ship as soon as land is sighted within swimming distance. All the African men and women are good swimmers, some of them on salt water good for five miles or more in a calm sea, and as I told you, captain, in the cabin, Slashed-cheek John is constantly on the watch for freedom, and if it is possible he will be at your side if you attack the slaver's forces on board the ship. As you observed, our sails were ordered shortened and three of us sent on board your schooner."

After this hastily given information and a few questions asked the captain said, "Please, all attention; for there is not one minute to spare. The ship's mate who has just parted from us will soon reach her deck and report our coming and our forces and strength for offensive and defensive action, which I was very anxious and particular to lay before him, when he hinted in that direction, and I observed that the shrewd and observing Spaniard cast an eye of contempt on one-armed Golas and limping Ike, the cook.

"Now men, attention. If you all say the word and feel that you can support the word, we can and will capture that slave ship, and its large and well-armed force, and release the large number of slaves now on board of her; we can perform the act, I feel confident. I have the whole programme perfected and before my mind's eye; the proceeding is short, and can be accomplished, but it is, as you all well know, a little dangerous. There is no time to lose. We must immediately get a cask of water on our deck; it will be wanted, and we must make a false show of getting stores on deck by placing some light packages there that you can instantly handle." All present with one voice exclaimed, "Captain, we will perform our part; name it," the strange sailor George, and the one-armed Mexican included, and who said that he could handle a musket with the aid of his stump arm just as well as he ever could, and especially when the target was a Span-

iard, a people who had oppressed and then slaughtered his parents. Sapoles, the Greek mate, said he did not know the Spaniards' fighting capacity, but his experience told him that it would be folly for nine men of any nation, two of them disabled, to attempt to capture one-half of that number of Turks, on board of their own ship, yet he was on hand to liberate a shipload of Africans at the risk of his life. The captain then continued by saying, "We cannot, must not carry or exhibit a single gun; they must remain in the cook's galley, where we stored them on sighting the ship and noting her action; we may require them, but each and every man must see that his sheath knife is in good order and secure in his belt; that he, the captain, would carry a navy pistol and a sheath knife concealed by his blouse, and that the slaver with its large crew will never suspect an attack until it comes, and then their astonishment will be so great that it will paralyze them and place them within our power. You have all heard what sailor George has said respecting their act of hiding below decks, and their stock of arms waiting for us to use them, and the important aid of Slashed-cheek John if he is permitted to remain on deck, and no doubt he will be permitted to do so, as he will be an aid in receiving our stores that they expect to obtain. The lives of every one of us depend on prompt concert of action; two minutes, not more than two, will decide all—yes, two minutes after we make fast to the slaver will decide our fate. The bulk of the crew now stowed away below must not be permitted to reach their deck. Now, Mexican Golas, Sailor George, and Cook Ike, attention! It is your first part and duty, the moment we make fast, to spring on board the slaver and each of you to seize a musket from the rack, and sailor George will immediately tell Slashed-cheek John to arm and free himself from slavery. John is now waiting for the strife for freedom with great anxiety, for George says he has for weeks looked for its coming in every cloud and in every wave, and he will be a very valuable recruit. The programme is for Mexican Golas to instantly rush with his musket to the cabin companion way, and Cook Ike to rush to the fore-castle hatch, and see that no man

approaches the deck from below. The action of the two unarmed and crippled men for a few moments will not create suspicion, and when suspicion comes, it will be too late. Mate Sapoles must also be the next to secure a musket, and see that the enemy do not secure any arms, whilst the balance of us by haste and force compel every man on deck to enter the main cabin, where we will have them corraled, and at our mercy."

The ship rested much higher out of water than did our schooner, notwithstanding the loss of a portion of her gunwale, the point we intended to take possession of, so we got empty water casks and boxes, and rigged a staging, and placed some boxes and packages of stores on the elevation to make a show. We successfully came alongside of the ship, and within a single half minute every man of us was on the slaver's deck, and with our sheath knives and captured muskets drove the officers and crew like a flock of sheep into the cabin. The slave captain attempted to draw a pistol that he always carried, when the agile sailor George clubbed his musket and knocked the captain's arm limp and helpless at his side, and his pistol dropped on the deck, upon which, without a word, he obeyed orders, and hastened below into the ship's cabin, followed by every member of his crew, as they were pressed forward by deadly muskets and sheath knives. One of the guards entered the companion way, with his gun in hand, to ascend to the deck and investigate the cause of commotion, but Mate Sapoles ordered him at the muzzle of his borrowed musket to retreat. We afterwards learned from one of the slaver's cooks that on his retreat he reported to his companions that he had seen over fifty armed soldiers in possession of the deck, and he could not understand the cause of no one on the deck giving an alarm. He did not know that we had quietly but firmly told the officers and crew on deck to immediately and without one word march into the cabin, and no harm would come, but one word or resistance, and every man of them would meet death on the deck; that the bars and the bolts of the iron grated hatches would instantly be thrown back, and the slaves set loose to put them all to death; that the armed African,

Slashed-cheek John, stood ready to draw the bolts, and give his slave companions the word of onset and slaughter to freedom. This word caused every slaver to quake and cast his eye upon Slashed-cheek John where he triumphantly stood, musket with bayonet in hand, a terror to the slaver's crew. No sooner was the last man, an obstinate sailor, forced below at the muzzle of the captain's pistol, than the slave merchant rushed partly up the companion way and with a musket fired at the captain some fifteen feet distant, cutting through the left sleeve of his blouse where it rested against his body, and entering the heart of sailor Jim Nelson, who dropped dead on the slaveship's deck. A second musket was instantly handed to the slave merchant, who hastily fired the second shot, and sent a ball through sailor Bill Brown's leg, just above the kneecap, shattering the bone to pieces, and tearing the flesh into shreds. The slave merchant could have been shot down, but the captain's orders were not to fire unless he so ordered. He said to kill one of their men might set the passions of all on fire; that their numbers were large and ours were very small, and a desperate struggle was sure to follow the act. We immediately doubled guard at the cabin, and formed a breastwork out of two large cook stoves, and under its protection brought aft a 6-pound brass cannon, which was already loaded with lead slugs, and tipped it so as to rake and clear a passage to the cabin's rear. This act silenced all below decks. Then the schooner's captain quietly and deliberately informed the prisoners that if further resistance was offered every slave should be released to take their worthless lives. Then the slave merchant, the only man visible, glared on the schooner's captain with the eyes of a devil, and disappeared out of sight and danger.

The quartering wind from off the land freshened and dispelled the mist, and Cuba was plain in sight, not over two leagues distant. As we were short of men to guard the prisoners, man the ship, and protect our schooner, through the death of Jim Nelson and the loss of sailor Bill's leg, and we would have to send some men aloft to set sail to beach the ship as the captain designed to do, we consulted Slashed-cheek John, and liberated five of the

slaves that John said could handle a gun or paddle a canoe, after giving them provisions and water to consume, whilst standing guard behind the captain's barge breastwork, with muskets and bayonets, under the command of Slashed-cheek John.

The captain and every white man on board knew that it would not be prudent to permit a large number of the slaves to have their liberty after the cruel treatment that they had received, and Slashed-cheek John had schooled them in revenge, as he had expected to use them in securing liberty.

We all well knew that to abandon or land both the white prisoners and slaves on the island would not give the slaves their freedom; that the masters must be retained, especially the murderer of sailor Jim. Our whole proceeding on board the ship up to this act had not consumed thirty minutes; every act, every move was on the double-quick.

Now came the momentous question of separating the slaves, officers, and crew, and landing them on Cuba's island, and securing them from harm, as well as ourselves, as one and all of the near three hundred that we controlled were to be greatly feared. A freak in action might at a moment take place.

The captain requested the Portuguese second mate to come on deck; that he would not be injured; he immediately complied, and was told that he and other members of the ship's crew would be landed on the island as soon as we reached it. He expressed himself as well satisfied, and was then requested to aid in setting all sails to beach the ship. To this he willingly consented and went to work, making preparations with the aid of the schooner's sailors. This Portuguese was the most valuable navigator of the slaver's crew; he declared that he was well pleased with the result; that the Spaniards had discriminated against him during three voyages, especially during this last voyage. He was very valuable to us, as he had been the ship's sailing master during the three voyages, and the ship through its injury near the African coast had erected a jury-mast, and added numerous lines and staves to secure its shattered foremast that he was competent to adjust without delay.

Then the two guards that were in the cabin were ordered on deck; they lingered and queried if they were to be shot, when we answered no, but to hasten and obey orders, they complied, and were handcuffed and taken aft under guard and seated flat on the deck. Then the slave captain was ordered onto the deck; he asked what for, and was told to be handcuffed. He refused to comply, and was told that the cabin companion way would be barricaded securely, the ship beached, the slaves landed, and if the ship did not sink in beaching that she would be scuttled and sunk, and they all drowned like rats. He then reluctantly and slowly came on deck; the handcuffs were sprung on his wrists and he was seated aft with the two guards. Then, two by two, the whole balance of the ship's crew were called on deck and handcuffed in quick order, and all were seated on the deck; the slave merchant being the last called for. When the handcuffs were about to be placed on him he stepped back and objected to being disgraced by having negro shackles on him. At this point Slashed-cheek John proposed to save him from disgrace by launching him overboard into the ocean; this proposition caused him to change his mind. All were required to sit down or lay down on the deck, when the captain informed them that any man that attempted to rise to his feet would instantly be shot to death. The trusty Mexican Golas, and three slave guards, were so instructed.

The victory being gained beyond even the shadow of a doubt, then came the most interesting and exciting chapter of the programme—the feeding and watering of more than 240 starved and parched-throat slaves. The schooner's captain and his undaunted Spartan band greatly felt the want of refreshing water, but the captain declined to quench his thirst or permit a man to leave his post for that purpose until every slave should receive his quota of food and water.

Twelve slaves were admitted onto the deck, who were joined by the two remaining slave guards, and put in charge of Slashed-cheek John, and lame Cook Ike, to form a foraging party, and the slaver's second cook was released from his shackles, as an expert

to overhaul every pantry, storeroom, and recess of the ship for provision and water. All that could be found was hastily placed on deck; the most abundant was hard, coarse sea-biscuit; near one barrel of corned beef, and a portion of a barrel of pork, some beans, flour, dried fish and beef; in what their cook called the cabin storeroom were found two barrels of a good quality of sea-biscuit, some African bulbs of the potato species, a fair stock of coffee, tea, sugar, syrup, and a large number of bottles of Madeira, Malaga, and some other wines. The cooking stoves were wrecked and in our breastworks, and no time to cook if they were in place; a half barrel of rancid lard, and over a half barrel of sperm-whale oil was found. Now came an interesting view and lesson in starved human nature; a cup of water was given to each slave; the raw meat was rapidly sliced in small pieces so as to go round; the bulbs, fish, beans followed. Then came a large quantity of good and bad sea-biscuit; some good ones, with a cask of water and fruit from the little schooner. The rancid lard and the sperm oil were passed to the slaves in buckets and pans, and they dipped their sea-biscuits into it, and consumed every drop of the grease. A half barrel of good rice was found, and a portion of it passed to the slaves, who ate handfuls of it in its raw state. They were well prepared for this operation, for never did the same number of human beings possess superior teeth; some twenty of the slaves were weak and sick, but able to walk, and Cook Ike, with his aids, was commissioned to furnish them with any stores from the schooner that he thought proper. A further supply of water was furnished to all and every man on board, the shackled prisoners included.

At this point the slaver's captain complained that his right arm that the impudent sailor Bedford had stricken with his gun gave him pain from being confined by irons, and requested to be released. The captain complied with his request by releasing his right arm and hand, and ironing his left wrist to the right wrist of the guard who handed the slave merchant the musket to shoot down sailor Jim Nelson and to shatter the leg of sailor Bill, who at that moment lay within thirty feet of him, groaning

with excruciating pain. The loss of those two men left us but seven of our schooner's crew to subdue and dictate to a host; it was the brain of a few, a test of the power of intellect and resolution, to encounter, control, and move into action the bones and sinews of a vast number, in the very face of their fears even of dreaded death before them, and to submit to a power that they had but lately despised.

We subsequently learned from the slaveship's second mate, the Portuguese, who, Bedford said, was the only man to be trusted, that the first mate on returning from our schooner reported that its crew consisted of green American boys, some with one leg and some with one arm, and that when we were delaying, in erecting a platform to instantly reach the ship's deck, and preparing for action, her captain with impatience exclaimed, "A miserable crew of ignorant Yankee landlubbers; their reckoning, when reported to us, cannot be depended on. If I had my complement of boats, I would very soon settle this delay."

We were very anxious to reach the shore and beach the ship, so as to make a landing, for if we grounded at a distance off the shore, the slaves and prisoners would have to be transported in small boats; a long and very dangerous undertaking for our small number; or abandon the ship and seek security in our schooner, and all had declared, "No, never!" We had also to protect our schooner by casting her off and anchoring her, for we had found anchorage, and for safety placed a man on board of her, which reduced our forces that we greatly regretted to part with.

Notwithstanding the shattered and crippled condition of the ship's foremast, topsails were run up and studding sails set, and every foot of canvas that she possessed was spread to the wind, for it was of vital importance that we should succeed in making the shore. We were within one-half of a league from the island shore when the schooner's captain took the helm, and whilst on the starboard tack, with an eight-knot wind, the damaged masts groaned under the pressure. He ran the ship onto a small promontory, with a crash and surge that sent the shattered foremast with its stays and rigging toppling forward, cutting

through the gunwale and dipping into the ocean, forming a first-class staging into five feet of water, a few rods distant from the shore.

Now came the order to hastily and immediately land, ten by ten at a time, all the slaves, by the fallen mast staging, save Slashed-cheek John, who begged to ship as a sailor on the schooner. All the slaves had been instructed by sailor Bedford and Slashed-cheek John to prepare to go on shore and to have the sick and weak placed in safety in case the ship should spring a dangerous leak in beaching, and when on shore to keep entirely clear of the ship's first mate, the three guards, steward, cooks, and seamen, who would immediately follow them on to the shore. There was no fear from the slave merchant, the captain, or the guard who aided in slaying the good and kind sailor Jim Nelson, and maiming the intrepid and heroic sailor Bill for life, and for whose immediate execution all on board had been constantly clamoring since the commission of the horrible deed, and who were only appeased by the captain's promise to give them and the slaver's captain a court trial, to establish their guilt or innocence from facts deliberately introduced before the court, and the proceedings and decree of the court to be entered on the schooner's log for reference, which court the captain pledged should be convened at the first favorable moment after the schooner was under sail; that it would be a rash act to shoot down the murderers without a moment's warning; that prudence said, dispose of the slaves and the innocent portion of the crew, and then deliberate and decree the punishment.

The slaves, after their long and close imprisonment, appeared greatly pleased to enter the pleasant and refreshing ocean's water on their short journey to the shore, and some, against the captain's command, tarried to find a greater depth to bathe and swim in. Two young women who swam out to the ship's stern to enjoy a deep-water bath were met by a light incoming wave that struck the grounded ship, and slowly recoiled to envelop them. They were good swimmers, but in their sick and weakly state from long imprisonment and want of food, their energy was gone, and

they seized each other for protection, and disappeared beneath the surf. Slashed-cheek John hastened several of the slave men to their relief, who dived down and brought them up from the bottom, their emaciated bodies firmly embraced in each other's black arms, but their spirits had departed. The captain said, "Return them in their embrace of death to their watery tomb." He was obeyed, and some 244 slaves in their bare feet slowly tramped up Cuba's pebbled beach without a cringe to seek man's habitation and their uncertain fate; some of them carrying small packages of sea-biscuit, rice, beans, and some stores dealt out to the sick and weak by limping Ike, the cook of the schooner.

The five slaves that had been selected to stand, musket in hand, behind the breastwork, hastily created by the slave captain's barge being placed on its side, and clad with iron and hempen cables, were retained on duty, as they were essential as guards, and a menace to the prisoners during the very dangerous task of landing the large number of desperate men by a few, as one had been placed on the schooner.

The prisoners in the forecastle were now called onto deck, two and two, and negro handcuffs that we had found in abundance were placed on their wrists, and, as with the prisoners from the cabin, each and every one was searched, and deprived of their arms; it was found that every man possessed some concealed weapon; knives, poniards, pistols; some placed under their shirts, down their backs and up their sleeves.

When all were securely ironed, then the five slave guards were furnished with sheath knives for defense, and with many thanks sent ashore, to follow on the trail of their fellow-slaves. Then came the departure of the shackled prisoners; they were ordered to rise from off the deck, seven at a time, and walk the staging formed by the broken-down mast and rigging, with their irons on them, yet they experienced very little difficulty, as they were aided by the Portuguese mate and their two cooks, who were not ironed.

The Portuguese mate was the last to depart, and he was put in

possession of keys to unlock his companions' irons, and also a concealed pistol and a Spanish dagger.

The schooner's captain procured pen, ink, and paper from the ship's cabin, and, using the capstan as a desk, wrote the following lines, as copied from the schooner's log:

" Captain General of Cuba:

" Good Sir: Some 244 freed slaves have been landed on the north shore of your Island of Cuba; please, please see that they and their posterity continue in freedom, for worthy and valuable life has been parted with to give them their right to liberty. The bearer of this earnest and momentous appeal is competent, and will give your Honor a full history of their enslavement, cruel treatment, and liberation on your shore.

" Respectfully yours,

" Captain of the Schooner 'Metamora.'

" P. S. Please excuse my ardor, but I am resolved that each and every one of those negroes shall retain their liberty, a liberty that your Honor has the power to bestow and maintain, and in the event of that liberty being refused, I shall lay the unrighteous act and situation before his Holiness Gregory XVI., Pope of Rome, to intervene. I continue

" Respectfully yours."

This letter, with instructions to deliver it to the Captain General at Havana in person, if possible, was given to the trusty Portuguese sailor, Mr. Salmas, and time told that he performed his duty, and time also proved the efficiency of the captain's appeal.

In a treaty with other European powers in 1817 Spain united in making the traffic in slaves illegal after 1820, but the crowned heads and the nobility of Spain were interested in the very profitable traffic, and the treaties were with Spain a dead letter, and the slave trade, instead of diminishing, was largely increased up to 1834, when seizures of Spanish vessels caught in the illegal com-

merce were made, yet still the trade continued to flourish, when in 1835 the Spanish courts took an interest in abolishing the slave trade, and their action put a stop to the traffic except by stealth.

Austria was the first European nation to condemn and take open action against the slave trade. Her Parliament appointed commissioners to consult other powers, and in their addresses in their Parliament bitterly censured and condemned Spain and Portugal for sanctioning and supporting the inhuman traffic in man. During the thirties the shipment of slaves to Brazil was quite extensive, as the bulk of that country was stocked with its now negro population during that period. The great bulk of slaves introduced into Brazil was by the Portuguese. During that period a few African slaves were quietly removed from Cuba and other adjacent islands, and domiciled in the Gulf States of North America. This continued to a small extent up to 1839.

It was a remarkable fact that the women on board of this ship endured starvation, the unhealthy quarters and hardships of a long, rough voyage much better than did the men, and their deaths were but one-half of that of the men per capita.

In time those blacks increased and multiplied astonishingly, and in 1864 were the parents of most all of the free blacks on the island.

On examining the slave quarters after the manacled prisoners had been landed, the bodies of two dead men slaves were found; sailor Bedford and Slashed-cheek John felt sure that they must have died that morning, as the dead of the previous day had been cast overboard. The captain went below and examined them to see if surely dead, and reported one of them to have been dead some few hours, and the other within one hour, and that perhaps the excitement had hastened his death. The ship's dark dungeon-like hold would be a miserable abode for even wild beasts. I can assure you, good reader, that no odorous flowers perfumed its air.

The shock in beaching the ship had greatly increased her long leaky condition, and she was slowly but surely settling down at

the stern, and the captain said, "Let the ship be the negroes' casket."

When searching for ship stores in the cabin and its recesses, six boxes of silver and some gold were found, the amount unknown as there was no time to count or place any value on gold or silver, for it was a question of life and death; not money. All the knowledge obtained was that each box of the casually discovered treasure was as much as one sailor desired to carry on deck. The silver was Spanish mixed coin, Mexican dollars, and French five-franc pieces in about equal portions. The captain said he did not desire, would not take one dollar of the money, but he ordered that sailor Bedford and Slashed-cheek John, who could talk to the Africans, should hastily hand a few dollars to each slave as they passed from the ship. The poor Africans had not an itching palm for silver, for most of them took but a small quantity, and some thirty to fifty did not help themselves at all when invited so to do, and a portion of it was given to each of the prisoners from the forecastle, all the officers and members of the crew who had been imprisoned in the cabin having helped themselves liberally, not to silver, but to gold, as was discovered when searching them for arms, but not one dollar was taken from them; there was no time or desire to secure gold. All the schooner's crew, the captain excepted, hastily helped themselves to silver from the six boxes on the deck, including Yankee Bedford, who said he had not even seen thirty dollars for near three years, but he had seen native gold and diamonds; and one-armed Golas said his thirty dollars of prize money from the slaveship was just the sum that he received from the Mexican Government for his arm, which he considered to be large pay, as thousands of his countrymen had given their lives, and hundreds had given their arms, and never received or desired one dollar, and in addition to the loss of his arm he lost two of his brothers by a broadside shot on the Gulf the same day, who were hastily cast overboard with other dead, and he had in his youth lost his father whilst battling against Spain for his liberty, his country, and his home; and both of his grandparents, together with over three thousand

other unarmed non-combatants, were slaughtered by General Calleja whilst fleeing from the town of Quautla in May, 1812, in which retreat over four thousand Mexicans were put to the sword.

General Calleja in his report of the slaughter said that the dead bodies of the enemy covered the ground for twenty miles in extent, and that he lost only twenty men.

Before the town of Quautla was abandoned by its small garrison of Mexicans, and its trembling inhabitants, General Calleja wrote: "We will precipitate this town and its inhabitants into the very center of hell, whatever exertion or fatigue it may cost us." Too bad that General Calleja and his army should become fatigued through slaying unarmed Mexicans!

The Spanish General Calleja, like the Spanish General Weyler of Cuba, was the Nero of his day, who rejoiced and gloated over human blood and slaughter.

The large number of prisoners that had caused us constant anxiety, being unarmed and set on shore, we immediately dispatched mate Sapoles and one of the sailors in the slave captain's barge, to aid the sailor on board of the schooner to sail her to the ship's stern, where we found ample water. She was sailed into position in splendid style by mate Sapoles. Wounded sailor Bill, the three manacled prisoners, all the crew, and the body of sailor Jim Nelson were placed on board of her, and all sails ordered set. The prisoners protested vehemently against being taken out to sea in irons, but wounded sailor Bill answered their protests with a groan of pain, and pointing to the body of poor Jim Nelson, cold in death.

The late scenes of resolve and energy had shifted with a velocity that would have caused a beholder's head to swim. Cook Ike, the schooner's timekeeper for that exciting day, reported that just three hours had passed since the schooner glided up to the slaveship's heavy wooden walls to that present time when we were casting off from her our hawser, to bid her adieu and depart for sea.

All sails had just been set when the ever-watchful Sapoles ex-

claimed, "A large craft to the southeastward over our stern, bearing down on us, under full sail." Within a few minutes a shot came whizzing and struck some distance off our starboard bow; the intention appeared to be to bring us to. We immediately knew that the attentive sail was a Spanish vessel of war, or a revenue cutter—a very small choice to us. We judged this as she was hugging the coast of the island, and we supposed that she was first attracted by the disorderly flapping topsails of the slaveship and her waving Spanish flag at half-mast.

Very suspicious and singular surroundings presented themselves: a sinking Spanish ship, with blood-stained decks, and three Spanish officers confined in irons on the schooner, to enter their plea against us; an unfavorable position to greet the commanding stranger and risk an open interview. The thought of being entombed within the rock walls of the Morro or the Blanco castles, or perhaps executed as pirates, and our stanch and trim schooner confiscated, was not a pleasant thought. Then came the second shot in range, but it fell short. The schooner's crew well knew her capacity, and mentally said, fire on, come on, for the pennant at our masthead pointed toward the dark-blue sea.

The armed Spanish vessel crowded on all sails and continued the fruitless chase in silence for some hours; then in apparent disgust, with sails close-hauled, she tacked back to her station against the wind.

When fired on by the Spaniard our reckoning, which we knew to be correct, placed us about five leagues north by west from Matanzas, Cuba, and no doubt but that the belligerent vessel had just parted from that port, or was hovering near it.

The first words spoken to the schooner's captain when he leaped upon the slaveship's deck, were by its captain asking him for this same reckoning. His inquiry was instantly answered by the schooner's captain drawing from under his blouse a navy pistol, and placing its muzzle within two feet of the inquirer's breast and ordering him to immediately enter his ship's cabin without uttering a single word.

The captain of the schooner had an act of necessity and mercy

to perform, the cutting off of sailor Bill Brown's shattered leg, his second operation of that kind at sea. Over three hours had then passed since Bill received the wound, but notwithstanding the critical situation of himself and his crew at the time of the shooting, the captain, immediately after placing the prisoners under guard, procured a mattress from the schooner to lay Bill on, and bandages, and also some closely woven duck canvas, which was dipped in the grease of the slush barrel to closely and securely bind the wound and prevent death through the loss of blood. The operation was a success, and the patient expressed himself as relieved in part from his suffering.

When the Spaniard fired his two shots and was on his chase, the schooner's captain, with the aid of one-armed Golas and crippled Ike, the cook, both of whom had severely felt the surgeon's keenly wielded knife and torturing probe, was engaged in amputating a large portion of sailor Bill Brown's leg, and securing the canal tubes and its arteries, to prevent his life's blood from oozing out upon the deck. The operation proved to be a great success, thanks to one-armed Golas and limping Ike, the cook.

As the captain and his aids stretched poor Bill out on his mattress to perform the operation of cutting off his leg, he said that he was not surprised at his bad luck, for on his starting out from his home for his first voyage at sea, on a Nantucket whaler, his good mother told him that he must keep a close watch on danger, for he was born at a very unlucky period; that it was at a time when the waning moon peered cautiously from the sky to cast its dim shadow on the earth; a time that called for caution and watchfulness. He said that he should have obeyed his mother, for had he done so he would have saved his leg and great pain, for he could have shot down the slave merchant the moment that he had sent the shot through sailor Jim Nelson's heart; but he instantly thought of the captain's words, that to shoot one of the slaver's crew might set the whole large number on us, to blot us out.

Since morning mess it had been a busy and an exciting day on board of the schooner, and the bright sun had yet one-fourth of

its daily course to run before it reached its fleecy couch beneath the horizon of the western sky, to retire for the night. The ever moving, active captain had not paused to quench his thirst, or taste food, since the morning's mess. That day's scenes and work on the schooner and the slaveship, with its strategic skill, were not yet ended. Poor unfortunate Jim Nelson was to be placed in his watery grave, and preparations made for the trial and disposition of the three prisoners on the morrow, for the captain was sailing the schooner to make a landing at some point on South Florida's everglade shore, which, by his reckoning, we would sight by midday of the morrow, if the then favorable wind continued. The crew was constantly clamoring for the execution of the prisoners, and Cook Ike declared that it was a hardship on him to cook for murderers, but all said that it would never do to haunt the schooner by shooting them on its deck, or hanging them from its yardarms, and to cast them overboard would defile the pure ocean.

Departed sailor Jim Nelson was wrapped in a well-worn and dingy blanket, with a 10-pound shot inclosed at his feet, and laid him on a plank resting on the schooner's gunwale, the captain solemnly saying, "It is written, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. But some men will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' And here I pray that this day, thy parting soul may be with Christ in Paradise."

Then orders were given and the inner end of the plank was slowly raised, a plunge was heard, and that morning's active Jim was but a bubble in the vasty deep. Those words were heard on deck and in the forecabin that night—"Poor Jim!"

The morning came with a bright southern sun; mess was eaten in perfect silence, an unusual occurrence on board the schooner, and all the crew, including George Bedford and Slashed-cheek John, who now took the place of lost Jim and one-legged Bill Brown, exhibited a look of serious resolve, and the Greek mate

Sapoles walked the deck with a firm step that spoke his inward thoughts.

The prisoners were unshackled, and took a liberal breakfast, and the ex-guard who had passed the musket to the slave merchant that shattered Bill's leg asked the cook if any of the wine from the ship's storeroom had been saved and was at hand. The cook replied that not a single bottle of that wine had been removed from its storeroom on the ship; that at the report of its discovery the captain forbade one bottle to be brought on deck or opened below decks; that a portion of it might be drugged, and to give it a wide berth, for it was dangerous at all times, and especially so when a few clear heads were to decide the fate of near three hundred; that our chase—the Spanish armed vessel—could now enjoy her find, if it yet remained above the ocean's waters.

The morning was clear and pleasant, the wind favorable. The captain ordered all hands on deck, and a reef taken in the sails. He then called for a seat to be brought up from the cabin. Then he requested all hands and the cook to step aft, except sailor Ben, whom he directed to watch at the bow, and be prepared for any and all duty.

He then took his seat as judge of the court that was to try the prisoners, who were then aft reclining on their mattresses that had been removed with them from the ship for their comfort, against the wishes of the crew. One-legged Bill, the chief witness for the prosecution, lay on his mattress near by.

The judge announced court to be in session, and proposed that the schooner's crew select one of their number as prosecuting attorney, and that the defendants select one of their number to defend them; that it was with them a question of life or death; that no precipitancy was called for. One-legged Bill proposed Sapoles, the Greek, as attorney for the prosecution, and all the crew said, "So be it." To the surprise of all, the prisoners selected Yankee Bedford, saying they were pleased with his talk on law to the English officers of a man-of-war, on the African coast.

The slave shackles had been removed from the prisoners' arms previous to their morning meal, and the court announced its desire to proceed with the case. The Greek prosecuting attorney stated that he would prove to the court the fact that the prisoners were engaged in the African slave trade, in violation of law, and had cruelly caused the death of many slaves, and that one of their number, aided by the others, had taken the life of sailor Jim Nelson, and deprived sailor Bill Brown of a leg in an attempt to take his life. "This statement we are fully prepared to substantiate."

Then came forward the defendants' attorney, sailor George. It was soon discovered that the schooner, in picking up the odd, uncouth George Bedford had caught a Tartar. He informed the court that he had no preliminary talk to make, but entered a general denial of all the charges entered against his clients, and requested separate trials. Attorney Sapoles objected to this in a telling talk, and the court sustained his objections, and ordered the witnesses for the prosecution to be called and sworn.

One-legged sailor Bill, as he lay on his mattress, was the first witness called on to be sworn to tell the truth, but the prisoners, through their attorney, objected to risking their lives through oaths taken on a Protestant Bible. The court desired to ease their minds on that point, and suggested to swear them on the cross, as the schooner possessed no other Bible. Then came the question of the witness' knowledge and his appreciation of the cross, and Mr. Bedford closely questioned him on the subject of the cross and his belief. He finally said he knew nothing about the cross spoken of, but he knew all about the ship's crosstrees. When asked by the court if he ever took an oath, he answered "many of them," but he and all other sailors, when sincerely pledging themselves to perform or tell the truth to be believed, they always swore by Neptune, the son of Saturn, the god of the sea, or by the goddess Diana, or Nereid, the daughter of Nereus, and they always truly spoke. Upon this statement all expressed themselves satisfied, and sailor Bill qualified, and also sailor Sam and Cook Ike. The testimony of all three was a repetition of

what I have here recorded. It came out on trial that the guard who passed the gun to shoot off sailor Bill's leg was a relative of the slave merchant and one-tenth owner of the ship and slaves, and that near one hundred slaves had died on the long and stormy voyage from want, and had been, unmourned, unshrined, cast overboard in the ocean. This testimony was obtained from the slave Slashed-check John, and after the trial confirmed by sailor Bedford, who feelingly said corpse after corpse was dashed into the waves, corpse after corpse, for many days, but on the pleading of the defendants' counsel, the court ruled all this slave cruelty and action out of the evidence and the crimes of the prisoners, and only took action on acts of the previous day to the trial then in progress.

Upon this ruling by the court, Prosecuting Attorney Sapoless plead that the whole three prisoners merited death, that they were all *de facto* murderers, with premeditated malice aforethought; that their every act exhibited *animus furandi*, and that every action, every word of their attorney Mr. Bedford, on both vessels and before this court, proved him to be an *anguis in herba*. He then floated off into deep water, and referred the court to Plato, Cicero, Socrates, and Sancho Panza as authority, upon which the court requested the Greek attorney to please to come down a few centuries, and also to talk the American language so that the cook and the court could understand him.

The Greek, who was warmed up to a red heat, straightened himself up to his full height of six feet, and with vehemence exclaimed, "It is *de auctoritate mihi commissa*. I shall perform my duty *seriatim*, and that duty is to see that the three prisoners are convicted and executed. I have and shall continue *secundum artem*. If the court cannot fathom my pleadings it is no fault of mine."

After vividly picturing the prisoners' great crimes he gave way to the defendants' counsel, sailor George Bedford, who had no big Latin in his pleadings to astonish the court and his hearers, but only plain, earnest, well-timed American talk.

He plead that the schooner's crew had no legal authority to

board the ship with arms and confiscate the ship, its cargo, and put its officers in irons, and then form a court and try them for their lives; that he had shown the court that the shooting was not on the high seas, but in soundings within sight of the shore if it had been a clear morning, and therefore, if a crime had been committed, the land had jurisdiction—the land of Spain. That the killing of sailor Jim Nelson was an accident, that the intention of the prisoner Mariena was to shoot the captain of the schooner, and if Jim had not slipped in behind the captain, he would not have been shot, and that the second shot fired, that shattered Bill Brown's leg, was also an accidental shot; that the intention was also to fire on the captain, but in his haste to shoot and retreat into the ship's cabin, he pressed the gun's trigger too soon, and shattered sailor Jim's leg. Those are known facts to all then on deck, and have here been clearly proven, as well as admitted by the prisoners, and taking life through accident is not a capital offense; that the schooner's whole proceedings in attacking the ship's officers and crew and wrecking the ship were clearly in violation of the well-known laws of Admiralty. Then followed a learned defense of the prisoners, after which the court announced that it had with great care weighed all the testimony, and had arrived at what it hoped was a righteous verdict, and as the Florida coast was reported on board to be within one hour's sail, the court would pronounce sentence on the prisoners.

The court then with great emotion said that the decree of the court was that the captain, and the part-owner and guard of the slaveship, names unknown, as they declined to give them, be landed on the uninhabited everglade shore of South Florida, with two days' rations from the schooner, and from there travel to habitations or perish in the swamps; that the prisoner Mariena be taken on shore at the same time, in charge of three executioners armed with three heavily charged muskets, and there be immediately shot to death, and left for his two companions to bury, if they so desired.

Upon this announcement disappointment was plainly visible on every countenance, the prisoners' counsel, sailor Bedford, in-

cluded. Slashed-cheek John was indignant at the lenity of the court; he had constantly claimed that, as soon as they had secured all the crew and officers by the slave handcuffs found on board of the ship, that every Spaniard should have been cast into the ocean, where they had placed thrice their number of blacks. All claimed that the whole three prisoners merited death.

The schooner was anchored near the shore, the irons taken off the two exiled prisoners, and three volunteers called for to shoot the slave merchant Mariena; every man on board presented himself except one-legged Bill. Two of the original sailors of the schooner and Cook Ike were known to be brave, and good shots, and were selected as the executioners, who, with the prisoners and the captain in command, made a landing.

We had no shovel or spade on board for the two exiles to bury their dead companion with, but we had the blades of two broken oars, that with labor would make a hole in the alluvial of Florida's marshy peninsula, if the exiles thought proper to give their companion in crime a grave.

The landing was made and the shackles removed from off the condemned murderer, and he was stationed a few paces from his pale-faced and distressed-looking companions. His breast was bared by slashing the fine and costly clothing from off it with a keen-edged sheath knife. A large tattooed cross of many colors, with a winged angel kneeling before it, was revealed upon his breast; a piece of his red Spanish sash, six inches square, was pinned to a fragment of his clothing over his rapidly beating heart, as a target to aim at. The executioners, with well-charged and unerring muskets, were filed before him at a distance of ten paces. The captain looked at his old Swiss watch, and slowly and calmly said, "Prisoner, your time in this world is limited to just ten minutes; the cause of taking off is your own." Then raising his right hand, and looking far above, he in a subdued voice said, "And may a crowned Omnipotence have mercy on your soul." The condemned for some three minutes, about one-third of his allotted lifetime, stood silent as a statue of grief, his eyes fixed upon the earth; he then slowly lifted

them from their downward gaze. There was a wild fear in his eyes; a shade of gloom swept over his strong, sal-low features, and in a piteous, subdued voice, asked permission to kneel whilst the leaden messengers of death entered his heart. This act told on the captain's feelings, and the humble request was immediately granted. Upon dropping heavily on his knees, to be shot to death, he in a voice of resignation requested a cross to grasp in death, and asked if anyone present had one. One of the executioners gruffly said, "You have now a cross upon your breast to die with." The condemned meekly said, "I have disgraced that cross." This act of resignation and desire to mend during the last three minutes of his life told on the features of the captain, who said, "I have a cross given to me by a monk whilst a prisoner in Sicily." The captain stepped up to the kneeling slave-dealer, and said, "Bad man! if left to God's decree, could you upon this cross pledge yourself to abandon the traffic in man and slavery?" "Yes, captain," said the Spaniard, "I will swear it." "You must not swear! Holy Writ says, 'Swear not at all.' Will you so vow?" Then like an aspen leaf the kneeling Spaniard shook, as in his hand the cross he took to vow before the great Supreme that he would nevermore in slavery deal. The captain then said, "Rise, and be a man and a Christian." Upon this unlooked-for and lenient order, the enraged executioners set up a howl of indignation, shouting, "Never, never!" and the words were echoed back by all on board the schooner, "Never!" Then the three muskets were brought to a bearing on the Spaniard's heart. The captain drew his navy pistol from its belt, and sprung in front of the leveled muskets, and in a voice that caused the sea-fowl to flutter in the air, exclaimed "Ground arms!" and they immediately went down with a crash.

Then the captain said to the late prisoners, "Depart, and keep the North Star before you, and the noonday sun upon your backs, and within two days of active walking northward, you will strike the white man's home, but when you meet the Seminole, treat him with kindness. You have gold saved from your ship, now in your possession; give the Seminole Indian a small piece

and you will also meet with kindness, and when you ford or swim lagoons and bayous, keep a weather eye upon the alligators; they are sly and dangerous, and the bulk of gold you carry has too great a weight to swim under; it will take you to the bottom. Keep the North Star before you, and you will reach a settled country." After this advice, the dejected three scudded off without any formality.

Then the captain said to the indignant executioners, "Men, we now go on board to weigh anchor and set sail for New Orleans; our stores and water are at a low ebb. We had to deal them out too largely to the starving negroes on the ship."

Great dissatisfaction existed on board of the schooner on account of not carrying out the death sentence of the prisoners, but the captain was equal to the situation, and he swayed the crew as the moon sways the tide, and we spread our snow-white canvas like the brooding wings of a cherub and glided over the heaving bosom of the Gulf.

When we were under way, all was silent as the grave; not a voice was heard for the space of full one hour. Every man on board was absorbed in thought, which appeared to be a deep thought of sorrow. They could not realize, as they afterward explained, the final result of the ship's capture; the warm flowing life-blood of poor Jim Nelson; the shackling of the large number of prisoners with their own negro irons; the dropping of the two drowned negro girls into the ocean as food for sharks; the sad parting with dead Jim Nelson, and the stirring and exciting court trial; all to end without due justice to the three guilty prisoners.

Cook limping Ike, the self-appointed timekeeper for all on board, broke the long silence by exclaiming, "Boys, it is now just thirty-six hours to a minute since Mate Sapoles sighted that slaveship. I name the time because it to me seems to have been at least a month."

When the silence was broken, every man opened out without stint of words on sailor Bedford, on account of his strong plea for the acquittal of the murderers. George Bedford, an unknown

African adventurer, was not a witling, and with earnestness replied that had he done less in his defense of the prisoners, then he would have not performed his duty as their openly selected counsel; that he had, when voluntary executioners were called for, responded and offered to shed the blood that he had just recently endeavored to stanch. "I now desire to say that Mate Sapoles, notwithstanding that he treated me with great severity during the trial and the court called him to moderation, he merits great credit for his pleadings. I have lounged around the Boston Courthouse when men of wide renown swayed the court and jury by their eloquence, as does the wind sway the willow's branches. I have, with great attention, seen, heard, and fathomed the deep thoughts and expressive words of the big fish of the land, issued from off the rostrums of gilded halls. I think I have heard many good talks, but I have to say that I never before saw as good a talk as that of sailor Sapoles. It was a talk that had to be seen as well as heard, and Sapoles is the only man I ever saw stand on the earth, or on the waters of the earth, and stir up the heavens, and cause the stars to gaze down with astonishment upon the speaker." Thus spoke sailor Bedford.

We had favorable wind and weather, and the two recent additions to the crew, George Bedford and Slashed-cheek John, the latter, who was better acquainted with paddling a canoe on the African rivers and its ocean billows than sailing an American schooner on the Gulf of Mexico, yet the African made a progress in his duty as a sailor, and in speaking the American language, that astonished all on board. Those two recent additions to the crew filled the stations made vacant by the death of Jim Nelson and one-legged Bill, and gave time for the two recruits to report their experience on the sea—a duty that every sailor expects to perform. Sailor Bedford, when requested by his shipmates and the captain to give them his sea and African experience, said he would willingly do so, in a plain way, and the best he could, but that he had not passed through some of the stirring scenes and events that older sailors had; that the past two days were his most active two days at sea. Then he said, "My two



INDIAN CHIEF KEOKUK.

first voyages were before the mast of a fishing smack out of Boston's port, at wages of nine dollars per month. I then shipped from the same port on board of a merchant brig, at fourteen dollars per month, bound for Cadiz, the capital of a province in Spain of that name."

Upon being asked by the captain, who had always greatly desired to know the world and its past history, to give us a description of Cadiz, with its history, so far as he had obtained it, sailor Bedford said, "I was greatly pleased with that city and its history as handed down by tradition and existing history; its bright, clear, stone houses, with its over six miles of ancient walls of stone that surround it—walls placed there centuries past, to hold in check an enemy who did not possess great guns. I admired its clean, narrow streets, and cheerful, smiling citizens; its very extensive commerce, and the flags of all nations waving over the waters of its harbors. It exports vast quantities of fruit, glass, olive oil, and wine.

"Cadiz is one of Europe's most ancient cities, having been built over three hundred years before the plat where now stands Rome was staked and platted for a town. This was eleven hundred years before Christ. Cadiz has been owned and governed by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Moors, and was captured by the Spaniards in 1263; then in 1596 it was captured, pillaged, and a large portion of it was burned by England's Lord Essex.

"Marks of Lord Essex's and French vandalism are now visible in many quarters. Cadiz, for a long series of years, was the main import and export city of Spain's South American provinces, which were chiefly transported by a small class of light-tonnage vessels, of the same class used in 1492 by Columbus, in his exploration to discover a new world. Their lack of capacity had to be made up by numbers, consequently a New York and Brooklyn ferry was operated between Cadiz and Spain's South American provinces. In 1700, and years thereafter, Holland far surpassed Germany in her trade and commerce, and England was contending with Holland for the supremacy, and it was through

Holland that England procured her Venezuelan possessions: Holland and England, for a long period, were the leading ship-owners of the world; they used vessels of a far greater tonnage than did Spain, but Spain, when in control, monopolized the commerce of her colonies, and if ever a people grew proud; and fattened from the toil of the weak, that people was the Spaniards in colonial days.

“Spain is the most southern portion of Europe; with its Pyrenees, Mediterranean, its Aragon and Castile, possessed an interesting history—a history unknown to a large majority of sailors; a history that reads as does a romance.

“Spain being separated from Africa only by Gibraltar’s narrow straits, here, in 218 before Christ, entered the great African Napoleon, Hannibal, with his African troops and his staff officers, full-blooded Africans, but he selected several generals and some troops from the Rhodians, the Phœnicians, and the Iberians of Spain, and there procured arms and military stores, and after long and weary marches, and great hardships and many battles, his army entered Italy, to unfurl his black flag, and cause Rome to quake and tremble through his many conquests.

“Mahommedan rule had its sway in Spain, and Spanish kings and princes became vassals. But in 1131 Mahommedan rule was blotted out by the combined Christian forces of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, and Leon, on the plains of Tolosa.

“Then Carthage and Rome struck a telling blow at Spain, which was followed up by Augustus Cæsar, and proud Spain sank from greatness to become a Roman province, and she cast away the Crescent and adopted the Christian religion. A period noted for its unparalleled wrongs and cruelty took place of the Crescent’s rule of right and justice.

“Spain had been under the rule of the Goths, the Moors, and Romans previous to 718 A. D. and the Cross was pitted against and made war on the Crescent outside of Spain’s borders at a vast cost of life and treasure to Spain. Then came a peasant’s grandson of the little isle of Corsica, Joseph Bonaparte, to sit on the throne of Ferdinand the Great, for over five years.

"A rule of extremity and cruelty has ever existed in Spain's territory since Mohammedan's rule; her sword was never sheathed, and here Rome reaped her richest harvest in her aggressive days.

"Spain's home territory embraces an area of 196,125 square miles, equal to 125,552,000 acres, including England's Gibraltar. This gives Spain a smaller territory than is embraced in our States of Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa,—as Missouri has an area of 67,375 square miles, Kansas an area of 78,840 square miles, and Iowa an area of 55,046 square miles,—but her island colonies add 117,280 square miles to her territory." Thus spoke sailor Bedford on board the schooner "Metamora." The captain and the crew were very thankful to sailor Bedford for his valuable historical information, collected from records and traditions on the ground where it was created. The captain said that sailor Bedford was a more valuable prize than would the slaveship have been were its main hold to have been filled with gold, for on the ocean the gold would not possess a greater value than the same bulk of sand on the tide-washed ocean's beach; that it was knowledge and intellect that elevated man above the beasts of the plains, and placed him within the ranks of the gods.

Sailor Bedford continued his momentous history: "After I had passed a few months in Cadiz, the brig 'Pastora' was fitted out for the African slave trade. I was very desirous to visit the almost unknown interior of Africa to gain a knowledge of its dark regions and history. I shipped for this purpose before the mast of the 'Pastora,' at fifteen dollars per month, eight of it to be paid to me on anchoring on Africa's coast, and the payment of the eight dollars was made as contracted for. But I had not made the voyage for the money I was to receive; I had long desired to reach the dark and almost unknown regions of the South. I did not intend to return with the cargo of slaves, but to make friends of the native blacks, and gain some knowledge, if possible, of the people and their country, and to do this, I resolved to be one of them in every action, and gain their confidence. It is three years within a few days since I shipped from Cadiz. On

our first day in Africa, I saw some of the black traders from the interior, and made them some presents of brass buckles, brooches, and buttons, to the value of about thirty cents, and visited a camp of some forty, near our landing. I had collected valuable information from both blacks and whites during my stay in Cadiz, and with the little money I possessed purchased an extremely small outfit, but sufficient to pay my way in Africa, with charity added, to support me over three years. When the second night arrived I bid the slave brig adieu, and struck out for the interior. I was kindly treated, and was passed from tribe to tribe, as I requested, and lived in communities who had never seen a white man; after over $2\frac{1}{2}$ years in the interior, I again entered the Guinea region, where I had spent my first month in Africa very agreeably, and collected valuable information from its king, Big Lion, and to whom I was greatly indebted for my success and safety during my distant journeys and long stay in the interior; but when I arrived in Big Lion's kingdom, one of the best governed, and then the strongest in Africa, I found all in confusion and on the point of a civil war. My once friend, the king, was dead, and his queen was almost immediately married to his brother, that rumor whispered was the cause of his death, which caused an ill feeling to exist in the nation. I thoughtlessly visited the grave of my once friend, and expressed sorrow for his departure from life, and spoke to them in their own language of the king's great wisdom and goodness.

“But, alas! I committed a great error; I had taken sides with the departed, had extolled the late king, and thereby depreciated the then king, his brother, and made myself a partisan in the feud. My talk and actions were reported to the king and queen, who ordered me to be immediately brought before them. Two of the king's guards, carrying long spears, bound my arms fast and ordered me to march before them to the tribunal. The king and the queen spoke some words together, upon which the queen thought the safest and the best way to dispose of me was to cut my head off, but the king thought that if they set me loose, and ordered me into the interior beyond his domain, I might be of

some use to him by annoying and distressing his enemies. The queen and all his advisers said it was a happy thought. Then I was relieved from the willow withes that bound my arms, and every piece of the well-worn and scanty clothing that I possessed was taken from off me; I was given about one yard of bark matting, and ordered to depart immediately. I traveled about one mile to where an old couple lived that I had seen on my first slipping away from the Cadiz slave brig. They expressed great joy at seeing me, after near three years had passed. They were staunch friends of the old departed king, and informed me that a slave-ship was anchored in a bay at no great distance, and piloted me to its moorings, after giving me the odd clothing that I now wear, which they had picked up in a mass of wreckage on the beach some years previous, and had cut off the clothing such portions as they desired, leaving and kindly giving me the balance, which I now have on me.

"I visited the slaveship, and when the captain learned that I had, during my stay in Africa, picked up two somewhat different languages of the natives, they were anxious to employ me to aid them in trading and purchasing negroes, but did not want me as a sailor. They proposed to pay me twenty dollars for my work on shore, but for some cause did not desire me on the homeward voyage; I refused his offer, as after my rough experience of that same day I desired to reach the United States once more, and visit my Uncle Bedford, a merchant on Bienville Street of New Orleans, who had written me when at Cadiz to call and take a berth with him. The slaveship finally agreed to give the twenty dollars for the work on shore and the voyage; to what port they would not name, but I knew it must be on the North Atlantic, and I desired just at that period to ship from the South Atlantic, pay or no pay.

"We used up two weeks in getting our black cargo on board, as two contractors were short in stock. I found that ship and its officers well-known on the slave coast and in the market; this was its fourth voyage in the trade, and in my presence it made contracts for its fifth cargo.

“On the day we set sail, and but a few hours before that event, an occurrence took place that caused me to be disliked by all of the officers of the ship, save the second mate, a Portuguese. At the time spoken of, some thirty Africans, all young men, slowly approached the beach. The slaver’s officers and guards knew that this arrival was to take place, for they were in waiting. Four of the number were seized by the others, pressed to the ground, and tightly bound, hand and feet; the ship’s boat was at the shore; the bound negroes were hurriedly rushed on board. I immediately saw that one of the four was the son of the dead king, a young man that had acted kindly to me through instructing me in some African words that I was able to call his attention to.

“I plead to the slave merchant and the captain for his freedom; this greatly enraged them. The four blacks were unbound and thrust down into the slave quarters. Anchor was weighed, and sails set for the North Atlantic Ocean. Within one hour, through carelessness I understood, we were run into by a vessel that stove in our forward gunwale. I was at the time below, and never understood what by or who by. This crash caused leaks near the water line, that called for much pumping. To aid in this work, and to act as an interpreter, in giving direction to the large number of slaves on board, especially as they had commenced dying off, I got the old king’s son, the prince, the privilege of remaining and working at the pumps, as I knew he would die below decks. One of the Spanish cooks named him Slashed-cheek John, because his cheeks had been slashed or cut in his infancy, as you all have observed. It is an African mark of royalty.

“Disaster after disaster stood in our course; after being out at sea three days, a tempest of great velocity and violence carried away two of our sails, and parted many of our stays, and sprung and shattered the foremast down to the deck, and drove us off our course and back a great distance, as the tempest continued in its fury for three days, and with its last efforts to destroy us it drove the ship on shoals, where we stuck solid and stationary for

four days. Land was in sight through the ship's glass, which the captain said was the Island of Annoleon, lying off the coast of Guinea.

"The officers were secretly consulting about abandoning the ship, but by what means I could not devise, as we had lost two of our three boats in the violent gale, we had but one small boat that we called the captain's barge, the same boat that we used as the cable-clad breastwork, when we captured the ship. What disposition was to be made of the large crew and the some five hundred negroes I could not understand.

"At this juncture the Portuguese mate, with whom I had gone aloft to pass off the time, called my attention to a change in the action of the ship; I then noted the same action, came down onto the deck, where one of the cooks informed me that he was satisfied that the officers were plotting to use all spare spars and rig a small raft with oars and sail, and in connection with the small boat abandon the ship, and endeavor to reach the island.

"At this juncture, without notice to anyone, I threw off my clothing and let myself down into the ocean, and hastily found my way beneath the ship, a sufficient distance in a few moments' time to discover that a suction or an under current was fast moving the sand and alluvial from beneath the ship's keel. Upon this information, a sail was placed in position to receive the light quartering wind then blowing, which slowly moved us back and out of the alluvial bed, where we had been confined for four days. To the joy of all we parted from the bar. Then in time came long calms and reverse winds. The usual quantity of provisions and water was reduced, to soon be reduced again; then came sickness and many deaths among the slaves, and corpse after corpse was received by the waves.

"In council the very morning that we sighted this schooner, it had been decided in a council of the ship's officers and the slave-owners to cast one-half of the negroes into the ocean, to save the other one-half for the slave market, and, in addition to the slaves, the Portuguese mate and myself were to be included, to save not our rations alone, but it would save them our small

pay, and we were greatly feared by the owners, as we knew too much, and they, from the first day out from Africa, had marked us as unfriendly, and we had long known that our days had been numbered. Slashed-cheek John had prepared the slaves to be on the alert, even to firing the ship if necessary.

“Respecting the want and misery on board, the two dead negroes found on board, and as you all know, the bulk of all the stores, including the barrel of oil that African John knocked the head out of, were consumed in some thirty minutes, and the last drop of water followed it, as well as the stores from your schooner. The day of the ship’s capture by the schooner was the forty-third day of short allowance.

“Whilst at mess this morning I queried with myself that if the ship’s captain and his two companions had not been taken possession of by the Florida alligators, they would certainly consider their last voyage an eventful voyage.”

Slashed-cheek John told us through sailor Bedford as interpreter that the past three days were the only pleasant days that he had seen since he left Africa, that he had resolved to escape from slavery the first opportunity, by seizing some white man’s elephant and fleeing to the jungles and end his life or perhaps soon be eaten up by lions. John supposed that all countries were like his Africa, and had its elephants and its lions. Sailor Bedford told him that he would not find elephants to ride on or lions to eat him up in Cuba or America, but that he would find swamps and mountains in Cuba, and canebrake jungles and everglade flats in America to hide himself in, but that at all those neglected and uninviting points of Nature’s work, he would find himself preceded by some escaped African, strategical slaves.

Slashed-cheek John continued by saying that “on the day that I was seized, bound, and with my three kind cast down into the ship’s hold, where I found several hundred Africans from the interior; I knew many of them, and many others I had almost daily seen. I was deceived by my uncle, my dead father’s brother, and my mother, who requested me and my three kind to take my uncle’s soldiers and visit the Spanish slaveship, and

receive money and goods for my uncle from the ship; not knowing that we were already sold at a small price to get us out of Africa, and that price was paid over to the soldiers' commander as soon as we were cast into the ship's hold. Thus was treachery used to place me in a life of slavery."

African John was, without doubt, a remarkable man to belong to the then considered lowest grade of the African race, the Congo negroes.

After the inspiration created by George Bedford's interesting history of his extensive travels, and the kind treatment and respect for him, with the exception of his last two days in Africa, during which he was stripped of all his clothing, and over one hundred diamonds, many of them very valuable, and native gold of a bulk to be an incumbrance was taken from him.

All on board of the schooner, the captain included, desired to visit Africa's dark regions, not for gold and diamonds, but to see and know, and to be able to talk of Africa and the world with the familiarity that could and did sailor Bedford talk.

We were at this period sailing to enter the Mississippi River. It was a necessity to find suitable quarters for our patient one-legged Bill, who required both quiet and constant care, and to replenish our ship stores and water, which had been reduced by dealing them out to the slaveship's perishing negroes, and we had added one more to our crew by taking on African John.

We had a favorable wind, and we entered Pass à Loutre of the Mississippi just sixty-eight hours from the time that we hoisted our sails near Cuba's beach and when we were fired on by the Spanish craft, and also counting in the time consumed in making a landing near Shark Bay on Florida's peninsula, to execute the slave merchant and murderer.

The pilots of the Mississippi passes pronounced our sailing an extraordinary run for the then wind and weather, and when contrasted with three entries from Havana, Cuba, a shorter distance and from ten to fourteen hours' longer time.

On entering the river we were in hopes of procuring poor one-legged Bill a home, and also of procuring the small amount of

stores that we required to carry us to Vera Cruz, our port of entry, as we did not desire to enter the port of New Orleans and explain to the customhouse officials the cause of entering their port, but at that period the pilot station known as the Balieze was short of the class of stores that the schooner desired, and as respecting sailor Bill they said there was no demand there for one-legged men, but as the man was a sailor, Dr. McFarlin at New Orleans would willingly take him into his hospital at the cost of Uncle Sam.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHALMETTE'S BATTLEFIELD—ROBERT FULTON'S DAYS—THE
SKELETON OF THE SCHOONER'S CREW ARRESTED AS PIRATES
—DEPARTURE FROM ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

WE then tacked for New Orleans. When we arrived off the site of Jackson's and Pakenham's battleground, the light wind that had prevailed became a calm, and as we had no desire to enter the port of New Orleans, we made a landing on the old battleground, and procured from the proprietor of a vegetable garden a conveyance to move one-legged Bill to Dr. McFarlin's hospital. The captain escorted him and found open doors at the doctor's, and the doctor on duty. Bill was passed in on his stretcher, a door taken from the slaveship's cabin; the doctor hastened to his side, and without a single word to anyone said to his assistant, "This man must be immediately bled." The captain informed the doctor that he had very recently been bled almost to death; that he had within five days lost a leg; that he required rest after a land journey of some miles, nothing more. The doctor said he mistook the patient's situation.

Bleeding, in the thirties, was the remedy for all ailments. When the doctor was informed that Bill's leg had been cut off by a sea-captain, he sharply replied, "Then a second amputation is sure to be necessary; singular that some people can never learn. Why was not the patient brought to the hospital?" When told the "why," he said he must try to save the sailor's life. One-legged Bill at this point suggested that he would be thankful for his noonday mess.

At that moment Dr. Stone of the Charity Hospital called to inquire respecting an injured sailor whom he had turned over to the payroll of Uncle Sam. Dr. Stone, on seeing sailor Bill, and

being told that the operation was performed at sea, some five days previously, he desired to see the wound and how the operation was progressing. The bandages were removed, and, although such a few days had passed since the operation, the upper portion of the swallow tail or flap-cut, had commenced to heal splendidly, and all was in a very healthy condition, and Dr. Stone, an eminent physician, said the operation was somewhat different from his mode, but that it was splendidly performed, even the bandaging, which was an important part of the task, and when the whole process of the work, the securing of the arteries and the instruments used in the operation were named, the three doctors expressed their astonishment, and Dr. McFarlin's assistant said that he should, if all was a success, report the case to his Vienna city. The doctors were told that the surgical instruments used were a keen-edged dirk knife taken from a Spaniard, and a small sash saw found in a ship carpenter's tool chest, and a sail or canvas needle, heated and slightly bent at the point, a sea-bass fishhook, heated and partially straightened to hook up the arteries to tie them.

At this point Dr. McFarlin exclaimed: "All, all, everything, every act in this case, unprofessional, unprofessional!" but his Austrian assistant requested those instruments that he might send them to a Vienna institute with his report of the operation, and the result, when the final result was known.

After two days the captain visited Dr. McFarlin's hospital to see one-legged Bill, who had suffered so much for slavery, and to present to the Austrian the rude surgical instruments. He found sailor Bill's spirits and condition away above par. Dr. McFarlin declared that he was bound to produce a splendid stump out of the badly botched amputation of the sailor's leg. A final adieu was bidden to poor sailor Bill, and the captain with sorrow departed for the schooner.

When the captain arrived at the schooner, he there found a gentleman with his team and driver. He said that his name was Palfrey; that he was a cotton broker and resided in New Orleans; that he had journeyed from that city to take a look at the old

battleground; that he had not visited it for over ten years. On account of the great interest he took in viewing every point and appeared to be measuring distances with his eyes, he was asked if he was not engaged in the battles on that field; he with great earnestness and interest replied that he was. All were anxious to hear from an actor of that day. Then Mr. Palfrey said that the large British fleet and its renowned generals expected to walk in and take possession of Louisiana with little or no opposition, for they had taken time to fully inform themselves of its unprotected situation here. They had even made preparations to organize a government, and had a printing press and type with them, and the form of a proclamation to issue to the people of the new government of Louisiana, which included our Iowa. Mr. Palfrey said previous to the English fleet leaving the coast of Florida, where they had for some time rendezvoused, they were in communication with and supposed that they could depend on the fealty and aid of the then renowned Lafitte, a free-booter and smuggler, who, with his over one hundred trained desperate men, were a power beyond their numbers, and who lived and enjoyed luxuries beyond the most wealthy. Lafitte was familiar with all the lakes, bays, and bayous of the Gulf's border. The chief spoil was Spanish merchant ships and their cargoes. His headquarters on the water were Baratavia Bay, and for a long time his family home was at the then and since well-known lemon-colored haunted mansion overlooking the Mississippi, in Livadis.

When the British fleet, which carried 1000 guns and the flower of the British army, and over 12,000 strong, was off Lake Borgne, it was surprised to receive a well-directed broadside from a lone craft, which ran up the American flag as she issued her iron hail, to be repeated with damage to the enemy. Lafitte commanded this lone craft; the final result of Lafitte's action was beneficial to General Jackson's army, as it delayed the enemy and had its effect. After this bold attack at sea, the indomitable Lafitte, with most of his men, joined General Jackson's forces on the land.

Mr. Palfrey pointed out the positions of the combating armies on Chalmette's battlefield, the visible lines of the American breastworks, the movements of the enemy; its position and that of their General Pakenham when he fell, struck by a grapeshot, and yet after his fall the ranks passed on as a moving, working machine, to their deaths, before the unerring Kentucky rifles.

Mr. Palfrey said it was a great error about Jackson's breastworks being composed of cotton bales. "We had some bales on a portion of the low earth breastworks near the center, but the enemy's red-hot shot set a portion of them on fire, and the blazing fragments flew very near to our powder kegs, and many of the bales were cast down as dangerous and their vacancy filled with earth; no cotton was produced on or near the battleground; this cotton that caught fire was procured from Robert Fulton's steamboat 'Vesuvius,' that had freighted it from Mississippi and upper Louisiana. All were sugar plantations here and nearby, and General Pakenham seized on several hundred hogsheads of sugar, all that he could, and placed them as breastworks, supposing that the sugar would act as a sandbag protection, but rifle balls passed through the sugar, and the American cannon knocked it to the winds, and exposed its defenders to a volley that thinned their numbers. Sugar and cotton are out of place in a breastwork for hot shot and heavy guns." Thus spoke the veteran Mr. Palfrey.

At this point Cook Ike, who had been previously posted, announced dinner ready in the cabin, and Mr. Palfrey said he would dine with us, as he was a distance from home. The harness was stripped from the horses, and they were, by permission, placed in a not-far-distant luxuriant pasture. After the first table then came the second table, Cook Ike and the team driver. Ike that evening told the crew that he had the honor to dine with the best dressed and most polite gentleman on board the schooner; that when he passed the chocolate-colored horse-driver a dish, he always said, "Thank you, sir," that the captain and mate Sapoles had never spoken so. "If they should, then I would pack up my bag for shipwreck, for it would be sure to come. You fellows

generally say, 'Bear a hand, Ike, and scull that mess quickly this way.' "

After dinner had been partaken, the captain said he was very anxious to know the part that Fulton's steamboats had taken in connection with that memorable battle; that he had long since collected many interesting facts in connection with, and appertaining to, Robert Fulton's ever active life, which he had noted down, and he desired to compare notes and recollections of Mr. Palfrey's running back to 1814, when Fulton was in active life, and his boats were in active service, and his life and career were fresh in his memory.

Without a shadow of doubt, Fulton's diversity and usefulness produced from his brain will eclipse that of any man ever created since creation's dawn to date.

Good reader, if this is an error, and you have within your mind's eye his superior in extent and diversity of true usefulness, hasten and set him afloat before the gaze of the world, for your production would create thought and a sensation such as the universe has never witnessed.

Mr. Palfrey said that without the aid of Fulton's five boats to transport provisions, heavy guns, and military stores, that the troops could not have been stationed or maintained on their battleground, ready for combat, and that the British, if not checked at that favorable point, could have marched in and taken possession of the city of New Orleans and established their government.

I must here place on my record, in a very brief form, the birth, life, and death of Robert Fulton, for coming generations, just as Mr. Palfrey and the captain jotted it down on board of the schooner "Metamora."

AN AMERICAN INVENTOR.

Robert Fulton was born in Fulton Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765. He possessed a natural gift as a genius, and at the age of seventeen years he left Lancaster County for Philadelphia, where he derived a handsome income

from painting portraits and landscapes and making drawings of machinery. He, while there, was an intimate of Benjamin Franklin and other leading men of that day.

The general idea is that Mr. Fulton was merely the inventor of the steam vessel or boat. This is an error; he was the inventor, and in several instances the patentee, of many very important and useful articles and structures. In 1794 Mr. Fulton invented and received letters patent in England for a mill to saw marble, for which the British Society for the Promotion of the Arts and Commerce presented him with their thanks and an honorary medal. In 1797 he likewise invented and patented an inclined plane for canal boats, to ascend or descend hills and elevations, as Mr. Eads since proposed for his Panama Railroad. In the same year he also invented and designed the first panorama ever exhibited. The first exhibition was given in Paris. This panorama he sold to obtain the means necessary to enable him to try his experiments on the propulsion of vessels by steam. He invented the air gun, and experimented to test the difference between the force of air and steam. Through this air-gun experiment of Robert Fulton's, in testing the power of compressed air, as is well known, originated the thought and use of compressed air as a power for various useful purposes, as is now constantly done.

He invented the torpedo now in use for blowing up vessels of war, and the power of his torpedo was tried by Mr. Fulton. In England, on the 15th of October, 1805, he blew up a strong Danish brig of 200 tons, which had been provided for the experiment. The vessel was anchored in Wilmer Roads, near Deal, within a mile of Wilmer Castle, then the residence of Mr. Pitt. A torpedo of 170 pounds of powder that broke and shattered her into pieces, and in one minute nothing was to be seen but floating fragments of a wreck. Mr. Fulton had experimented in France previous to this time, with like results. And afterward, on the 20th of July, 1807, in pursuance of an act of Congress, an experiment was made in the presence of a naval commission in New York Harbor, which fully proved the utility and power of

his torpedo. About this period Mr. Fulton published a work entitled "Torpedo War, or Submarine Explosion."

In 1797 Mr. Fulton invented and built a submarine boat in France. Bonaparte had then assumed power as First Consul, and in 1801 Mr. Fulton solicited his aid in experimenting with his invention. His request was immediately granted, and the First Consul appointed Volney, Laplace, and Monge, scientific men of that day, as a commission to test the merits of his invention. Mr. Fulton had previously tested his boat and ascertained that he could descend into the water to any desired depth, and rise to the surface at pleasure, and that a small glass window in the bow gave him sufficient light to see his instruments and machinery without lamps or candles to consume the vital air.

They proceeded to Brest, and there, on the 26th of July, he weighed anchor and hoisted his sails; his boat had one mast, a mainsail, and a jib. There was but a light breeze, before which his boat, the "Nautilus," made fair headway. It was found that she would tack or steer on the wind, or before it, as well as any common sailing boat. He struck his mast and sails, to do which required but three minutes, and plunged beneath the waves. Having reached the depth he desired, he placed two men at the engine, which was worked by hand, and another man at the helm, while he, with a barometer before him, governed the machinery which kept the vessel balanced between the upper and lower waters. He found that he had full control of the depth at his pleasure. The propelling engine was put in motion, and he found, upon coming to the surface, that he had, in about seven minutes, made a progress of four hundred meters, or about five hundred yards. He then again plunged below, turning her around while under water, and returned to the place of starting. He repeated his experiments for several days, and found that his craft was as obedient to her helm under water as any boat could be on the surface, and that the magnetic needle traversed as well in the one situation as in the other.

On the 7th of August Mr. Fulton again descended the water,

taking with him three persons and a copper globe of a cubic foot capacity, into which air was compressed. At the expiration of an hour and thirty minutes, he began to take small supplies of air from his reservoir for four hours. At the expiration of that time he came to the surface without having experienced any inconvenience from having been under the water. Afterward, to test the power and utility of his torpedo and submarine boat, the naval commission anchored a small shallop in the roads. He approached her under water with a torpedo, and blew her into pieces. This "diving boat," the "Nautilus," was much admired at Brest for the science of conception and skill in the execution. Since the days of Fulton, all submarine boats or apparatus find their way downward to the bottom by their gravity.

Mr. Fulton was thoroughly conversant with the philosophy of pneumatics. He noted the action and power of fish—whether large and heavy, or small—to rise to the surface of the sea or sink to the bottom, or suspend themselves midway without any apparent exertion. Many persons have since the days of Fulton undertaken submarine navigation, and have expended large sums of money, but have had to abandon it, pronouncing it one of the lost arts.

In 1796 he published in London his treatise on canal navigation, with descriptive plates, and afterward executed models of iron bridges, which were submitted to the British Board of National works, of which Sir John Sinclair was the President, and were approved of, and one of his bridges was erected in Wandsworth town and several other places. He also projected a stupendous work (a Fulton cast-iron aqueduct) for canal boats across the Dee River, at Pontcysltee, about twelve miles southwest of Chester. It was placed on nineteen massive piers of stone, 52 feet apart, some of them 120 feet in height. The aqueduct was 986 feet in length, and 20 feet in width, composed of massive sheets of cast-iron riveted together. Experts of that day predicted that the cold and heat would destroy it through contraction and expansion, but time proved their predictions erroneous.

Fulton's Steamboats.

In September, 1807, the "Clermont," the first steamboat, and the first packet of the world, ran from New York to Albany, and continued in that trade regularly. Her engine cylinder was twenty-four inches in diameter, and four-feet stroke, and except in size and finish, there is no difference in the principle between the motive power of the "Clermont" and the splendid steamships now crossing the Atlantic and navigating our rivers.

Mr. Fulton, in writing to Joel Barlow, Esq., of Philadelphia, in August, 1807, and describing the success of his first steamboat trip on the Hudson, and speaking of the future importance of the steamboat, proceeds to say:

"Yet I will not admit that it is as important as the torpedo system of defense and attack, for out of this will grow the liberty of the seas, an object of infinite importance to the welfare of America and every civilized country. But thousands of witnesses have now seen the steamboat in rapid movement, and they believe, but they have not seen a ship of war destroyed by a torpedo, and they do not believe. We cannot expect people in general to have a knowledge of physics or power of mind sufficient to combine ideas and reason from cause to effects; but in case we have war, and the enemy's ships come into our water, if the Government will give me reasonable means of action, I will soon convince the world that we have surer and cheaper modes of defense than they are aware of.

"Yours, etc.,

"ROBERT FULTON."

An extract of a letter written by Mr. Fulton to the editor of the "American Citizen," September 15, 1807, says:

"The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved; and having employed much time, money, and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me great pleasure to see it fully answer my

expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen, and although the prospect of personal emolument has some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage my country will derive from the invention.

“ Yours truly, etc.,

“ ROBERT FULTON.”

In 1809 Mr. Fulton built a steamboat called the “ Car of Neptune ”; in 1811 the “ Paragon ”; in 1812 the “ Fire-fly ”; in 1813 the “ Richmond,” the “ Washington,” the “ New York,” and “ Nassau.” Mr. Palfrey and the captain had both been passengers on Mr. Fulton’s boats. In December he built the “ Vesuvius ” of 400 tons at Pittsburg, for the New Orleans trade; the “ Vesuvius ” was the first Western steamboat ever launched. Soon thereafter he built the “ Ætna,” the “ New Orleans,” the “ Natchez,” and “ Buffalo ” for the Western rivers. The “ Vesuvius ” was seized and used by the Government as a transport previous to and during the battle of New Orleans, in December, 1814, and in January, 1815. The “ Ætna,” “ New Orleans,” “ Natchez,” and “ Buffalo ” were chartered by the Government as transports. John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson certified to Congress the invaluable services rendered to the country by Robert Fulton at the battle of New Orleans and during the war.

In January, 1814, a naval commission consisting of Decatur, Evans, Perry, Warrington, and Jones, examined Mr. Fulton’s models and plans for a steam vessel of war which Mr. Fulton had patented; his models and recommendations were immediately adopted, and on the 31st of October, 1814, the steam frigate, named by the commission, “ Fulton the First,” of 2475 tons’ burden, was launched at New York. She carried 32-pound carronades, and two 100-pound columbiads. The gallant Porter was put in command. She was built at a cost of \$320,000, and was the first steamship of war ever built.

In 1815 he built the "Olive Branch," the "Emperor of Russia," and the "Chancellor Livingston." Mr. Fulton's last boat he called the "Mute."

Robert Fulton died on the 24th of February, 1815, in New York, and was buried at Trinity Church. His funeral was attended by all of the officers of the National and State Governments then in the city, and minute guns were fired from the steam frigate and the battery. The corporation of the city, and literary institutions, and other societies assembled and passed resolutions to attend his funeral wearing badges of mourning. The Legislature, then in session at Albany, resolved that the members of both Houses should wear mourning for some weeks. This was the first instance of testimonials of regret and respects ever offered by a legislative body on the death of a private citizen.

Mr. Fulton had been honored in life by selections as director of the American Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia, a member of the New York Historical and Philosophical Society, member of the United States Military and Philosophical Society, and of the Philosophical Society of New York.

He resided in France seven years and spoke the French language, and possessed a fair knowledge of the Italian language.

At his death the Government was indebted to his estate upward of one hundred thousand dollars for money actually expended and services rendered by him, a portion of which was under contract. A large portion of this indebtedness was for the use of his five steamboats on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers during the war, for during that time there were no other steamboats on the Western waters; and for the use and damage of the "Vesuvius" he had never received a dollar. On a resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives, the claim of the heirs of Robert Fulton was referred to the Secretary of the Navy, who reported that he found the Government indebted to the said heirs for services rendered by Mr. Fulton previous to, and during, the war with Great Britain, in inventing a system of coast and harbor defenses; for inventing and superintending the construc-

tion of a steam frigate, and for the use of the steamers "Ætna," "Buffalo," "Natchez," "New Orleans," and "Vesuvius," which he placed at \$100,000.

The Secretary of the Navy, to reach a conclusion as to the amounts justly due, took the testimony of several scientific gentlemen, who placed the value of Mr. Fulton's patent on the steam frigates, which the Government was using free of cost, at \$100,000; and for the use of and injury to his steamboats, \$75,000; and for his services in constructing a steam frigate and coast defenses, \$25,000. An extract from the evidence reads:

"The patent of the steam battery, it must be evident, is of immense value to the United States, and I think that the sum of \$100,000, paid by the United States, would be in reality but one-tenth part of its value.

"WILLIAM MORRIS."

After a delay of several years, the Committee of Claims brought in a bill for \$76,300 to carry into effect the Secretary's report. It passed both Houses, and the \$76,300 were paid to the heirs of Mr. Fulton, consisting of four children.

During his active life, Mr. Fulton communicated in writing with Washington, Napoleon, King George III., Lord Stanhope, Earl of Chatham, President Madison, Governor De Witt Clinton, Governor Mifflin of Pennsylvania, Benjamin West, and Benjamin Franklin, and was personally acquainted with most of them. His communications were on education, internal improvements, and the arts and sciences.

This extract from a letter of Robert Fulton to Gouverneur Morris of New York in 1814, exhibits his ideas of greatness in mankind. This letter was written to show the utility and practicability of a canal between the Lakes and New York City, in which Mr. Fulton says:

"All that is honorable of the fame of Louis XIV. is the canal of Languedoc and his public highways. His military conquests

were lost before he died; his canal and roads alone remain blessings to France."

An extract from a prophetic address delivered by Gouverneur Morris of New York, on the death of Robert Fulton, is worthy of recording:

"Be it ours to boast that the first vessel successfully propelled by steam was launched on the bosom of Hudson's river. It was here that American genius, seizing the arm of European science, bent to the purpose of our favorite parent and the wildest and most devouring element. This invention is spreading fast in the civilized world, and, though excluded as yet from Russia, will ere long be extended to that vast empire. A bird hatched on the Hudson will soon people the floods of the Volga, and cygnets descended from the American swan glide along the surface of the Caspian Sea; then the hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening while it glances over the ruins of Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, Palmyra, shall bow with grateful reverence to the inventive spirit of this Western world.

"Hail, Columbia; child of science, parent of useful arts—dear country, hail! Be it thine to ameliorate the condition of man. Too many thrones have been reared by arms, cemented by blood, and reduced again to dust by the sanguinary conflict of arms. Let mankind enjoy at last the consolatory spectacle of thy throne built by industry on the basis of peace, and sheltered under the wings of justice."

All those great results were obtained by Mr. Fulton through unparalleled perseverance. His whole mind was engaged in calculating how he could best promote the happiness of his fellow-man, and his motto was, "There is nothing impossible to do."

Mr. Palfrey continued the interesting history by saying that after General Jackson marched out of the city of New Orleans, to give the invaders battle, there were four separate engage-

ments, in all of which the British, having the advantage of larger numbers, were the greatest sufferers through their dead and wounded, and were in three engagements compelled to retreat to a distance. The first engagement took place December 23, the second December 28, 1814; the third January 1, and the final battle January 8, 1815, when, within four hours, over two thousand redcoats were stretched out in death, and dotted and variegated the green sward of Chalmette's plain. Thus spoke Mr. Palfrey.

The talented and interesting Mr. Palfrey, his chocolate-colored slave carriage driver, and prancing bay horses, sped their way to town by the tortuous levee road.

The chocolate-colored slave had so long been inspired by his master's marked and affable qualities that he aped with ease and perfection his master's self; this sameness in every word, act, and motion caused sailor Bob to say with sincerity, "Them two fellows who have just set sail in the land craft must be brothers, but they do not look alike at all."

The defeated and dead General Pakenham was sent to his old England home in a cask of New England rum for burial.

When Sailor I first sighted General Jackson in 1829, fourteen years after those well-fought battles, he was an erect, tall, gaunt, stern-looking man, his brow furrowed with care, and his complexion sallow; but resolution was stamped on his every feature. Previous to those memorable battles he had been schooled in the art of deadly war by the Creek Indians, and their brave chief Manahoe.

General Jackson, in his parting address to his triumphant troops, who had suffered through painful marches, wounds, privations, and unceasing vigilance and every species of hardships, and who had displayed more than Spartan courage on Chalmette's battlefield, said, "Farewell, fellow-soldiers! The expression of your general's thanks is feeble, but the gratitude of a country of freemen is yours—yours the applause of an admiring world."

Yet at this day, 1896, many slumber on downy couches and

feast on rare luxuries, thoughtless of the soldiers' and the sailors' hardships and privations, even unto death, to procure those blessings and enable them to rest securely at ease, under the folds of an unsullied flag. Brave men who have erected within the hearts of every patriotic American a never-perishing monument that towers far above those erected through the power of pomp, title, or wealth. General Andrew Jackson was born in South Carolina, on March 15, 1767.

Of the many thousands of American patriots, who during the war of 1812 bared their breasts and faced the British bayonet's charge, or thundered their cannon from the gun-decks of the gallant American ships of war, now, in 1896, number only twelve that walk the earth, their ages ranging from ninety-five up to one hundred years, and they soon to sink beneath the horizon of time, to reappear in celestial quarters, or on eternity's vast sea.

Whilst lying at the old battleground shore, the captain of a small, well-built sailing craft, of some eighty tons' measurement, came on board of the schooner; he was a well-framed and intelligent Frenchman. He said our schooner attracted his attention. It was just the craft that he desired to own and run in the Mexican trade, and inquired if it was for sale; he was answered that it was, after it discharged its cargo at Vera Cruz, and its crew had secured berths to suit them; that it would be reasonable at sixteen thousand dollars, independent of its cargo and outfit of furniture. Sailing vessels in the thirties were built at about one-half the price of the nineties. At that day locust pins took the place of iron of this day. Live-oak and locust were the iron of the thirties. Many changes have taken place since Madison and Monroe were Presidents, and even in Jackson's days, but the durability has not increased with prices, but greatly diminished.

The French captain, after a very thorough investigation of the schooner, from keel to the flag at our maintop, and after examining the bills of lading and the bills of purchase, proposed to take the schooner at the sixteen thousand dollars, and the cargo at cost with twelve per cent. added, and pay the purchase money

in the Branch Bank of the United States bills, which branch was located in New Orleans, provided the schooner's captain would take his craft at the price of three thousand dollars in part payment. The sale was immediately consummated, the schooner's captain reserving his American flags, arms, cabin furniture, bedding, tableware, and cooking utensils, the whole lot of but small value, and surrendered all of that class of furniture that the newly purchased craft possessed.

The small Philadelphia-built craft, a Mexican smuggler, was run alongside of the schooner, and several thousand dollars' worth of contraband goods were hoisted upon the schooner, to be run into Tampico to wrong Mexico.

As per contract, the noble and brave Mexican Golas secured his cabin passage to Tampico; Mate Sapoles and the three original San Salvador sailors retained their positions on board the schooner; their services could not be dispensed with; they were absolutely necessary to the French captain, and they received an increase of pay, as well as full pay from the "Metamora."

The French captain, De Purden, greatly desired to employ Slashed-cheek John for the voyage, and made him large offers by showing him two handfuls of silver. John looked green, but he was not green at all; he was a black with intelligence, and saw dangerous breakers ahead of him. He spoke his experience with De Purden to his captain, who told him that, had he accepted the offer, that within forty-eight hours he would be a slave on a Louisiana plantation, hoeing cotton.

During sailor Bedford's recital of his near three years in Africa, and declaring that he would on the first opportunity return, and Slashed-cheek John had constantly declared that he should not rest until he got back to his Africa to take possession of his kingdom, and punish his uncle and others who sold him into slavery. The captain had said if his Vera Cruz voyage proved a success, and he could make a proper sale of his schooner, that he felt a desire for adventure and knowledge to the extent of entering Africa's interior. Limping Ike remarked that he was a volunteer for cook; thereafter an entry into Africa was the constant

talk by day, and the dreams by night, by all save Mate Sapoles, who said that when he sailed from his Athens home, he resolved never to return until he was both owner and captain of the craft that he shipped on, and he would never look for that craft in Africa.

Captain de Purden was bid adieu, and set his sails for Tampico. The schooner's once captain and the remaining three members of his crew, sailor Bedford, Slashed-cheek John, and Cook Ike boarded the newly purchased craft, when the now three members queried respecting making a voyage to Africa. Their captain said that with thought and care he had weighed that question, and he was positive that there was within Africa a vast field for good and for enterprise, and to an extent that would astonish the world, and if sailor Bedford and African John, who knew the people and the territory, said yes, and they would strictly obey his advice and directions in all things, he would immediately fit out the newly purchased craft, and within ten days be on the ocean with the little schooner's prow pointing toward the South Atlantic, bound for Africa; that three intelligent slaves, one or two of them natives of Africa, would have to be secured to man our craft, and to perform a more important part in Africa; that there would be no difficulty in procuring three black slaves; three were then known to him that would gladly volunteer, to escape slavery's chains, yet he had not spoken to them on the subject, but he had plied to them other questions. Those three slaves were with others that supplied the "Metamora" with chickens, eggs, and vegetables, whilst at the river's old battleground shore. One is a black of quick perception, a native of Dahomey, in Sierra Leone; one a native of Africa, and the third cannot name his first home, but thinks it was an island, most likely one of the Antilles. When all is ready those three can be procured to aid in forming a civilized government in Africa. We had no thought of conquest; we were to operate as missionaries in agriculture and commerce, and unite all Africa under one head, a President. We had chalked out our journey. The captain well knew that for two whites and four blacks to conquer untamed Africa, and unite

the various tribes into one republican nation, under one chief or president, required time, with untiring resolution and energy, coupled with exertion, and that it would be necessary to come down to the natives' humble mode of life, and virtually assume their nature; that the example of William Penn, on landing in Pennsylvania, and the example of Marquette and Joliet, when they entered the wild man's home in the western wilderness of North America, would have to be strictly followed to insure success. The captain knew that firearms and swords would be worthless toys, whilst the Cross and to smoke with them the calumet pipe of peace, and to mingle with them in kindness would not alone conquer black men, but the wild beasts of their jungles; that knowledge and resolution for good were all the capital required to create the largest government of the known world, and that our number of six were a sufficient force to accomplish the undertaking.

The first step was to use the schooner to visit the Atlantic provinces or independent kingdoms, and proselyte through our four blacks all the common people, who include full ninety-five per cent. of the whole people, then permit the other five per cent. to run at large, and do and act as they thought proper.

The captain estimated that one year's missionary work would revolutionize the seaboard districts, and furnish native talent and efficiency of an order to be capable of manning the helm of state; then we were to enter the Niger River and extend our unarmed conquests northeastward toward Berize, and if successful and appreciated by the people, then extend our work into Nubia and Abyssinia.

We contracted and paid for ship stores, extra water casks, sails, cable, and spars, to be prepared for accident. African John was so elated with the idea of his Africa becoming a great and free republic that he insisted on surrendering his dominion to the captain then and there, but the captain advised him to first get possession of it.

The captain thought it prudent, previous to setting sail for Africa, to take a run outside on the Gulf, and see the action and

test the capacity of the little schooner in open water before the wind, and also to change the old, muddy, unhealthy-looking ballast for clean, healthy sand ballast; for this purpose the craft was run in a Gulf cove. A number of fishermen were camped not far distant, who proposed to aid, for proper pay, in moving the ballast. Whilst preparing to remove this ballast, and the captain and African John were on the shore, and Cook Ike and sailor Bedford with two or three of the fishermen were on the schooner, some forty armed men who looked like city merchants—for they wore recently blacked boots, white shirts, and tailor-made clothing of good quality—rushed at us on a charge, as some twelve had bayonet-set muskets, and not less than ten of them seized the captain. African John rushed to his relief and was knocked down; both were put in irons, for the gang were supplied with both ropes and irons. A sugar planter named McCloud claimed African John as his runaway slave; the captain assured those merchant people that John had not been in the United States but ten days; the feeling of the merchants was not to surrender the negro John to the planter claimant, until a Mr. De Lange gave some evidence in the planter's favor; then John was hurried off by a gendarme to the plantation, under promise to produce him if wanted. A slave could not under the Louisiana law testify in court.

A sailor and a fisherman who were arrested with several others, on suspicion of being members of the schooner's crew, told the merchant gang that they had long known that schooner; that it was owned by Captain de Purden, and that their prisoner was De Purden. The captain begged to be told the cause of his rough arrest, but they all refused to answer, save the words, "Hang the murderer! String him up!" He was tossed into a common plantation wagon, with iron shackles on his wrists and his feet bound with heavy ropes, and driven on the trot some twenty miles to the Mississippi River, and lay on the ground under a warm, but departing sun for some hours, and then roughly tossed onto a towing boat's deck, to be conveyed to New Orleans, and there to be cast into a close, filthy prison cell, where no pure

ocean's waters waved; where no gentle zephyrs fanned a fevered cheek; where no lightning flashed across the zenith to cause the refreshing rain to fall; where no fleeting thunderclouds appeared to stir up and purify the stagnant air above, and there on the prison books to be named Captain de Purden, and on the morrow to be brought before the criminal court, charged with the murder of the officers, the large crew, number unknown, and some eighteen passengers of the French ship "Louis Quatorze," which was homeward bound, and which had been picked up at sea some two days' sail from the mouth of the Mississippi River, with pools of blood on its decks, and its cabin, and all quarters in disorder, and that Captain de Purden's craft and crew were seen by an incoming vessel at the approach of day, not far distant from where the ship should have been when the piracy took place.

All the passengers were leading citizens of New Orleans, and their kin and friends numbered hundreds; consequently great and widespread excitement existed, and a deep gloom of sorrow appeared on the face of many. Large rewards were offered for the capture and the conviction, a sufficient sum to convict a saint; every class of vessels was manned and put in commission to capture the pirates; bands of kindred and other merchants armed themselves and camped and paraded the Gulf Coast. It was a unity of those two bands that captured and bound the captain with irons and ropes, and sent Slashed-cheek John into slavery on a sugar plantation.

When the captain was brought from his gloomy prison cell into the light of day, to go to trial for the crime of many murders, the first objects of note before him were the ancient cathedral of St. Louis, erected in 1794, and built with bricks and roofed with large concave tile, both manufactured in and imported from Spain; and the City Hall, erected in 1795. The captain entered the criminal-courtroom between two gendarmes, with irons on his wrists; a sad plight for one who but twenty-four hours previously was with ambition and confidence preparing for the conquest and the governing of one-fourth of the globe.

The large number of persons interested, and the widespread

horror, and its excitement when the chief of the murderers had been captured, brought many ladies into the crowded courtroom, an occurrence previously unknown, but their kin and friends had been cruelly murdered and cast into the Gulf. There was a great desire to see the slayer of so large a number; all had pictured him as a burly, harsh man, with skin like that of a rhinoceros, with tusks protruding from his mouth, and a fiend incarnate. A sensation of astonishment flashed through the throng when a light-built, tall young man, with smooth but sea-shaded face, walked in between the two officers, one of them with a drawn sword. The court said "Shame! take those irons off the prisoner," but the gendarmes had not brought any key from the prison for that purpose; then the prisoner drew the iron clasps over his hands and handed them to the officer. The renowned attorneys Randal Hunt and Pierre Soulé, voluntarily proposed to the prisoner to defend him. The young sailor did not desire an attorney. Then came a vast array of convincing testimony,—positive, circumstantial, corroborative, and hearsay,—all of which the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Slidell, took the separate strands, and twisted them into a halter; then placing himself in a tragic position, exultingly held it up at arm's length before the court.

Then the prosecuting attorney called the court's attention to the ship which rode the ocean's rough waves, a mute witness of the horrid and cruel murders by the fiend De Purden, "who now here before this court in his pleadings attempts to personate a learned saint, and bewilder your honor by going back to the court of Judge Agrippa, for precedents, in the case of the People *vs.* St. Paul. This alone is evidence of his guilt; it is grasping at straws to save his worthless life."

At this point a young French girl in great haste stepped before the bar, and with evident emotion said that she desired to testify. Being asked if she knew anything respecting the case, she answered, "Yes, I had a sister and an aunt on that ship." When sworn, she stated that she was a native of New Orleans, aged seventeen, and resided on Esplanade Street; that her elder

sister and her aunt were passengers on the French ship "Louis Quatorze"; that the prisoner before the court had not killed them or even seen them; that they were not killed at all, but were taken on another ship, and were now well and in safety; that respecting the other passengers and the ship's crew, she did not know, for she had no word from them, but she knew what she had told the court respecting her kin to be correct, and she did not want that young man hanged for what he had not done.

This statement created a silent sensation and astonishment in the vast assembly that could be felt, for all within the court believed the prisoner to be a murderer. The prosecuting attorney, with quivering lip and husky voice, slowly asked the witness how she had obtained this evidence; she said, "From her dear mother, who always spoke the truth." Then hastily said the court, "Mr. Clerk, issue a summons for the mother of the witness to immediately appear before the court." "Oh, goodness!" said the miss; "my mother cannot come to the court; she has been dead near one year. She told me all about sister Maria and my aunt Josephine last night in a dream." The prosecuting attorney with great warmth exclaimed, "We want no dream evidence in this court against plain, undisputed evidence of murder most foul."

At the close of the pleading the court said, "Notwithstanding the vast array of testimony introduced by the prosecution, the court should accept the prisoner's bond for his appearance before the court at its next regular session, the prisoner having shown his inability to furnish additional security," but before the time arrived word reached the city through an incoming vessel that the crew and passengers of the deserted, drifting ship, had been taken off by a friendly passing vessel, and that all were alive and well, and that all the passengers had procured passage to France.

A short time revealed the fact that the captain and his officers, when some thirty hours out at sea, and when in the track of many vessels, claimed that their ship had sprung a leak, and could not make the long voyage to Havre, France. A passing vessel was entreated to save the large number of lives by taking



Antoine Le Claire,

HALF-BREED INDIAN.

them on board, which was kindly done; the baggage of the shipwrecked crew and passengers, with some bedding and ship stores, was hastily tossed on board of the rescuer; chickens and ducks were beheaded, to leave behind the reported pools of blood that Captain de Purden was to suffer death for shedding.

All the crew and passengers were safely landed at a friendly island port. Subsequent investigation proved the leakage to be very trifling, and the chief portion of the ship's cargo was dry oak staves for French wine casks, cut and prepared the previous year in Ohio, and floated down the Ohio River and the Mississippi River in flatboats to New Orleans. Those dry staves, together with a few hundred bales of cotton, the safest cargo that a leaking or a sinking ship could be freighted with.

The ship was subsequently manned and sailed to her destined port of entry, and large salvage exacted and paid. It was suspected by many sailors that her insurance policies were too heavy for her and her cargo's true value, and that she was abandoned to go to the ocean's bottom, for gain.

The great hardship was that the innocent had to suffer through the cowardly or criminal abandonment, even to the loss of life and limb; not on the ocean, but on the land.

Through this cowardly, if not criminal act of the officers and the crew of the ship "Louis Quatorze," African John had been arrested and doomed to slavery, and his captain bound and cast into a prison, and tried before a court for his life. This act of abandoning the ship to the waves caused sorrow in New Orleans, for when the word reached that port that pirates had taken the lives of many of their friends, and that a suspicious craft was beating on and off the coast, and was supposed to have made a landing, some forty armed merchants marched to the coast, where they pitched their tents; a second squad, near forty, soon followed, who, on seeing a tent and many armed men, immediately fired on them. The citizens, in and around their tent, supposing that the pirates were making war on them, returned the fire, killing a Mr. Hose, a leading citizen, and several on both sides were wounded, and in time one merchant lost an arm through the error

of the two squads of friends supposing each other were the pirates and the murderers. Hundreds of the older citizens of New Orleans, especially in the French quarter, can now bring to mind all of those tragical occurrences, and some with great sorrow.

After the discovery that the crew and passengers of the "Louis Quatorze" had not been murdered or molested at all, and the former captain of the schooner "Metamora," who had been on trial for his life under the name of the French Captain de Purden, a name given to him by the prosecution against his solemn protest, was now relieved from the horrid charge of many murders. The captain felt a tinge of resentment toward the ship's officers, through whose cowardly, if not criminal acts he had so greatly and wrongly suffered, and which acts had caused great distress to a large number and the loss of life and limbs to others; then at this point the captain turned all of his affairs over to Sailor I as manager.

Good reader, it belongs to a life's voyage to record the final end of the "Metamora's" crew; a galaxy of bravery and intellect that would compare with that of the crew of any craft ever launched, from the crew that manned Noah's ark down to date. It requires a broad mind, yes, as of the ocean's breadth, to fathom and comprehend the footprints of time and the fleeting scenes and acts of life as they rush before us.

The captain's main dependence in his African adventure rested in the knowledge and the influence of the ex-prince John, who had been seized on and put to work as a slave on McCloud's Louisiana sugar plantation; this blighted all hopes of what he had considered a sure and positive success. Through the loss of Prince John all his once bright hopes had vanished.

I immediately visited the Gulf coast to look after the recently purchased schooner "Reine," and ascertain sailor Bedford's and Cook Ike's experience; they had escaped arrest when the enraged merchants of New Orleans had seized and bound the captain and African John and several innocent fishermen as murderers, but on reaching the coast no sailor Bedford or Cook Ike or schooner was to be sighted there, but I found some old disabled

sailors who were making a scant living by fishing and by catching shrimps in the Mississippi River and in the bayous, who informed me that a report had reached the coast that the schooner's captain had been tried, convicted, and executed for murdering the crew and passengers of the ship "Louis Quatorze"; upon this information sailor Bedford and Cook Ike, believing the captain to be most surely dead, had collected all the ship stores and other property that the captain had purchased and paid for, and had also taken on board the schooner at nightfall the three African slaves from near the battleground, heretofore spoken of, and a French adventurer and a navigator as captain, and two white sailors, and shipped for Cape Town, Africa, under ballast, without any fixed programme.

In after years sailor Bedford wrote his uncle Bedford, of Bienville Street, New Orleans, that he had been wounded in battle and could never recover; that his life was numbered by a few days; that he had joined the Boers of the Cape of Good Hope against the English invaders, who were slaughtering and robbing the Boers and driving them from their homes into the interior wilderness; that he with his companion, known in the United States and at sea as Cook Ike, and three Louisiana slaves had joined the Boers to defend their families and homes against English robbers and tyrants; that Cook Ike and the three black Louisiana slaves, whilst fighting to protect the wives and daughters of the good and religious Boers from English baseness, were in a charge bayoneted to death, and that he had received death wounds in the same engagement; that he sent a box of treasure to pay the proper owners of the schooner "Reine," if they could be found, and the balance to be given to his nearest kindred. This sailor of many parts soon passed to his tomb, as he had predicted.

Notwithstanding negro slaves surrendered their lives the unhallowed English drove the inoffensive Boers from their fields and homes, and again and again drove them into the wilderness; then the good, religious, and industrious Boers armed to defend themselves against English oppression and tyranny, and every man subscribed the following solemn oath, which exhibits their

distress and earnestness; they know that Heaven's justice never slumbers.

“In the presence of Almighty God, the Searcher of hearts, and praying for his gracious assistance and mercy, we, burghers of the South African Republic, have solemnly agreed, for us and for our children, to unite in a holy covenant, which we confirm with a solemn oath. It is now forty years ago since our fathers left the Cape Colony to become a free and independent people. These forty years were forty years of sorrow and suffering. We have founded Natal, the Orange Free State, and the South African republic, and three times has the English Government trampled upon our liberty. Our flag, baptized with the blood and tears of our fathers, has been pulled down. As by a thief in the night has our free republic been stolen from us. We cannot suffer this, and we may not. It is the will of God that the unity of our fathers, and love to our children, should oblige us to deliver unto our children, unblemished, the heritage of our fathers. It is for this reason that we here unite, and give each other the hand as men and brethren, solemnly promising to be faithful to our country and people, and looking unto God, to work together unto death for the restoration of the liberty of our republic. So truly help us God Almighty!”

Without a doubt England desires to subdue the Boers and the Africans, and crown their kings and queens as the possessors of an African empire; just as they do now as possessors of expansive Hindostan, with its over 150,000,000 people who are used by England as serfs and soldiers. Together with that vast territory extending from the Himalaya Mountains on the north, and extending to the Indian Ocean on the south, and from Burmah and the Bay of Bengal on the east to the Arabian Sea and Afghanistan on the west, which surround a vast area of 147,000,000 square miles.

England is the landowner, and the entire people, save a few that England invested with power, are virtually serfs, who retain the land on condition of their fealty to the crown of England, and the crown uses the people to procure money to support it, and sol-

diers to fight their battles, and thus will they treat the Boers and the Africans when they gain the ascendancy in Africa. England first placed her tyrannical foot on the soil of India in 1737.

It would be placing the very ordinary Prince of Wales on a high black horse to anoint him Emperor of India and Africa. I sighted the young Prince of Wales in 1857, and fathomed him with care, and arrived at the conclusion that he might answer for a King of England, with a Pitt or a Gladstone to do his thinking, talking, and writing, but that he would make a very poor sailor to go aloft and work up latitude and longitude.

Then soon comes hypocritical Italy, with her degraded and ignorant hordes desirous to ape what the ignorant call greatness in Britain's unhallowed career of cruelty and tyranny; they cast away the Cross to wield the sword in Abyssinia.

Italy's well-fed despots are now crying for the expansion of their poisonous and degrading sway in Africa, at the cost of the blood, the distress, and the degradation of the people of Abyssinia, who are the Italians' superiors in all that makes a great and manly people.

Pauper Italy's object and desire are through the use of borrowed treasure to weaken, enslave, and degrade the Abyssinians below their own Italian very low and common level, that they may more firmly place their well-known cloven foot upon their necks.

Sailor I know more than one generation of those nations, and have with care fathomed the standing and ability of both those people, and can say that the average Abyssinian is the average Italian's superior, yet Italy is constantly putting on airs of national arrogance. Those inferior Italian people do not shed Abyssinian blood and seek their possessions to benefit Abyssinia, but to aggrandize profane Italy, who has a vast field for missionary work at home.

I have seen samples by the thousand of the neglected common class of Italian people as used by Italy to attempt to subdue their superiors, and have also seen and mingled with Abyssinians in many ports, and I know of what I speak.

One of America's leading journals, the Chicago "Tribune" of April 30, 1896, now before me, in speaking of the extent of Italian and other undesirable immigration to the United States, very properly uses the words degraded and ignorant, and proceeds to say "That from January 1st to April 17th of this year, the arrival of Italian immigrants at New York numbered 19,946, and by April 30th this number will have been increased to about 27,000. Of the whole number a little over one-half are absolutely illiterate."

This influential and conservative journal, the Chicago "Tribune," pleads for restrictions on the unhealthy and national destroying immigration; without a shadow of doubt America has been greatly injured through the unhealthy influx of foreigners faster than they could be Americanized, as is well known in every quarter and by everyone of ordinary intelligence; and the third and fourth generations of this vast immigration are not at heart or thought Americans, but foreigners save in name, through their constant teachings and example. The consequence is we have with us the sworn Frei Bund and the Mafia with their star chamber, secret courts convened within the saloon and the cabaret's back room, to decree boycotts, non-intercourse, or death against incautious or delinquent Americans who created and gave them a home to flee to, which but lately was a wilderness, but now placed under cultivation and surrounded by commerce, created by toil and hardship, and who for their enterprise and kindness have this day to pay out vast sums of money under unrighteous laws to erect and equip buildings and support a vast number of foreign teachers, to teach their foreign languages,—a worthless waste,—and also to constantly supply thousands of them with poorhouse homes and insane asylums, who are shipped here to enter those American institutions, as is well known.

Sailor I have been tried and condemned by both the Frei Bund and the Mafia,—by the decree of one court to punishment, and by the other court to death,—and I know of what I speak, and I do not expect those foreign court trials to yet cease.

A second African Hannibal may arise to again invade and pun-

ish Italy; history may repeat itself. A repetition of the Africans' sway in Italy would astonish the present world, yet this act did take place, and the African Hannibal with his black troops made conquests throughout Italy to the very gates of Rome. Good reader! To get a perfect knowledge of the Africans' invasion in and throughout Italy, I advise you to procure the works of Appian, Cassius, and Polybius. This African invasion into Italy took place in 217 before Christ.

I will not further consume the good reader's time, and my space, in resurrecting occurrences from beneath the dust of ages, but will go back to the noble crew of the "Metamora," who at the risk of death captured the big slaveship, and gave its many poor black slaves their lives and liberty.

The almost unknown, but great and talented Sapoles never reached his Athens home as the captain and the owner of a ship, the pleasant dream of his life; he by untiring exertion, amidst storms and tempests, had procured his long-sought ship—to be wrecked and lost in March, 1841, off Venezuela, on the rocky shore of the Gulf of Paria, and out of twelve on board only three were saved, the mate and two sailors, who succeeded in gaining the steep, rocky shore to suffer almost death before being rescued after many days. Those sailors reported to the press the shipwreck, the loss of life, and their great sufferings on the barren surf-washed rocks.

Whilst in Texas in 1841, I received a letter from one-legged sailor Bill Brown, by the hand of Thomas William Ward, formerly a house carpenter of New Orleans, a captain of artillery in the Texas revolution of 1835, and who lost a leg by a cannon ball fired from the Alamo at the storming of San Antonio when he was quite a young man; he some years thereafter lost his right arm in firing a salute on the anniversary of Texas' independence. He became a man of note, and what was left of him was appointed by President Buchanan as consul at Panama; he died in Austin, Tex., on the 25th of November, 1872.

This letter from sailor Bill said: "Mr. Fulton, I have searched for you in every quarter since I left Dr. McFarland's hospital;

I now strike your course through Captain Ward, a Mayor of a town in Texas; I saw the renowned captain's name in type at the 'Picayune' office before it went to the press. I had understood that you were in Texas, and I greatly desired to hear from you. I have kept a correct log, and will report to you, although lengthy. I remained in the hospital over nine months; the doctor did not wish to part with me, as he could use me to advantage, and also get pay from Uncle Sam for boarding and doctoring me, there being no marine hospital. As soon as I could hop around his man of all work got me up a pair of awful crutches, and he put me to work peeling potatoes, washing dishes, and a vast array of duty to save the expense of a third cook or help. Dr. McFarland said I was a genius, and I could soon learn to mix medicine, bandage, and bleed his patients; then he could part with his Vienna assistant and give me some pay, as well as a good home, but I did not crave the berth. The doctor bleed for every disease and complaint, and dosed all with calomel; but I tell you whilst the doctor bleed his patients in the left arm he bleed Uncle Sam in the jugular vein. In time I saw his entering book, and I was greatly astonished to find that I entered in a very precarious condition, and that he had taken my leg off the very day it was amputated at sea by the captain, over five hundred miles from New Orleans. Although I had work to perform at the hospital, or hobble out into the world, I had several leisure hours during the day, and as fate so willed, a young printer in the 'Bee' office got his left elbow greatly injured by a fall against the rapidly moving printing press, and as he convalesced, we united and purchased many pounds of rejected type from the Louisiana 'Advertiser,' which we sorted up, and then purchased a hand press and went to work printing cards for our doctor and a large number of merchants and business men, and accumulated some money. My printer companion, William Long, instructed me in type-setting. Our card-printing and a little job work introduced me, and as I moved round the city on my crutches to see many kind men, whom I must name to you, as you may fall in with them some day: T. L. Hartman of the Planters' Bank, Beverly

Chew of the Canal Bank, Joseph Saul of the Bank of New Orleans, Lawyer Mazuereau, Mr. Bishop of the City Hotel, Levi H. Gale, James R. Peters, Paul Tulane, and others who took an interest in my condition, and clubbed together and sent to New York to get me a first-class artificial leg, and also sent an expert artist to make a cast of my stump leg, which cast was made out of beeswax, as I saw it when perfected.

“The New York genius wrote me that the surgeon who operated on me had left my limb in splendid shape to attach a leg to—about the best he had ever fitted.

“Under the direction of my good friend William Long, I practiced setting and distributing type and doing some printing every spare minute for some five months, and as I worked to learn, my teacher said that I had made extraordinary progress.

“We then purchased more new type, rented a cheap upper room on Gravier Street, and extended our business, when the yellow fever appeared and took my good partner from the stage of life and wrecked my operations; at this period many of the forces in the ‘Picayune’ office who were getting large pay struck for larger pay at midnight, without notice to the office. Editor Putnam P. Rea, of the ‘Commercial Bulletin,’ to whom I had a few hours previously applied to for a berth, sent a trusty night messenger to tell me to hasten to the ‘Picayune’ office, that work there wanted me, and two or three others if I knew good and trusty men; I knew two such men, and the three of us had cases before us within forty minutes of the time that they had been deserted. My first work was to set up a lengthy article from the Pearl of Pearl River, a lady of extended renown as a writer, and to whom the ‘Picayune’ is largely indebted for its unparalleled prosperity. My first work on this paper, as all subsequent work, passed muster. The keel of the ‘Picayune’ was laid and she was launched by the enterprising and talented Lumsdale and Kendal, in 1837; their appreciated lives have taken flight, but their names and remembrance now silently rest in the catalogue of greatness.

“Yours, etc.,

“SAILOR BILL.

“P. S.—I must also give you sad news. Poor sailor Bob, who so fearlessly aided in driving the slave officers and their crew into their ship’s cabin, died whilst in port here with the yellow fever, and thanks to the good ‘Picayune’ I had received sufficient pay to purchase Bob an above-ground tomb at the old Catholic burying ground. I had rendered the same service to printer Little, but he possessed money to pay for his oven-like tomb when he met the fate of many strangers.

“New Orleans is a great and desirable city, and if I cannot find my tomb at sea, then I desire to find it here. A sailor is not expected to possess rhyme or poetry, but I am so elated over my good fortune in securing a berth in the ‘Picayune’ office, and in this great and wonderful Crescent City, that I must say if the Garden of Eden was not here it must have been in some place near, for here the golden fruit is ripened; here the grape and fig abound; here many a wanderer with life hath parted and been buried above the ground. Excuse this, an imperfect line from a friend of thine. I continue yours.”

The New Orleans of 1896 is not the New Orleans of 1830 and previously. I plainly see that over three-fourths of a century has made a change. Here at that early day Paris, Rome, Madrid, London, and the Yankee nation walked the streets and assembled within the social halls, and the Jesuit and the negro auctioneer mingled, whilst the Indian stolidly passed, or looked on.

This city and its once vast territory have been the shuttlecock of kings and emperors. A wonderful city, with a wonderful and enchanting and romantic history that, if truthfully portrayed at this day, it would be pronounced as fictitious.

Here Spain, France, and England sought to create empire, but the shrewd Uncle Sam secured the prize, and drew his line southward to drink the waters of the Rio Grande.

Time moved on apace, and a very large number of pretended American shippers and vessel captains and owners set up a claim and a howl of indignation that their vessels and their cargoes

had been wrongfully seized and confiscated by the Mexican Government, and they desired Uncle Sam to collect from the Mexican Government and pay over to them their claimed losses.

Amongst those claimants was Captain de Purden, of the schooner "Metamora," whose vessel and cargo on her first voyage to Tampico were seized as a smuggler. The documentary evidence clearly proved that Captain de Purden was an American citizen, sailing an American-built vessel under the American flag, and was conducting a legal traffic, whose vessel and cargo were worth forty-two thousand American dollars, and were wrongfully seized on and confiscated by the Mexican Government.

Sailor I never knew the result of Captain de Purden's fictitious and base claim on the Government of Mexico; he was a citizen of France and a noted smuggler. True, his then recently purchased vessel and her cargo had justly been seized by Mexico, and confiscated.

The superior craft, the "Metamora," was pierced for cannon and manned by Mexicans as a vessel of war, to fight the United States in our war with her in 1846, a war in part growing out of this exacted, but unrighteous indemnity—an indemnity in a measure like unto the Behring Sea seal fishery indemnity now hanging over the head of Uncle Sam, in which pure white paper was blackened by perjury. Then in time, through this indemnity wrong to Mexico, followed the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, to end at the once location of the halls of Montezuma, and the loss of her California.

In 1840 I sighted in Havana, Cuba, the slave merchant Mariena, who went through the trying ordeal on Florida's peninsula for his life; his brow was furrowed with care and anxiety, his eyes glared on vacancy, and his sallow complexion with its tinge of paleness gave him a ghostlike appearance, if that appearance ever took form and walked the earth. He had as soon as possible after his escape from death by the muskets of the three executioners on Florida's flats gone to Cuba, and with great toil and exertion saw that every slave that the schooner's crew

had taken from him, some of whom he found in slavery, were set free, and homes with wages for their work were secured to them. The good Captain General, who had received the schooner's captain's letter through the Portuguese mate, had previously cared for many of them, and had forbidden the planters and all others to seize and enslave them under penalty, yet many had been placed in slavery, and had it not been for the Captain General's good act, and Mr. Mariena's vigilance, every negro and his posterity would have been doomed to a life of slavery. Mr. Mariena was at that very period searching for Slashed-cheek John to see that he was not passing through his life in slavery, and when told that he was then, if alive, a slave in Louisiana, Mr. Mariena immediately set out in search for him, and, if necessary, to purchase him at any cost.

After African John and Sailor I had talked over all those exciting occurrences of the past, on the St. Lawrence Bay and its Gulf, and entered them on my diary, John said that it was hard to realize the past as it had flitted by. John differed with me in one or two unimportant points: I named the judge of the court that tried the captain Judge Pervall, a noble-looking man, a native of St. Domingo; Prince John called him Judge Morgan, and he thought that the deserted French ship was named "Charles VIII.," but this was unimportant.

We had passed two days of our pleasant voyage, and to obtain more sea room we ran outside into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and had canvassed occurrences of years past and gone. Then came the question of Prince John's life in Africa, and his escape from Louisiana slavery; John said that after being sold to the Spaniards of the slaveship, his constant thought was to get back to Africa and punish his treacherous kindred for their cruel act through which three of his near kin, who were seized when he was and placed in the slaveship, had died from hardship and want, and had been cast into the ocean during the long voyage. John said that he had resolved on freedom or death in the attempt; he had learned much through witnessing the capture of his big and well-manned and armed slaveship by the little schooner, and

her one-armed and one-legged small crew, two of them shot down, and the remaining seven never flinched.

Prince John said, "Planter McCloud did not keep me but a few weeks on his plantation; all knew that I was a late arrival, and that Mr. McCloud never owned me; he sent me to the auction block in New Orleans where I was sold to a Mr. Sewel, a builder, for \$750. Mr. Sewel set me to work carrying bricks on my head up a ladder onto a building; when work was slack I paid Master Sewel nine dollars a week for my time. I made and saved some money. Soon after I arrived in New Orleans, I married the woman you saw at our home; she was a slave raised by Mr. William Brand, on Magazine Street. A young woman in the family taught her to read and write, and my wife taught me the same. Mr. James Caldwell purchased her as a servant for an actress, a Miss Plasede, because she was a fair scholar, and in addition to doing Miss Plasede's work, she could aid her at home in rehearsing her parts.

"There were then two of us to escape from slavery, and then soon three of us, a very difficult task, as blacks at large were soon arrested, even in the free Northern States, and as ships under the laws were accountable if detected in transporting a slave.

"We were constantly on the watch for information and an opportunity to escape; finally we fell in with a Virginia runaway slave that had reached Canada and resided there over one year, and to get larger wages entered New Jersey, and was arrested by officers, and sent South and sold; he had names, distances, and the proper routes to travel; that the only safety was to hide by day, and travel by night, and that even this was very precarious. I worked on board of steamboats at the levee whenever I could get work there, so as to find an opportunity to get my wife and child up the river into or near the free States, and on their way to Canada; that was the only hope that we could see before us; this my first task before I could make a break for liberty.

"At length, after many trials and disappointments, I found

on board of a third-class Pittsburg steamboat a pliant chambermaid who offered to take my wife and child into her stateroom, my wife to aid her in her work during the trip, and I to pay her ten dollars down, and my wife to pay her fifty dollars on arriving at Pittsburg; she said the boat's officers did not interfere in her department, and she would pass her off with the few passengers if any question arose as to her assistant, which she would truly be. She and her child landed safely at Pittsburg, and after a world of hardship and adventure reached Canada destitute, and got a situation to work for a private family, who, after discovering her educational ability, doubled her wages and gave her a situation to teach their seven small children, whose school was at a long distance from their home.

“To pay sixty dollars for my wife's transportation to Pittsburg, with outfit for a long inland journey, used up a large portion of the thirty sovereigns that I got possession of as my bounty from the captured slaveship off Cuba, but I had a portion of the small sum I had saved from my work. My task was not yet finished; I was a slave in slavery, and had not a single friend, unless I called a broken-down billiard player and gambler, a Mr. Paul, my friend, for whom I had worked for some months, when he was very fortunate at his games of chance, for he held the key to the whole situation. I was, as a very green and ignorant African slave, permitted and desired to pass around and amongst his victims and his friends to carry cigars, wine, and other drinks, and telegraph the situation and my discoveries to headquarters through African telegraphy that had been in use in Africa centuries before the day of the Morse telegraph in America. I had no conscientious scruples to check my action or arouse my sympathy for the roughly shorn victims, as they were most all slave-owners and lived and fattened on the life and labor of the black slave. Mr. Paul, who was constantly up and down in the world, was at this period very successful and secured some ten thousand dollars; my portion of the spoil was near six hundred dollars, which I laid securely by. At this period my master Sewel

ordered me back to his own work, on which he considered me worth more than the nine dollars per week that I had for some time been paying to him each Saturday night, and boarding myself, the then usual pay of a slave laborer to his master if he hired his time.

"Soon combinations and reverses reached Mr. Paul and stripped him of most all of his wealth in a few weeks, and at the same time the yellow fever struck him down, and I saw to his every want and brought him back to life when forsaken by all. When convalescent Mr. Paul asked me how he could now, when stripped of money, ever pay me the large debt that he owed to me for my untiring labor and my many sleepless nights at his bedside when burned and crazed with a raging fever. I told him that he possessed the ability to pay me and to pay me well, without any money, and with little or no exertion to himself but beneficial to him, and at the same time perform a Christian act and duty. He hastily exclaimed, 'Name the pay or duty, and if in the power of a sick man, it shall be performed without delay,' upon which I exclaimed, 'I am no more a slave, but a free man! You possess the power to give me freedom, and you run but a small risk of going to the State's prison for the part you perform. If we act with judgment and caution you will escape the prison, and I will escape from slavery.' Mr. Paul said he could not see or conceive by what means we could accomplish the object I spoke of, that danger of detection lay in every quarter; then he asked me what mode of action I had thought of to accomplish the undertaking. I told him that I had long canvassed the momentous subject, and could not see any fear of cause for a failure. 'The way is plain and clear. You have just lately said that if you had the money that you would for your health set out by this night's steamboat for St. Louis; that you had kindred there where you would be welcomed. I have money that I received from you, with some that I took from a slaveship, and will pay your passage to your St. Louis friends; all I request of you is for you to take me with you as your servant slave, to wait on you and see to you as I have done for some weeks, as I well knew you could

and would deliver me from slavery, and when we reach St. Louis in safety, as we will, that you immediately accompany me across the river to the free State of Illinois; then I will risk all by myself. You know it is a daily occurrence for a master to have his servant with him on the river boats, and I have long had a fair suit of clothing for a gentleman's servant on hand near by us to slip on, and you are ever fitted for a traveling gentleman, but I shall preserve my working clothes to journey through the Western and Northern States to Canada.'

"Mr. Paul pronounced my programme to be perfect, and as my master Sewel would not look for me before the coming Saturday to receive his week's pay, we would have a start of five days and five nights. We took our passage that same evening, I acting as the sick man's good and faithful servant, attending to his every want; not a hint, not a suspicious question or word was uttered, but many glances were cast at my adorned African face.

"We immediately on striking the St. Louis steamboat landing, as per previous arrangement, hired a man with a skiff to sail two men over the river to the Illinois shore, and sail one of them back to the St. Louis boat landing, for which I paid one dollar by the hand of Mr. Paul. The man in the skiff, when first approached, refused to carry me over the river, saying that he dare not carry a nigger over the river; but when told that I was in my master's charge, he consented and told us to hasten on board, but as he pushed off from the shore we observed that he looked back over his shoulder to see that the coast was clear of spies, and he remarked that he made the voyage for that dollar, a fact that we knew. On striking the shore, I with an expanded heart stepped onto the free soil of Illinois, and bid the gambler, Mr. Paul, a final adieu, with many thanks. I immediately made my way over low, wet swampy ground that had been recently flooded by the overflow of the Mississippi River, to a small log house where I found two large boys and their mother, of whom I asked if there was any black family living near them; they said there was a black family residing east of them across the American bottom, some three miles distant, but they doubted if I could

reach it by night as the river had recently flooded all the American bottom, and many swamps and lakes existed that a stranger could not pass over, even during a clear night. One of the boys proposed, if I would give him a half dollar, and would trot over the ground with him lively, that he would pilot me to the home of the black family; I gladly closed the contract, but it was the most tiresome and the longest three miles that I had ever passed over, and I had done big walking in Africa. That boy went on the jump, and frequently remarked that he wanted to be back home in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and that I must step lively as I had promised to do.

“The black family advised me to avoid villages and taverns, for there the slave-catchers resided or lingered, gave me valuable information and the names of good men on my line of travel. All worked well until I reached Central Pennsylvania, where a large number of Maryland and Virginia runaway slaves passed through by the underground railroad, and where a large number of detectives were on the constant watch and made their living by apprehending slaves.

“In passing through that section I had to lay secreted by day and travel by night, and then run a great risk of capture. I must give the names of two who gave me shelter when I was in danger, Mr. Lindley Coates and Dr. Joseph Gibbons of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, who protected me when pursued by the slave-catchers in that county, the only serious risk and adventure I met with during my long journey to Canada and freedom, where I found my wife and child, and purchased my farm with the money that I chiefly got from Mr. Paul, the gambler; a few sovereigns of it were from the slaveship captured off Cuba.”

African John furnished me with a list of the officers and managers of the far-famed and mysterious underground railroad between the slave States and Canada, a portion of which he traveled over in escaping from slavery. I must here place the names of a few of this phalanx of humanity and bravery on my record; they merit a towering and unperishing monument instead of this

tribute of recorded respect. Many ladies were numbered with these philanthropists: Rev. Samuel Aaron, Daniel Gibbons, Thomas Whitson, Emmor Kimber, William Thorne, Hannah W. Gibbons, Caleb Hood, William Speakman, Sarah M. Barnard, Joshua Brinton, Dr. Jacob L. Paxton, Sarah P. Barnard, Nathan Evens, James Lewis, James Fulton, Joseph Fulton, Edwin P. Atlee.

A panorama of the once constantly moving underground railroad would be the most interesting novelty of fact ever produced, if painted up to life; within that panorama you would see, passing through swamps and by rough paths on the hillsides and byways, old age with gray locks, and males and females in the vigor of life, followed more slowly by a stooping mother of middle age with tears in her eyes and a near two-year-old piccaninny lashed to her back, and in her aching arms she carries an infant, which is tugging at her feverish and empty breast, endeavoring to prolong its life. She trembles and looks back; she fancies that she hears the yelping of bloodhounds and the hoofs of the slave-catcher's horse in pursuit of her to place her offspring under the slave driver's lash; the infants, with a natural instinct, press close to their mother and maintain the silence of death, and many Christain whites on their bended knees pray to the great Supreme for the delivery of the mother and her infants from slavery. On this panorama would appear many battles between the white master and black slave, even unto death.

I must note one of the directors and conductors of the ancient underground railroad—"A Sister"—as published in the village "Record" of West Chester, Pennsylvania, on December 7, 1891, and which journal is now before me, and reads as follows:

"THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—IT IS RECALLED BY THE DEATH OF ONE OF ITS AGENTS IN CHESTER COUNTY.

"At her home in West Sadsbury, on the 17th of October, 1891, Mary Ann Fulton Hartley died, in the eighty-second year of her age. She was the daughter of Joseph and Esther Fulton, who

took an earnest and active part in the early anti-slavery movement in its most unpopular days. They were members of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society, and agents of the Underground Railroad, by which many fugitive slaves were assisted on their way to free Canadian homes. In these philanthropic efforts their daughter Mary Ann was in the fullest sympathy, often acting as conductor of fugitive parties to the next station. It was largely through her prompt and energetic efforts that William Parker and his friends were enabled to escape the vigilant search of the United States authorities, after the Christiana riots. For many miles around, every conceivable hiding place was visited, but without effect; for Mary Ann had put them safely on board the invisible underground railroad.

“But it was not alone the fugitives from slavery that aroused her sympathy; the helpless and distressed never appealed to her in vain. In many instances, she was the good Samaritan to those whom the proud priest and Levite passed coldly by. To do good was her highest idea of religion. ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me’ was, in her esteem, the truest practical exposition of it. She believed in the words of Jesus, that ‘the Kingdom of God is within you, unless ye be reprobates.’ She could say with Harriot Winslow:

“ ‘Look not to some cloudy mansion,
 ’Mid the planets far away;
Trust not to the distant future,
 Let thy Heaven begin to-day.’

“In her earlier days she taught school, and there are those still living who remember with grateful pleasure the many useful lessons in life, as well as in science and literature, that she was wont to teach them. She was well read in the best English classics and often recited some of the finest stanzas of ‘Childe Harold.’

“J. WILLIAMS THORNE.

“Black Horse, Pa., November 29, 1891.”

Greatness without ostentation, a lowly worker for humanity!

At this village Christiana, and in this same connection, did the fugitive slave-catcher and slave-trader and owner, the brother of Slashed-cheek John's Virginia hired man of Canada, lose his life.

Good reader, I could from my diary of a life's voyage lay before you on this record, substantiated by the journals of the long past, many heart-chilling events of slavery's days, but well do I know that the present world does not desire to turn round and look back at even thrilling tragedy of the past.

The black commerce on this central line running through Lancaster, Chester, and Bucks Counties grew so large that those managers had to open a branch line further north to accommodate the travel with safety.

The action of those philanthropists in protecting, sheltering, feeding, and passing those fugitives northeastward to freedom aroused the slaveholders, and they combined and came down on the American Congress with the fury of a mountain avalanche and with the heat of a volcano, and demanded the aid and power of the Government to protect and to hold securely their moving, walking property, and when it moved off to return it at the cost of the people, and during a tempestuous session of Congress, when dark dissension stalked the congressional halls, and Satan applauded, that Congress, on September 18, in the year of our Lord, 1850, enacted a law known as the Fugitive-slave Law, which I here place on record—an unrighteous law, not for the slave alone but for the white man who possessed a soul and manly independence. Under this law courts could be established at every crossroad to send runaway niggers back to slavery.

CLAUSES IN THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW WHICH RELATE TO THE
CAPTURE AND RETURN OF SLAVES.

“ARTICLE IV, SECTION 2. No person held to service or labor in any State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law regulation therein, be discharged

from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

“SECTION 3. And be it further enacted, that the Circuit Courts of the United States, and the Superior Courts of each organized Territory of the United States shall from time to time enlarge the number of Commissioners, with a view to afford reasonable facilities to reclaim fugitives from labor, and to the prompt discharge of the duties imposed by this act.

“SECTION 4. And be it further enacted, that the Commissioners above named shall have concurrent jurisdiction with the Judges of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, in their respective circuits and districts within the several States, and the Judges of the Superior Courts of the Territories, severally and collectively, in term time and vacation, and shall grant certificates to such claimants, upon satisfactory proof being made, with authority to take and remove such fugitives from service or labor, under the restrictions herein contained, to the State or Territory from which such persons may have escaped or fled.

“SECTION 5. And be it further enacted, that it shall be the duty of all marshals and deputy marshals to obey and execute all warrants and precepts issued under the provisions of this act when to them directed; and should any marshal or deputy marshal refuse to receive such warrant or other process when tendered, or to use all proper means diligently to execute the same, he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of one thousand dollars to the use of such claimant, on the motion of such claimant, by the Circuit or District Court for the district of such marshal, and after arrest of such fugitives by such marshal, or his deputy, or whilst at any time in his custody under the provisions of this act should such fugitive escape, whether with or without the assent of such marshal or his deputy, such marshal shall be liable on his official bond to be prosecuted for the benefit of such claimant, for the full value of the service or labor of said fugitive in the State, Territory, or District whence he escaped; and the better to enable the said Commissioners, when thus

appointed, to execute their duties faithfully and efficiently, in conformity with the requirements of the Constitution of the United States, and of this act, they are hereby authorized and empowered within their counties respectively, to appoint in writing under their hands, any one or more suitable persons, from time to time, to execute all such warrants and other process as may be issued by them in the lawful performance of their respective duties; with authority to such Commissioners or the persons to be appointed by them to execute process as aforesaid, to summon or call to their aid the bystanders or *posse comitatus* of the proper county, when necessary to insure a faithful observance of the clause of the Constitution referred to, in conformity with the provision of this act, and all good citizens are commanded to aid and assist in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, whenever their services may be required, as aforesaid for that purpose, and such warrants shall run and be executed by said officers anywhere in the State within which they are issued.

“SECTION 6. And be it further enacted, that when a person held to service or labor in any State or Territory in the United States has heretofore or shall hereafter escape into any other State or Territory of the United States, the person or persons to whom such service or labor may be due, or his, her, or their agent or attorney, duly authorized by power of attorney, in writing, acknowledged and certified under the seal of some legal officer or Court of the State or Territory in which the same may be executed, may pursue and reclaim such fugitive person, either by procuring a warrant from some one of the courts, Judges, or Commissioners as aforesaid, of the proper circuit, district, or county for the apprehension of such fugitive from service or labor, or by seizing and arresting such fugitive, where the same can be done without process, and by taking, or causing such persons to be taken, forthwith before such court, Judge, or Commissioner, whose duty it shall be to hear and determine the case of such claimant in a summary manner, and upon satisfactory proof being made, by disposition or affidavit, in writing, to be certified to such court, Judge, or Commissioner, or by other

satisfactory testimony, duly taken and certified by some court, magistrate, justice of the peace, or other legal officer, authorized to administer an oath, and take deposition under the laws of the State or Territory from which such person owing service or labor may have escaped, with a certificate of such magistracy or other authority, as aforesaid, with the seal of the proper court or officer thereto attached, which seal shall be sufficient to establish the competency of the proof, and with proof also by affidavit of the identity of the person whose service or labor is claimed to be due as aforesaid, that the person so arrested does in fact owe service or labor to the person or persons claiming him or her, in the State or Territory from which such fugitive may have escaped, as aforesaid, and that such person escaped, to make out and deliver to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, a certificate setting forth the substantial facts as to the service or labor due from such fugitive to the claimant, and of his or her escape from the State and Territory in which he or she was arrested, with authority to such claimant, or his or her agent or attorney, to use such reasonable force and restraint, as may be necessary, under the circumstances of the case, to take and remove such fugitive person back to the State or Territory whence he or she may have escaped as aforesaid. In no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of such alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence, and the certificates in this and the first section mentioned shall be conclusive of the right of the person or persons in whose favor granted, to remove such fugitive to the State or Territory from which he escaped, and shall prevent all molestation of such person or persons by any process issued by any court, judge, magistrate, or other person whomsoever.

“SECTION 7. And be it further enacted that any person who shall knowingly and willfully obstruct, hinder, or prevent such claimant, his agent or attorney, or any person or persons lawfully assisting him, her, or them, from arresting such a fugitive from service or labor, either with or without process, as aforesaid, or shall rescue, or attempt to rescue, such fugitive from service or labor, from the custody of such claimant, his or her

agent or attorney, or other person or persons lawfully assisting as aforesaid, when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given and declared; or shall aid, abet, or assist such person so owing service or labor as aforesaid, directly or indirectly, to escape from such claimant, his agent or attorney, or other person or persons legally authorized as aforesaid; or shall harbor or conceal such fugitive, so as to prevent the discovery and arrest of such person, after notice or knowledge of the fact that such person was a fugitive from labor or service as aforesaid, shall for either of said offenses be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, by indictment and conviction before the District Court of the United States for the District in which such offense may have been committed, or before the proper court of criminal jurisdiction, if committed within any one of the organized Territories of the United States; and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of one thousand dollars for each fugitive so lost as aforesaid, to be recovered by action of debt, in any of the District or Territorial Courts as aforesaid, within whose jurisdiction the said offense may have been committed.

“SECTION 8. And be it further enacted, that the marshals, their deputies, and the clerks of the said District and Territorial Courts, shall be paid for their services the like fees as may be allowed to them for similar services in other cases; and where such services are rendered exclusively in the arrest, custody, and delivery of the fugitive to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney, or where such supposed fugitive may be discharged out of custody for the want of sufficient proof as aforesaid, then such fees are to be paid in the whole by such claimant, his agent or attorney, and in all cases where the proceedings are before a commissioner, he shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars in full for his services in each case, upon the delivery of said certificate to the claimant, his or her agent or attorney; or a fee of five dollars in cases where the proof shall not in the opinion of such commissioner warrant such certificate and delivery, inclusive of

all services incident to such arrest and examination, to be paid in either case, by the claimant, his agent or attorney. The person or persons authorized to execute the process to be issued by such commissioners for the arrest and detention of fugitives from service or labor as aforesaid, shall be entitled to a fee of five dollars each for each person he or they may arrest and take before any such commissioner as aforesaid, at the instance and request of such claimant, with such other fees as may be deemed reasonable by such commissioner for such other additional services as may be necessarily performed by him or them; such as attending at the examination, keeping the fugitive in custody, and providing him with food and lodging during his detention, and until the final determination of such commissioner; and in general for performing such other duties as may be required by such claimant, his or her attorney or agent, or commissioner in the premises, such fees to be made up in conformity with the fees usually charged by the officers of the courts of justice within the proper district or county, as near as may be practicable, and paid by such claimant, their agents or attorneys, whether such fugitive from service or labor be ordered to be delivered to such claimants by the final determination of such commissioners or not.

“SECTION 9. And be it further enacted, that upon affidavit made by the claimant of such fugitive, his or her agent or attorney, after such certificate has been issued, that he has reason to apprehend that such fugitive will be rescued by force from his or their possession before he can be taken beyond the limits of the State in which the arrest is made, it shall be the duty of the officer making the arrest to retain such fugitive in his custody, and to remove him to the State whence he fled, and there to deliver him to said claimant, his agent or attorney. And to this end, the officer aforesaid is hereby authorized and required to employ so many persons as he may deem necessary to overcome such force, and to retain them in his service so long as circumstances may require. The said officer and his assistants, while so employed, to receive the same compensation, and to be allowed the same

expenses as they are now allowed by law for transportation of criminals, to be certified by the judge of the district within which the arrest is made, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States."

Goodness! Good reader, our Congress has here made the law sure on the nigger. I must now go back to old history. Prince John informed me that his intention was, and had constantly been, to return to Africa; that he would have made the voyage long since, but that no vessel had sailed from Canada direct to Africa; that he would never risk his wife and children or self through an attempt to take passage from a United States port; that slave-catchers were present on the sailing of every black emigrant vessel to seize some of the blacks if possible, and advertised slaves were generally known; that he was at the present time preparing to embrace the first opportunity of safety; that he could sell his farm and stock at any time that he desired at a fair price; that it was a great disappointment to him when the expedition from New Orleans to Africa was broken up by the arrest of the captain, and he being doomed to slavery, which he should ever attribute to Mr. D. Lange of the firm of Rees & D. Lange, of Camp Street, New Orleans, and later of Philadelphia; that when he reached Africa he would work radical reforms in every quarter, although everything in that region had been greatly shattered during his absence, as he had learned from two of his subjects who were sold as slaves by his uncle to an African chief some months after he was; they were finally landed in Cuba, to be soon run into Louisiana; those two blacks, he said, recognized him as their king whilst he was carrying bricks on his head at one of his master's Sewel's buildings. Those recently arrived slaves were able to give him valuable information respecting his kingdom, and they informed him of the tragical death of his uncle, the usurper of his father's crown, and of his mother's hard fate; that never-sleeping retribution met them very soon, whilst parading their gay winding path.

Those two slaves, who were his subjects, were taken in a drove

of slaves to the Red River cotton district, where they soon died from being fed on cotton-seed meal during the cotton-seed food craze in the South; this information, respecting their cruel and untimely taking off, he said reached him through a runaway slave, since his residence in Canada.

Too bad that the king of a nation could not embark from the United States!

Since Prince John has named cotton seed as food for slaves, I desire to place on record what has been published and known to hundreds now living. Previous to 1830, cotton seed was considered of no value, and the whole bulk of it went to waste; rotted in great masses on the ground in the thirties. An interior physician of an active mind experimented and claimed that this seed would make good and nutritious food for the negro slaves, and be worth for this purpose many millions annually to the planters of the South.

Upon this assurance engines were purchased, mills were erected, and steam, horse, and ox power went to grinding cotton-seed meal; the purchase of Western corn ceased, and at that day but very little corn was produced in the far South; cotton seed was corn's superior in the minds of all for negroes' food. This meal, with an allowance of what was known and constantly advertised in the daily journals as negro pork, was the chief food for the slaves in many districts, especially in what was known as the Red River district. This negro pork, so called and advertised, was spoiled barrel pork and side meat,—sour, rusty, or tainted,—in other words, spoiled pork. It was most generally sold at auction, as it possessed no regular market value, but most of it did not require to be advertised to tell the world where it was located, for it possessed the power to make its presence known, for its odors cried aloud, and were quite as perceptible as the smell within Denmark that so many of renown have commented on. Sailor I can produce many of those ancient journals, which give notice of those sales of negro pork, naming the number of barrels.

The slaves soon fattened up on the cotton seed, and their

masters felt happy and greatly elated on the prospect of cheap food and large profits, and negro property advanced in price at a rapid rate. But, alas! there was no fat on the negroes; they were but bloated up and unhealthy, and in time unable to move, and hundreds, many hundreds, died off, especially the young brood. To make the negroes' situation and distress worse, there was no corn near at hand, and starvation faced the poor slaves, and to eat the cotton-seed meal was sure death in time. Many died within a few months, others lingered for a year, but the deaths were very many, and the cause was well known; but every endeavor was used to suppress the cruel slaughter.

We had now passed our proposed three days' sail and were homeward bound. Prince John's truly wonderful recital of occurrences had supplied my mind as well as my diary with to me many wonderful scenes and adventures, yet I requested him to tell me, more fully than he and sailor George Bedford had heretofore done, the cause and the mode of his father's taking off, and which he had said led to his enslavement and his numerous hardships, as well as the death of his three kindred on board of the Spanish slaveship. "The prince said that the unnatural transaction could be given in a very brief space of time, but it was with great sorrow that he referred to the foul and sad occurrences. His ancestors had for many centuries governed the vast territory that he had just named to me, and content with prosperity existed within its boundaries, and his father, Big Lion, was respected by all his subjects. When his uncle Hop Frog, his father's brother, was requested by his father not to hang around the palace quite so constantly, but his Uncle Hop Frog was a diplomatist, and said his visits and desire were to see his brother the king, but if his kingly brother would occasionally visit him at his not far distant abode, then he would never more hang around his palace door. The king, my father, willingly consented to this, and soon thereafter with his retinue made a visit as requested, and on his arrival his followers were kindly cared for, and the king, my father, was received with great pomp and rejoicing, and Uncle Hop Frog said to him, Here have I erected

for you a bower of beauty, and placed within it a pleasant couch where soothing zephyrs will lull you to sleep to dream of your good brother Hop Frog and your gentle queen. But, alas, that couch was composed of the branches and the leaves of the poisonous upas tree, and the king laid his weary limbs upon that couch to sleep the sleep of death, and my uncle Hop Frog, as heir to the crown, immediately appeared at the palace.

“ Soon the cymbals announced a royal wedding, and its hilarity mingled with the mourners’ sighs, and the wedding cortège closely followed in the funeral wake. The same catch of fish that supplied the mourners’ meal were in the haste consumed half-cooked at the wedding feast.

“ Time passed on apace, and my two subjects who sighted me whilst toting bricks upon my head onto a building for master Sewel in New Orleans, and were sold into the Red River cotton district, and there perished from living on cotton seed and spoiled, unhealthy pork, together with hard labor. They informed me that after Uncle Hop Frog ascended the throne that all was tumult and discord within my kingdom, and that soon a weak, subordinate king took advantage of the king’s and my people’s imbecility, and made a raid on them and seized the queen, my mother, and carried her into captivity to be placed as a servant at common work, for thorns of conscience to prick and sting her, and my Uncle Hop Frog, on account of great sorrow for the loss of his queen, soon wedded her younger sister; but, alas! during his first wedded moon, whilst bathing in the ocean’s surf, his usual custom of each day, he died in the arms of an octopus.”

Thus, with great emotion, spoke Prince John as we neared our home landing on the St. Lawrence River in 1843; and then, upon Britain’s wild St. Lawrence shore, I bid the prince, the sailor, the slave, and now farmer, a kind adieu, and struck my westward course by compass, toward Iowa, after close on to four days’ sail.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RETURN TO IOWA—THE WILD GIRL AND DEEP TRAGEDY UPON
THE STAGE OF LIFE—JOHNSON'S FATE.

DURING my long journey back to the far Western frontier, I constantly thought that it was very unfortunate that the bad man Canadian Johnson should have robbed the hard-working, ingenious, and enterprising Mr. Bennett of his cattle, and then driven him through the law from his family and his home into exile, and also caused the industrious Warren's untimely death, and also the loss of the good Mr. Lewis' right arm, and was astonished that almost the whole small community should adhere to Johnson and consider Mr. Bennett a desperado, and that the loud-spoken Johnson was a wronged hero. He who had so greatly wronged Mr. Bennett brought on his own punishment; he blew his trumpet of fame, but the thunders of Heaven silenced the brazen trumpet's voice.

I truly pitied the talented and extraordinary wild girl who had ever lived a checkered life, and from what the prophetess of the island said she must ever continue to live. In one respect the wild girl differed from all persons in Iowa or out of Iowa; for, with the exception of a few Indians, the wild beasts of the island, and her vast library of books that treated on almost every subject, she never had a single playmate or associate to attract her attention or to occupy her thoughts or to speak to, and give her intelligent nature an idea. The consequence was she communed with her books and adopted their words or talk; she had never spoken to or even seen a white girl or boy until her father's death and his funeral on the main shore, and that was after she was a woman grown. The consequence was she talked as the books had debated and talked to her, using their language or words that they had used when communing with her during her

whole life. Those lines, sentences, and paragraphs were so impressive and fitted for and to the subject, that even the illiterate looked at her with great astonishment and with open mouths to partake of the inspiration.

When word struck the Iowa frontier that Johnson was an impostor and a fugitive from justice, and was not the hero of the Thousand Isles, and that the wild girl was more kind than kin, her indignation was unbounded, and Johnson talked daggers.

I soon after crossing the great Mississippi's waters, and striking far-famed Iowa's eastern shore, continued my journey onward to frontier Quasqueton to investigate the situation of my labor there, and as hotel accommodations were then unknown, I quartered in our rough home-made warehouse with one companion, but this warehouse was a grand palace when compared with my once canebrake couch, and some of my contracted fore-castles; but when in the upper heaven of pleasant dreams and sleep, a loud knock echoed through my lodging room which caused my companion to seize his trusty rifle. I with tallow candle in hand opened the door, when a sturdy prairie youth, a cowboy, with an honest but weather-beaten face and two pistols in his belt, stepped hastily in, holding up a dingy roll in his hand which both my companion and I supposed to be a section of bologna sausage, until with marked energy and resolution the cowboy exclaimed, "Here, mister, the wild girl ordered me to take this letter to you, and tell you to carry it to Davenport the first time that you were on a scout in that direction, for the Johnsons have sold all their stock in Dubuque, and all their other traps with their ranch to a stranger that has just arrived, and they have pulled up stakes and are now about taking a westward trail, for they turned their horses' heads west before they commenced packing in their plunder. That fellow Green is chief in command; I assisted until the wild girl ordered me to tote that letter to you. I expect very few except myself will be sorry that they vamoosed the ranch." I could but say, Yes, sir, I will deliver this letter within a few days. The most convenient post office to Quasqueton was then some thirty miles distant.

The moment that the cowboy mounted his horse at our warehouse lodging room, my companion with great emotion and anxiety exclaimed, "My two fine horses which are stabled near Johnson's will go with him! I know it, for he last week wanted to trade me cattle for them. When I came here to work I left them in my brother's charge, and at this hour of the night he is sound asleep, and Johnson has my horses. I must immediately get a horse and go to my home and see if they are in their stable or haltered to Johnson's wagon. If in Johnson's hands there will be an account with interest to settle, for I shall carry my rifle."

Sailor I proposed that he should get Mr. Lambert's two horses and I would journey with him, as the distance was not over two miles, and aid him, but I told him that he would find his horses at their home in safety; that Johnson was anxious to quietly depart; that the wild girl was the most courageous and dangerous of the two, because she believed that she was in the right and that the world had declared war against her.

When we neared his and Johnson's home, I suggested that before we invaded Johnson's territory that he should see if his horses were at their home, and in his absence I would act the spy and reconnoiter the Johnson surroundings and actions. I halted my horse in some scrub timber within the sound of voices, and with caution I entered a small thicket near the Johnson habitation; no extra horses were in sight, but mother Eve's serpent told me to play the miserable eavesdropper, and I obeyed the serpent, and heard the word "Good-by" given to the new occupant and two others, one of them the cowboy of an hour previously, as the bright moon told me.

Johnson held the lines; the whip was applied to the spirited stolen Toronto horses, and they sprang forward in their westward track to within ten feet of my ambush, when the wild girl, with a look of indignation and quivering lip, convulsively seized the lines and brought the spirited horses back upon their haunches, and with the agility of an antelope sprang from the wagon, and with pallid cheeks and trembling limbs knelt down on the cold, frosted earth, and raising her eyes of a disputed color,



THE WILD GIRL OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

and her right hand toward Heaven, besought the great Jehovah to forever dwarf and blight Fulton's Quasqueton, and that screaming night fiends drenched in dripping gore might shatter the nerves of Bennett and his crew; "that thorns be their pillow, torment their sleep, no mercy given to wake and weep, with startled conscience steeped in wild dismay convulsive curses on the source of day."

I had lashed myself to the stays of a mid-ocean, tempest-tossed ship, whilst leviathan waves swept her decks from stem to stern, and phosphoric light flashed from the raging billows, and Heaven's thunderbolts carried away the bowsprit and dismantled the yardarms; I had faced the iron hail of artillery, and met a bayonet's charge without a shudder, but the malediction of the wild girl shattered all my bulk and compelled me to acknowledge myself a superstitious coward, and I resolved to sell Quasqueton the first opportunity that it would pay for the labor that the enterprising Mr. Bennett and Mr. Lambert had placed in it.

After the wild girl's appeal to the great Supreme for vengeance on Bennett and his crew, a sunburned and frost-harrowed sailor moodily and slowly journeyed back to his Quasqueton warehouse bed, to toss and surge until the matin of the coming morrow, on a mattress formed and created by ripping open several old grain sacks and sewing them together into a bed tick which was filled with prairie hay, with no downy pillow, but a roll of old grain sacks to match the ticking. Then too bad to contemplate that the wild girl did with irony flash sulphuric flames at a poor sailor after requesting him to tote her bologna-sausage letter to Davenport.

On the morrow I requested Mr. Lambert to use his best endeavor to procure a purchaser for all of the company's property, both personal and real, then I took the very lonely prairie trail to Davenport. I delivered to Miss B. the dingy roll called by the frontier cowboy a letter; it was a roll of lemon-colored store-goods wrapping paper, and was closed by a few stitches of black thread, and on one side was printed the words "First Quality of English Breakfast Tea," and on the reverse was written the direc-

tion of Miss B., who was to receive it. When I called Miss B. had more questions to ask than I could or dared to answer, and she desired me to tarry until she could overhaul the mysterious roll, as she might desire some information; but, my goodness! when the black stitches were severed, sheet after sheet with the advertisement and very good penmanship appeared on each sheet; upon learning the purport of the various parts and subjects, I begged permission to enter them on my diary, as they all appeared so very odd to Sailor I.

COPY OF THE WILD GIRL'S LETTER.

“GOOD SIS: For so have I ever called you; there has been trouble in this neck of the woods. I must write. I had no writing paper, but I had better; it is good wrapping paper. I had no ink, but I found some dark berries like those of my island that make a good ink with proper evaporation. I have good pens taken from the wing of a wild goose that I shot, so you see that with but little trouble I am prepared to write you.

“I bid you farewell for we go, yes we go, but not forever; time cannot affection sever. Distance cannot part the bands united by celestial hands. When the sun with its bright rays soars in the East, the God of Day, remember that it shineth forth both in the East and Davenport; it is a mirror placed above, in which we see all those we love; so dear Sis, at an early morn, present thyself before its throne, for thy friend afar to look upon.

“I hope to find a haven of rest, but I can assure you, good Sis, there is nothing picturesque in this my situation; nothing delectable in my surroundings; yet, good Sis, I am happy whilst I can; I am merry while I may, for life's at most a narrow span, at best a short-lived day.

“I was in Chicago one month, and but seven on the frontier, yet I have seen a bishop dance a reel, a sinner fast and pray, a knave at top of Fortune's wheel, and a good man cast away, yet, good Sis, I am happy whilst I can; I am merry whilst I may, for life's at most a narrow span, at best a short-lived day.

"Good Sis, it is best to tell you that I do not claim to be a poet, for if I did not tell you, then you might suppose that I made the claim; I write wild-cat poetry; I call it wild-cat because the attraction rests in the discord. I have nothing to say against wild cats; they were my best friends on the island, and I had intended to tell you all about them the day we shot the lone elk, but you girls on the mainland talk so constantly and fast that I could not tell you.

"I must tell you that when I was a little toddler on the island, a big bear wanted to feed its cubs with me. It seized me when I was on one of my wanderings near the big woods, and started off with me into the dense bushes; I felt that the grip of the bear's ponderous arms was fast telling on my pneumogastric nerves, and that under the great pressure my heart would soon cease to pulsate, when a vigilant mother wild-cat that I had fed, and whose dear little kittens I had nursed and protected from the minx and the big hawks whilst she went to catch squirrels, took my part and sprang onto the bear's head, and then the big bear dropped me and trotted off in disgust. You do not know how slow and deliberately both the big and the little cub bears do eat Indian children. I was named after a wild-cat, and they are so cute and nice, as you express it; not so with the horrid bears.

"I must now tell you something. All the people here have greatly changed; they all claim to be extremely good; I do hope they are. In evidence of goodness we have lately received two anonymous letters ordering us to leave this neck of woods; we do not depart on those orders, for we have just received a fresh supply of Dupont's best rifle powder, and our fort is well provisioned for a long siege. This was but one scene of the vicissitudes of what you call an eventful life. Yet I feared that someone here is toting sins that would sink a substantial Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Good Sis, I must describe anonymous to you:

"Anonymous is a slimy, leprous, snakelike, crawling reptile that skulks in darkness and feeds and fattens on pollution. Insignificant to look upon, yet as blighting and deadly as the upas,

it defames the good and great, hoping to reduce them to its own degraded level through its blighting contact. It aims its barbed arrows from the shadow of a column, or from night's darkness; old age and infancy alike are its targets; it is nauseated by the pure light of day.

"Anonymous thrives on malignity, and its inner, unseen mind and brain are of an inferior and revengeful order. It spares neither age nor sex. It writes virtue a strumpet, the patriot a traitor, and the man of God a hypocrite. Such is anonymous. But he jests at scars who never felt a wound, and my supply of paper is nearly exhausted, and my ink is mingling with its dregs.

"Good Sis, I have used my best endeavors to throw together a conglomeration of my island thoughts, readings, and lonely writings, when I communed with and received the applause of wild cats and owls, and I do hope you will not say that I have not succeeded in my conglomeration. Good Sis, I am so very sorry that we depart, yet I am so very glad.

"I continue yours,

"The Wild Girl."

Mr. Lambert produced a purchaser for the mill and the lands; then communicated with the exiled Mr. Bennett. The applicant for Quasqueton was a Mr. William W. Hadding, to whom I sold it for a mere bagatelle under a power of attorney from my young brother, Edwin R. Fulton, in whose name I had purchased it in to save our warehouse and lot from the tricky Mr. Green, and our money deposited with the postmaster from the hero Johnson, and our water power and land from the ownership of the then wealthy and influential surveyor, General George W. Jones, at the government sale of Buchanan's County lands on March 13, 1843. Said power of attorney is recorded in Book Eleven, at page 290. I perfected the sale to Mr. William W. Hadding, and my deed to Mr. Hadding is recorded in Book Eleven, at page 291, at Independence, Buchanan County, Iowa.

At the time of the erection of the mill and improvements, the

county of Buchanan was unorganized, and no city of Independence there; it was an untrodden wilderness.

Soon after the hero Johnson's exodus on a westward trail, word came back that he had purchased a woodman's hut and stable in the timber of Skunk River, and settled down.

The Johnsons had not been in their new quarters many days when a man by the name of Peck, the terror of the Skunk River range, was out hunting deer, his chief occupation when not on an illegal raid. He saw smoke rising from the chimney of the recently vacant cabin, and signs of life in the surroundings. He entered the house to know the cause; his eyes fell on the queenly face and form of the wild girl, the Cleopatra of the Trans-Mississippi; his heart beat with astonishment; he was a vanquished desperado; his wanderings and calls continued in that direction, and his deer in the chase always brought up near the Johnson home; but soon from the wild girl's lofty zone he met an ignominious doom, yet his bravado brought him constantly near the woodman's hut, until Johnson, rifle in hand, forbid him evermore to enter or prowl around his domicile, and ordered him to immediately depart; he departed, but in a grating voice shouted back in defiance, "You overgrown Canuck, you have signed your death warrant; go and dig your grave."

The county records bear witness that within a week a coroner's jury reported that from the testimony taken it was a dark and dismal night; the wind lashed the branches and twisted the trunks of the tall trees; the wolves howled on every side; Johnson sat on a rude stool before a log fire, smoking a corn-cob pipe; the wild girl was seated at a rickety table, reading Byron by the dim light of a home-made tallow dip; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Milton's "Paradise Lost" lay beside her. She had just closed her book to kneel and say her evening prayers, when—a bright flash of light, a sharp report of a rifle, a shattered window, and Johnson dropped into eternity, and the wild girl passed a long and dreary night in a hut, far from any habitation, with a corpse.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SAILING DISTANCES BETWEEN VARIOUS PORTS—THE LENGTH OF
THE CHIEF RIVERS OF THE WORLD—THE HEIGHT IN FEET OF
SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS OF THE WORLD—PROG-
RESS, CIVILIZATION, AND COMMERCE.

ALMOST everyone is familiar with land distances, but very few are familiar with the ocean distances between ports and cities of the various nations, and the same will apply to the length of rivers and the height of the mountains of the world. The cities, rivers, and mountains number many hundreds; I will therefore take from my diary and place some of the most noted on this record.

It is valuable to a navigator to be able to correctly carry on his memory distances, latitude, and longitude of ports, bays, and harbors, as he does the location, names, and distances of the stars and the planets. A small error in distance or in latitude may throw a ship on a rocky, surf-washed beach to perish instead of safe moorings within a pacific bay or harbor. But recently a United States man-of-war suffered disaster through, as her officers claimed, an imperfect chart.

A TABLE OF DISTANCES BETWEEN PORTS AND CITIES, BY THE
SEAS AND THE OCEANS.

Distances from New Orleans, to

	MILES
Liverpool,	4,750
New York,	1,784
Boston,	2,000
Havana, Cuba,	625
Galveston, Tex.,	444
Philadelphia,	1,743
Vera Cruz, Mexico,	816

Distances from New York, to

MILES

Calcutta, via Cape Horn,	23,000
Canton, China, via Cape Horn,	21,500
Mazatlan, Mexico, via Cape Horn,	18,000
Baltimore, via Chesapeake Bay,	400
Buenos Ayres,	6,121
Rio Janeiro, Brazil,	5,920
Pensacola, Fla.,	1,750
Pernambuco, Brazil,	4,780
Cape Horn,	8,220
Guayaquil, Ecuador, via Cape Horn,	14,300
Havana, Cuba,	1,280
Monrovia, Liberia,	3,850
Valparaiso, via Cape Horn,	12,900
Vera Cruz,	2,200
San Francisco, via Cape Horn,	18,850

Distances from San Francisco, to

Liverpool, via Cape Horn,	17,350
Sandwich Islands,	2,082
Shanghai, China,	5,200
Sydney, Australia,	6,532

Distances from Liverpool, England, to

Calcutta, via Cape of Good Hope,	16,000
Boston,	2,880
Canton, via Cape Horn,	20,000
Guayaquil, Ecuador, via Cape Horn,	12,800
New Orleans,	4,750
Valparaiso, Chili, via Cape Horn,	11,400
San Francisco, via Cape Horn,	17,350
Shanghai, China, via Cape of Good Hope,	18,500
San Diego, via Cape Horn,	17,000
New York,	3,024

A voyage round the world from Liverpool, England.

	MILES
From Liverpool to Cape of Good Hope, . . .	6,590
Cape of Good Hope to Melbourne, Australia, . .	5,650
Melbourne to Port Nicholson,	1,200
Port Nicholson to Cape Horn,	4,150
Cape Horn, home to Liverpool,	7,860
	<hr/>
Making a total distance of	25,450

These figures present the appearance of this our world as being very large, but there are other worlds now called stars, a single one of which would make ten worlds as large as this our earth.

THE LENGTH OF THE CHIEF RIVERS OF THE WORLD.

The Chief Rivers of North America.

	MILES
The Mississippi, from its source to the Gulf of Mexico, .	2,902
Missouri, from its source and its connection with the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico,	4,300
St. Lawrence,	2,000
Rio Grande,	1,800
Yellowstone,	1,600
Mackenzie,	1,500
Red River, U. S.,	1,500
Arkansas,	1,300
Oregon,	1,200
River Platte,	1,200
Kansas,	1,200
Tennessee,	1,200
Ohio,	1,000
Rio Colorado,	800
Washita,	800
Neosho,	800
Brazos,	650

The Chief Rivers of North America—Continued.

	MILES
Alabama,	600
Cumberland,	600
Wisconsin,	610
Des Moines,	600
White River,	600
Wabash,	550
Apalachicola,	560
St. Peter's,	510
Osage,	500
Susquehanna,	360
Potomac,	360
Savannah,	440
Rio Gila,	400
Illinois,	400
James,	370
San Joaquin,	360
Sacramento,	355
Iowa,	350
Penobscot,	350
Nueces,	350
Sabine,	340
Connecticut,	325
Hudson,	310
Delaware,	300
Kaskaskia,	290
Skunk River, Iowa,	250

Rivers of South America.

Amazon,	3,550
Rio De La Plata,	2,150
Tocantins,	1,360
Rio Negro,	1,270
Orinoco,	1,150

Rivers of South America—Continued.

	MILES
Xingu,	1,240
Japura,	1,200
Tapajos,	990
Putumayo,	990
Jurua,	840
Jutay,	800

Rivers of Asia.

Yang-tse-Kiang, China,	2,350
Yenisei, Russia, Asia,	3,230
Obi,	2,770
Lena,	2,660
Amoor, Manchooria,	2,740
Hoang Ho, China,	2,280
Indus, Hindostan,	2,200
Cambodia, Anam,	1,500
Ganges, Hindostan,	2,000
Euphrates, Tartary,	1,720
Sihon,	1,300
Amoo, Tartary,	1,600
Menam,	1,070

Rivers in Europe.

Volga, Russia in Europe,	2,350
Danube, Turkey and Austria,	1,720
Dnieper, Russia,	1,240
Don, Russia,	1,100
Dwina, Russia,	1,000
Rhine, Germany and Holland,	650
Vistula, Poland,	650
Loire, France,	620
Elbe, Prussia,	580
Rhône, France,	540

Rivers in Europe—Continued.

MILES

Tagus, Spain,	520
Seine, France,	480
Ebro, Spain,	400
Po, Italy,	380
Shannon, Ireland,	210
Thames, England,	200
Tiber, Italy,	210

Rivers of Africa.

Nile, Egypt,	3,550
Niger,	3,000
Zarie,	1,400
Orange, Cape Colony,	1,050
Gambia,	800
Zambezi, Mozambique,	900

MOUNTAINS OF THE WORLD—HEIGHT IN FEET.

Mountains of North America.

Mt. St. Elias, Russia, America,	17,770
Popocatepetl, Mexico,	17,700
Orizaba, Mexico,	17,700
Iztaccihuatl, Mexico,	15,700
Mt. Hooper, British America,	15,680
Nevada, Mexico,	15,500
Sierra Nevada, Mexico,	15,440
Rocky Mountains,	15,800
Mt. Fairweather, Russia America,	15,000
Sierra De Cobre, Cuba,	9,000
Serrania Grande, St. Domingo,	9,010
Black Mt., North Carolina,	6,460
Mt. Washington,	6,220
Peaks of Otter, Virginia,	4,250

Mountains of South America.

Aconcagna, Chilian Andes,	23,900
Chimborazo, Ecuador,	21,420
Nevada De Soreto, Bolivia,	21,146
Arequipa, Peru,	20,500
Cotopaxi, Ecuador,	18,895
Tolima, New Granada,	18,000
Pichincha, Ecuador,	15,940
Silla De Caracas, Venezuela,	8,700
Mt. Sarmiento, Terra Del Fuego,	6,820

Mountains of Asia.

Kunchinginga, Himalaya,	28,178
Jewahir, Himalaya,	25,740
Hindoo-Koosh, Himalaya,	20,800
Chumalaree, Thibet,	23,930
Mt. Ararat, Armenia,	17,100
Awatska, Kamchatka (volcano),	8,760
Mt. Lebanon, Syria,	9,520
Mt. Olympus, Asia Minor,	9,100
Mt. Horeb, Arabia,	8,580
Mt. Sinai, Arabia,	7,500
Mt. Melin, China,	8,200
Mt. Ida, Asia Minor,	5,440
Mt. Sion, Palestine,	2,700
Mt. Carmel, Palestine,	2,250
Mt. Tabor, Palestine,	2,050

Mountains of Europe.

Mt. Elbruz, Caucasus,	17,700
Mt. Kasbeck, Caucasus,	15,345
Mt. Blanc, Alps,	15,781
Monte Rosa, Alps,	15,585
Furca, Alps,	14,040

Mountains of Europe—Continued.

Cenis, Alps,	11,460
Great St. Bernard, Alps,	11,000
Mulahacen, Spain,	11,670
Mt. Ætna, Sicily (volcano),	10,963
Orbelus, Greece,	8,540
Guadarrama, Spain,	8,496
Velino, Naples,	8,397
Sneehattan, Norway,	8,125
Skagtolten, Norway,	8,097
Mt. Parnassus, Greece,	8,000
Mt. Olympus, Greece,	6,500
Helicon, Greece,	5,740
Puy De Dome, France,	4,750
Ben Macdhui, Scotland,	4,418
Ben Nevis, Scotland,	4,358
Ben More, Scotland,	3,900
Mt. Vesuvius, Naples (volcanic),	3,978
Mt. Hecla, Iceland (volcanic),	3,970
Snowdon, Wales,	3,558
Skiddaw, England,	3,020
Stromboli, Lipari Islands (volcanic),	3,000
Jura, Scotland,	2,470
Plinlimmon, Wales,	2,460
Rock of Gibraltar, Spain,	1,439

Mountains of Occanica.

Mauna Kea, Sandwich Islands,	18,400
Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands,	16,020
Gunong Demp, Sumatra (volcano),	12,465
Ben Lomond, Van Diemen's Land,	4,200

Mountains of Africa.

Mt. Kilimandjaro,	20,000
Mt. Kenia,	19,500

Mountains of Africa—Continued.

Mt. Keesh, Abyssinia,	15,000
Wiltsin, Morocco,	11,200
Clarence Peak, Fernando Po,	10,650
Nieuveltdt, Cape of Good Hope,	10,000
Mt. Isle Bourbon (volcano),	7,680
Frigo, Canary Islands,	7,400
Komberg, Cape of Good Hope,	5,000
Devil's Peak, Cape of Good Hope,	3,315
Diana's Peak, Helena,	2,692
Cape of Good Hope,	1,000

Thus says my infallible diary.

EXTENT OF TERRITORY AND THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Our great Mississippi between its outlet at the Gulf of Mexico and its source in the distant heights of the north, and the Alleghenies on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west, drains an area greater than England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark combined, and is possessed by a people prepared to test their energy and ability, in all that is useful to man, with the people of any quarter of the globe.

It was but yesterday that this territory was an untrodden wilderness; we faced every hardship and privation, and here planted the Stars and Stripes to stay, and fearlessly laid the foundations of our domiciles on its fertile plains. Since that day what a great change has taken place! Where then stood the deserted wigwam of the retreating Indian, now cities rise. Where then the elk, deer, and buffalo grazed unmolested, now vast fields of golden wheat appear to gladden the farmer's heart and repay him for his toil, and as the sculptor causes the granite and the marble to speak, and the painter breathes form and life upon the canvas, so have we here on those once dreary prairies created a scene of life and beauty; the prairie grass has given place to the garden

and the vineyard; the hazel thicket to the blooming rose, and the Indian trail to the promenade of the fair.

In comparing our progress with other like communities or nations, when many times our age, history informs me that we have in the useful arts and sciences, as well as in agriculture, outstripped all nations or peoples during the same period of existence. Never has a people created a like number of handsome private and public buildings and vast factories; never has a like number of persons created and possessed the same extent of railroads, telegraph and electric lines, or possessed an equal number of schoolhouses, colleges, and churches—never.

History informs me that this is no vain boast, but plainly says that no community, smaller or larger, since man's creation, can present a parallel, and like the mighty river that drains its waters, we move steadily on to empire and greatness. We possess within our borders all the elements of independence and greatness. We have amongst us teachers, statesmen, and philosophers; our West abounds in mineral wealth; our soil produces in abundance all the varieties of grain and fruits known to its latitude. We possess a healthy climate, a hardy and energetic people, who breathe the free air of liberty with comprehensions as broad as the country we owe allegiance to, and should great objects arise worthy of our action and consideration, we the descendants of the pilgrims who sought liberty in the wilderness of a new world, may be called upon as arbitrators in diplomacy or on the battlefield. We will never sully the fair name we inherited. Our actions will not be as pygmies, but as men worthy of this fair and fertile land, which Heaven in its wisdom thought proper to place under our stewardship.

All this within and adjacent to the valley of the great Mississippi; the most extensive and the most fertile valley without a doubt in the known world. The Mississippi, independent of its liberal source, is fed by twenty-two rivers, ten of which are navigable for a greater or less distance, and was England's river Thames run into the Mississippi at Davenport, Ia., during an ordinary stage of water, it would raise the big river but four-

teen inches at St. Louis, and were the waters of the river Seine of France and the river Rhine of Holland and all the rivers of Germany added to the flow at an ordinary stage of the Mississippi's flow, those rivers, all combined, would not bring the Mississippi up to high-water mark at her outlet at the Gulf of Mexico.

Notwithstanding my great disaster in the mill-building line at Quasqueton, through the action of the wild girl, as declared by all in Buchanan County, I in time to aid progress and civilization on its westward roll, built two large steam flouring mills in the city of Davenport, the first ever erected in that city, and erected the third steam flour mill in connection with an enterprising Hungarian, Mr. Fejervary, at the town of Fulton, Muscatine County.

But my work did not, could not cease; a wilderness was to be subdued, and who was more rugged for the task than a sailor who had weathered many storms?

In looking back some centuries, I plainly see Rome organizing for the conquest of the world; Assyria in her palmy days, and the once powerful monarchy of Persia then boasting of her progress, but now virtually blotted out, and the aged European kingdoms putting on airs of greatness. America's new world, with its factories, railroads, canals, schools, colleges, and churches, her genius and enterprise tower above their boasted greatness.

The Old World has its Thames and its Volga, but it has no Mississippi or Amazon; it has its tame Hellespont, but it has no Niagara. It has its Bosphorus, but it has no Gulf of Mexico. It has its Alps and its Caucasus, but it has no Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada. It has its haughty, fiery Vesuvius, but it has no Bunker Hill.

Progress, civilization, and commerce had their birth in India. It slowly rolled into Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, then more slowly found its way into Spain and England; then it floated westward on the ocean's waves to Plymouth Rock. It did not long linger amongst the scrub oaks and the barren soil of New England, but rolled its way with increased momentum westward, and leaped the rapid-moving floods of the Mississippi,

where Sailor I stood by to lend a hand to help it roll in its westward course, and saw it create seven States or Territories west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains range; those Rocky Mountains did not prove a barrier to its progress; it reached the upper timber line, not to tarry, but to leap over their snow-capped summits to continue its roll upon the far westward plains to plant its commerce and civilization on the coast of the Pacific.

As a witness I must record from my diary early westward progress. In the forties Illinois and Iowa had no railroads, but they were coming in use in the Eastern States, and I knew that they were necessary to develop and build up the West. I went to work at the onset entirely alone to raise stock to build a railroad between Rock Island and Chicago, in Illinois, a distance of 181 miles. I worked constantly and hard, neglecting my individual interests. I had in December, 1842, and in January, 1843, made a survey for a railroad bridge across the Mississippi River and on west to the Cedar River, at my own cost, and published my report, which is now before me. After this survey I never ceased action until the railroad and the bridge were in successful operation.

Time's clock recorded fifty-six years when the editor of a historical journal requested information respecting world-building, which Sailor I gave him as follows to place on his record.

“PIONEER BRIDGE—IT WAS FIRST CROSSED FORTY-TWO YEARS
AGO.

“*An Interesting Historical Story Written for the ‘Democrat’ by Hon. A. C. Fulton—Ceremonies Attending the Laying of the Corner Stone.*

“DAVENPORT, January 29. [Editor of the Davenport ‘Democrat.’] Some time ago you requested my knowledge of the erection of the first bridge to span the great Mississippi River, the western abutment of which rested on the river's bank in Davenport's sixth ward.

"I have since my then report to you unearthed my notes respecting that pioneer bridge, which I desire to place on your records for future generations.

"I could give you, and the world, an extended history of this great and historic structure from its incipiency on down to its useful life and removal, but as I would be compelled to name self, modesty forbids the act.

"Yesterday was fifty-six years and one month since the sounding rod was used to reach the river's rock bottom, and the compass gave the bearings for the proposed bridge, and soon thereafter a report of the result was published, and the undertaking advocated off of the platform of the ancient schoolhouse located on Harrison Street, where now stands the City Hall. A few of Davenport's citizens now living were listeners to the schoolhouse pleadings. The iron horse reached the eastern shore of the Mississippi at Rock Island on February 22, 1854, and there waited for the link that was to connect Iowa with the Atlantic Ocean, and give it a path to the Pacific.

"The Mississippi Railroad Bridge Company was organized in 1853, Henry Farnam chief engineer and president.

"The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the structure took place on September 1, 1854. Joseph Knox, Esq., of Rock Island delivered an address, followed by the applause of his audience, to be echoed back by the timbered bluffs of the Illinois shore.

"John Warner of Rock Island had commenced the stonework on the river piers in January, 1854. And during the same month Stone & Boomer of Chicago, and Boyington of Davenport, were at work on the woodwork. The river portion of the bridge rested on five stone piers 7 feet wide at the top by 35 feet in length, and running from 35 to 39 feet in height. Each pier rested on solid rock bottom. There were also two abutment piers 30 feet in height. The draw-pier was 32 feet in diameter at the top, and was flanked by a crib of hewn timber, 350 feet in length by 40 feet wide, filled in with stone. The turn-table was 285 feet in length, and on each side of it was a clear channel of 120 feet in

width. Each span was 250 feet in length, and the bridge was 1582 feet in length. There was a little over 1,000,000 feet of timber, 220,000 pounds of cast-iron, and 400,000 pounds of wrought-iron in the structure. The secretary of the company reported the cost of the bridge to be \$350,000.

"The draw for the river's commerce was first swung open on April 9, 1856, and on April 21, 1856, at 7 o'clock P. M., the locomotive Des Moines entered Iowa by the Mississippi's first bridge, and passenger and freight trains have followed in the wake of this pioneer locomotive Des Moines up to this date, January 29, 1898.

"Respectfully Yours,

"A. C. FULTON."

Whilst this great work was in progress in Illinois, I conceived the idea to petition the General Government for a grant of land extending across the State of Iowa from Davenport to Council Bluffs, and after long and hard work the land was granted, and everybody and their friends stepped in because a certainty appeared in sight. A contract was let to build the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad, and on the first day of September, 1853, with great *éclat*, the ground was broken and the first tie was laid by the half aborigine, the far-famed and worthy Mr. Antoine Le Claire, and A. C. Fulton was marshal of the day, and 320 miles of first-class railroad was constructed, and it is now, in 1896, operated and is one of Iowa's leading railroads.

During my long and arduous labor and journeys for months through sparsely settled frontier Iowa to procure memorials to Congress for this grant of land to create a railroad between the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers on a westward line from the city of Davenport, and to pick up subscriptions of stock toward building the road, I encountered many rough seas and foaming breakers that would require a great many pages to recite, the most formidable of which came in the form of a talented and energetic gentleman from Ireland, a Mr. O'Connor, an attorney at law whom the good people of the prosperous and then great commercial city of Muscatine, once Bloomington, employed to inter-

cept and block my proceedings unless I would insert in my subscription lists and in my memorials to Congress, the words "from or via Muscatine," as they claimed that a railroad running near and north of their city would sound their death-knell as a commercial city, but the renowned and talented attorney, Mr. O'Connor, had been raised in a bandbox, and had never been a sailor, or even rested on a canebrake couch, or been tossed by boisterous waves, and could not travel in darkness and storms. Even with his high-bred and fleet team of two well-groomed blacks he could not keep pace with my scrub Kentucky bay, that from my action well knew that a race for a purse, not of thousands, but of millions was the stake, and was willing to hastily journey over bleak prairie oceans, wade through the miry sloughs and hunt its course through the untraveled timber during storms and tempests. The consequence was that the good speaker, Mr. O'Connor, could not keep up in the procession to attend the previously called meetings day after day, and night after night, in the many and widely spread towns and villages, and when he did the records and the results bore witness that Sailor I, who knew the ropes and could sail a ship, got over one hundred signatures to his ten, and ten shares of stock subscribed to his one; those facts I have on my diary, and they are known by hundreds.

Oh, how hard did I work alone, and paid all my expenses! For a long season the well-paid Mr. O'Connor and self were the sole workers in the railroad field. The good and talented Mr. O'Connor, although he and his friends preferred no railroad at all if it had to occupy my line, was of great value in the undertaking; he advanced and opened up public interest in the enterprise and schooled Sailor I, for he was a good teacher, but he taught with great severity.

Had the railroad pioneer, Lawyer O'Connor, been successful in his resolute campaign, Davenport would have been stricken from Iowa's map and records as a city, and be classed with the once historic Rockingham of Scott County, Iowa.

I must take from my diary and place on this record two of the many, a great many occurrences that took place during my

voyages to place Iowa on the trail to greatness. I had a meeting on the railroad subject called at the city of Tipton, the county seat of Cedar County, Iowa, and although Tipton was not on the proposed railroad line, the enterprising people felt a great interest in a railroad that would bring Chicago and New York westward, and they were friendly and willing to support a road that would accomplish the object.

This meeting was to take place at their courthouse of an afternoon, but on my journey on the open prairie, with no well-traveled roads, in crossing a washout, my good horse missed stays and capsized the buggy, breaking a shaft; no habitation in sight; a sad plight to be in, but the tops of the trees of a small grove some two miles distant appeared rising above the prairie's surface; I secured my horse to the disabled buggy, and on the double-quick marched to the distant grove; I went aloft of one of the hickory trees, and with my keen knife amputated two of the slender limbs which I lashed with my bridle reins to the shaft, and made it secure and safe, and I reached Tipton two hours before meeting time. I drove around and through the town with a large poster tacked to each side of my crippled buggy; on the posters was printed "a railroad meeting at the courthouse at two o'clock." This extraordinary exhibit attracted the attention of everybody and their wives. I placed my tired and hungry horse in a stable before a good supply of oats and hay, and hastened to the courthouse, for I had been informed that a State council of the Methodist Church had possession of that edifice.

When I reached the courtroom the presiding officer was putting the question of adjourning to meet at 2 o'clock P. M., the very same hour of my meeting. I hastened through the solemn assembly up to the altar platform, and requested the presiding officer to call a halt, which was an unnecessary proceeding as I had already called a halt and a sensation through my hasty and earnest talk with their presiding officer. I stated to the officer and the meeting that I had called a railroad meeting at the hour to which they had adjourned, not knowing that they were in session, and that I had driven over the town and given notice of the railroad

meeting. The kind official stated the situation to his brothers, for so he called them, and proposed, as they were through with the important questions of the session, and many of the distant members were to depart for their homes, he would suggest that they surrender the courthouse to the stranger, and wind up their session in the schoolhouse; all hands by a rising vote gave their sanction, and I thanked the august assembly by using some choice and appropriate words that I had picked up from sailor Sapoles.

Two o'clock and a large assembly of people arrived, amongst whom were many of the church delegates, and also Lawyer O'Connor, who had skipped the little Rochester meeting to make his presence sure at Tipton. Mr. O'Connor was awarded the floor; he made a long and learned talk against Sailor I and my railroad—even said that I rushed through the town with a third-class plowhorse and a crippled buggy, blowing a tin horn, and railroad bills nailed to my buggy and flapping in the air, but at the eleventh hour my say on the railroad subject came, and I in a plain way, with some figures mingled with words, presented to the savants of Cedar County my position and my railroad line, together with the benefits to be derived from a railroad passing through Iowa on its westward course to the Pacific Ocean.

When the lists were opened for signatures to the petitions to Congress on the two separate lines of roads, I counted at the rate of twenty to one in my favor. Hundreds of witnesses of those early railroad days must yet walk the earth as witnesses of those then important acts.

I must take from my diary a second act of mishap, and place it on this my record of a life's voyage. I was journeying to the Raccoon Forks of the Des Moines River to ascertain the practicability and the cost of bridging that river, and to view the intervening section of my line. Night's darkness intercepted and spread over me; I lost the dim road, and no North Star was out to give me the compass points of my journey, and all of a sudden my horse stopped before a fence, an unpleasant situation. I took a larboard tack, but goodness! within some thirty minutes

I struck a second fence. I knew that something was out of joint, and landed to find that I was on the inside of a stubble field, and had struck its various fences. In looking for an outlet I discovered a vast pile of thrashed wheat straw, which I considered a lucky find, as darkness was on its increase. It was not a cold night, yet a chilly northwest wind was on its journey. I selected a strategical corner of the straw pile, ran up my buggy in position, and piled up straw against and under it so as to form a rampart between my horse and the wind; the horse went to work eating the straw, and I dug a trench down into the straw, and took shelter and slept in it until I heard the prairie chickens cooing the approaching morning, when I departed from the large wheat-stubble field by the open passage through which I had entered in the darkness and resumed my journey to the Raccoon Forks of the Des Moines River.

The well and extensively known pioneer, Mr. J. M. Eldridge, on February 2, 1884, wrote the Davenport "Gazette," respecting his early travels and the infancy of railroads in the Far West, which I have to place on my record, as I have the "Gazette" of that day before me, and it embraces an act within a life's voyage.

Mr. Eldridge is a man of worth, a world-builder, and of more value to the world than a score of loud-talking politicians, who destroy columns of space in the daily journals and tarnish the history of fame.

"A MOUNTAIN JOURNEY FOR THE FAR WEST EARLY RAILROAD
WORK—HENNEPIN CANAL.

" 'Editor of the "Gazette"':

" 'I observe an article in your late Forum headed "Wake Up," which calls to my mind early railroad talk and work, and we now greatly require a little of the same spirit. On my first journey to Davenport in 1845, I had to stage it over the rough and rugged mountain roads from Chambersburg, Pa., to Pittsburg; thence by river to Cincinnati, then by stage to Davenport. A few months thereafter I made a return journey East by way of the

Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Pittsburg, and over the mountains, which, after constant travel, occupied three full weeks. To journey, then, from the East to the Mississippi, was considered a far greater feat than to cross the Atlantic. I made a third of those long journeys on taking up my permanent residence in Iowa.

“ ‘When on my exploring visit here, I wandered one evening into an old frame schoolhouse on Harrison Street, where Mr. A. C. Fulton was earnestly speaking of his Mississippi River Bridge survey, and his examination of a railroad line to Chicago, and west to the Raccoon Forks of the Des Moines River, in 1842. He there declared that persons within the audience would live to see an iron band connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. Taking Mr. Fulton’s early thoughts and work, there is not the least doubt but that he is the first person that ever said Pacific Railroad.

“ ‘ ‘Mr. Fulton’s report of his survey was published in a Philadelphia journal in 1845, from which I make the following abstracts:

“ ‘ ‘ ‘There are several points where the Mississippi can be easily bridged, the most feasible of which is at Rock Island, where the river is narrower than it is at any other point between its mouth and the Falls of St. Anthony, with high rock banks and rock bottom, the channel of deep water, varying from 150 to 300 feet in width, no low or inundated lands in the vicinity.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘To reach this point through Illinois in any direction, by railroad, will require less grading for the same distance than any other route or section in the Union. Two-thirds of the distance across the State is now ready to receive the rails, nature having leveled the surface of the prairie.

“ ‘ ‘ ‘Westward you follow the divide between the Wapsipicon and the Cedar, until you reach 42° 30’, then cross the Cedar.”

“ ‘ ‘Then, 1842, St. Anthony and vicinity was a wilderness. Thereafter, in 1846, Mr. Fulton got up and personally circulated a memorial through Western Iowa requesting Congress to grant land to this railroad. The request was granted. This action and the forward progress of the Rock Island & Chicago railroad,

aroused the people, and a delegate convention was held at Iowa City on the 20th of February, 1850.

“ ‘The following delegates, with a home band of music, represented Scott County; A. H. Owens, A. C. Fulton, W. Barrows, Dr. White, T. D. Eagle, Jno. M. Eldridge, C. M. Peck, Jno. Robinson, A. H. Davenport, E. Cook, J. Parker, Judge Grant, Judge Mitchell, Dr. Witherwax, John Forrest, J. L. Center, Harvey Leonard, Lyman Carpenter, R. Christy, A. Sanders. Three-fourths of these veterans are now within the tomb.

“ ‘There were many conflicting interests in locating a line, and a royal hot and lively contest took place during two days’ and one night’s session. Muscatine was among the dissatisfied. She had a delegation of eighty men, many of them men of eminence, of whom I will mention: Judge Williams, Attorneys Wicher, Butler, and O’Connor.

“ ‘By common consent Mr. A. C. Fulton was pitted against the opposition. To shorten up, I will quote from that week’s “Democratic Banner:”

“ ‘“A move was made to deprive the delegates of Moscow and adjoining townships of their seats. Mr. A. C. Fulton defended their rights and contended that they were duly appointed and gave evidence of the whole procedure. They were admitted.”

“ ‘The “Gazette” of that day reports that the opposition endeavored to discredit and throw out a map that Mr. Fulton had prepared, alleging that it did not correctly represent the rivers or the land. Mr. Fulton put and held them on the defensive. The map was adjudged to be correct. In the “Gazette” of March 7, and the “Democratic Banner” of the same week, I find the following mention:

“ ‘“Mr. Fulton: We believe it was admitted that this gentleman made the best practical address which was delivered before the railroad convention. He is a practical business man, and one of untiring industry and perseverance. We are sorry, however, to see his great zeal and the services which he has rendered toward the proposed Davenport & Council Bluffs Railroad, made subject of abuse in the last Muscatine papers and the appli-

cation of a blackguard phrase, which we are sorry to see applied to any man of his zeal in this cause.—'Capital Reporter.' "

" "This is followed with due credit to Mr. Fulton by both our home papers. He did well in a large and talented convention representing sixteen counties.

" "On my journey to this convention I lost, through death, a \$150 horse, and I am now patiently waiting for a dividend on the investment.

" "Before I close, I desire to urge the entire people of the Northwest to unite and push to completion the Hennepin Canal, which, through cheapening transportation, must benefit every portion of the West, yes, and of the East.

" "J. M. ELDRIDGE.

" "Davenport, February 2, 1884.' "

I desire, in connection with Mr. Eldridge's report, to say that the naming of the railroad was in order. Sailor I moved to call it the Davenport & Pacific; the opposition voted it down; I then proposed the Davenport & Missouri; this was voted down; then I proposed to call it the Davenport & Council Bluffs; voted down; then I proposed the Mississippi & Missouri; the opposition agreed to this name for Iowa's first railroad.

It soon became evident that the construction of the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad was of great benefit to all within its reach and beyond, as it brought the Eastern and the Southern markets much nearer to the business and the farms of the people of Iowa.

There was a vast district of land located between Davenport, Ia., and St. Paul in Minnesota, that lacked market facilities, and which could be reached by a railroad at a reasonable cost.

As a sailor and a frontier pioneer, I considered it my duty to bring the markets of the world within the reach of this fertile land. On the 7th of April, 1867, I alone and on foot, at a quick pace, traversed the river's windings, east from the foot of Perry Street, in Davenport, Ia., until I struck a flowing rivulet within a wide ravine running northward, a few rods west of the Jersey Plank Road in East Davenport. I followed this ravine north-

ward, and west of the Orphans' Home into the valley of Goose Creek, east of Pine Hill Cemetery; thence northward to where now stands the flourishing village of Eldridge; when a fast-receding sun told me to retreat for night quarters at my home in Davenport, greatly elated and my spirits at a premium through the success of the first day's work ever performed on the Davenport & St. Paul Railroad, now known as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

On the morrow I called on Mr. L. F. Parker, a gentleman that felt an interest in all public enterprises, and told him that I had made an examination and found what I considered a feasible and cheap outlet for a railroad toward the North, and requested him to journey with me over a portion of my proposed line to investigate; he consented and I procured a team, and we examined an additional twenty miles, our driver using the roads whilst we walked the line over sloughs, climbing fences and wading creeks. We found all this distance to be desirable for a railroad; this was the second day's work that produced a railroad for Iowa. I on the following day drew up a stock subscription list, headed it with fifty shares of stock, making five thousand dollars, an awfully large sum of money for a Sailor I; then went on the streets, intercepted merchants, visited stores and factories, and in a few days ran it up to fifty-four thousand dollars, a very small sum to speak of in railroad-building, yet it was a start, and Mr. Miller of the firm of Beiderbecke & Miller went with me into the first ward of the city, to endeavor to increase the stock list, but procuring railroad stock in the large and populous first ward of Davenport was an up-grade exertion, for after a thorough, urgent, and close canvass of the ward, the stock lists now bear witness that the whole ward's number of shares of stock to create a railroad fell five shares short of the number subscribed and paid for by the small shareholder, Sailor I, and my unpaid-for labor was of double the value of my stock.

Then again, by individual exertion, in a few weeks I secured over eighty thousand dollars; after this showing a large number of citizens entered onto the work, and in their zeal and activity

outstripped Sailor I, and to keep up in the procession I had to increase my subscription to sixty-two hundred dollars or sixty-two shares of stock, which I now retain, but it is of less value than the paper that exhibits the words, figures, and the president's signature. The sheriff, after my long and hard work, sold the road to the bondholders, and the stock was rendered worthless.

The charter for the Davenport & St. Paul Railroad Company was not placed on record until February 5, 1869, after interior counties took an interest in the undertaking and increased the stock list, to give value to a charter when placed on record.

This road had many difficulties to contend with, most all growing out of a lack of funds to shovel earth with and the greed of citizens for exorbitant pay for damages and right of way. The road was run from a northern connecting railroad to the south side of Pine Hill Cemetery, where it slumbered some months; then it was branched off on a temporary line to the north beach of Duck Creek, near two miles from Davenport City, and opened up to commerce, and the shippers had to pay more to haul their goods over those two miles, especially when the roads were wet and slushy, than they paid to the railroad for twenty miles, and the passengers dreaded those two miles more than forty on the road. This was considered a sad state of affairs, and hundreds of persons, on the line of the road, as well as in the cities, felt sad and complained of the situation, but were told that to bring the railroad in from Pine Hill to the proposed river station, on account of the nature of the ground, and the expensive but unknown right of way and damages, made the undertaking impossible. I told the people through the press, and the board of trade in session, that a careful estimate of the cost should be made by surveys, and an estimate of the right of way; upon this recommendation Mr. Jacob M. Eldridge and self were appointed by the board of trade, at a citizens' meeting on the 10th of December, 1873, to make surveys, measurements of cuts and fills, and river-water fill, with riprap; the bridging, piling, culverts, and the demands for damages for the right of way. Mr. Eldridge was

called off to other business, and as it was but one man's task, Sailor I employed men and performed the duty at my own cost, and on January 2, 1874, reported the cost of each class of work and section of the line, which report was that day published in the Davenport City journals; one of those journals containing my report is now before me. I proposed to perform the work and extend the line to its proposed destination at Warren Street, Davenport, at my estimated cost; this estimate of the cost of construction and right of way was sent to the bondholders by Receiver Mr. John E. Henry, and they immediately proposed to complete the road into the city if the people of the city would give them the right of way; this right of way was a stumbling block that caused division and contention even to the courts; some to curtail expenses and secure the road proposed to cross or use a portion of East Front Street; Sailor I, although poor and hard pushed for funds, considered general prosperity to be my best outlet from adversity. I as an advocate of railroads, and using the streets if necessary to secure them, notwithstanding I had a larger property interest on that street than any other individual, I was willing to risk the sacrifice, and contended that if we had to surrender every street in the city to various railroads, that then we would possess a city of great value; that we would have a Venice, with canals of iron and gondola cars propelled by steam and electricity.

The facts were that a majority of the City Council claimed that railroads were of small value, an unnecessary luxury, and many of just that class of men pushed themselves into office, especially in Western towns and cities. Many very poor samples of humanity, by the use of the political toboggan, slide into office through the force of circumstances, some of whom are not even on the tax books, to disburse hundreds of thousands of dollars—men that the very journals and voters that champion them never did and never will place twenty dollars in their hands to invest or manage for them, but such men by some are considered fitted to govern. When the bondholders, engineers, and expert accountants completed their work and estimates of this work,

they found the report of the cost presented by Sailor I to be strictly correct.

I paid all laboring men then and previously \$1.75 per day, which was, according to their report, \$1.50 per day more than the wages that they had received for twelve hours' work in Ireland and Germany, or just as much for one day's work in America as they received for seven days' work in their European homes. I paid stone masons then and previously \$3 per day, and those mechanics informed me that this was \$2.25 more per day than they had received for twelve hours' like work in Europe; but we did not waste our lives by working on slothful pauper time of eight hours per day, but eleven hours, and payments made every Monday, and almost every workman I employed procured a good home, and many became rich men whom I could here name.

Good reader, you will observe that the above-mentioned wages are greatly in excess of my once pay of \$16 per month, and twelve up to twenty-four hours' work in storm and tempests, sometimes payable at the end of three or four months.

With this \$16 per month I got a good start to give work and food to many hundreds.

My exhibit here clearly shows that the wages of the foreigner are increased more than thrice in America, yet observation and the unbiased journals of the day clearly prove them to be the disaffected class; this was self-evident in the horrors of the Pittsburg strike, the destruction of the property of the industrious and worthy, and the many murders that followed. The same class, the destructive and murderous crew that a Debs and a Sovereign sneakingly and traitorously hissed on from their ambush to despoil and murder their superiors whom they envied; it is this class of bad, designing men, traitors to the good of the country that they owe allegiance to. They injured Chicago and the whole State of Illinois by their murders, and wrecking property and by disorganizing business deprived hundreds of their daily bread; but what cares a Debs or a Sovereign and their walking gentlemen who live and fatten on the distress of others, and the Chicago Haymarket bomb-throwing murderers were of the

same undesirable class—a class to be greatly feared. Those bomb-throwers, like other thousands of foreigners in America, are unfitted to live under a republican form of government, a form that even the educated, enlightened, and well-meaning Europeans do not, cannot, appreciate and understand. This is self-evident in every quarter and at all times.

American banks and individuals to aid and support their Government and country gather up their gold and send it to Grover Cleveland, a President elected by the foreign voters. The next day foreign Jews and other foreigners to make a fraction of a cent, and to help their home and country, draw it from out of the Washington Treasury, and dispatch it to their European homes of sympathy.

On the 9th of August, 1894, at a period when the tyrant Strike was in power, and was wielding his blighting and destructive scepter to cripple and destroy all enterprise, the Davenport “Tribune” published as here follows, which I must place on my record of a life’s voyage:

“A DAVENPORTER COMPLIMENTED.

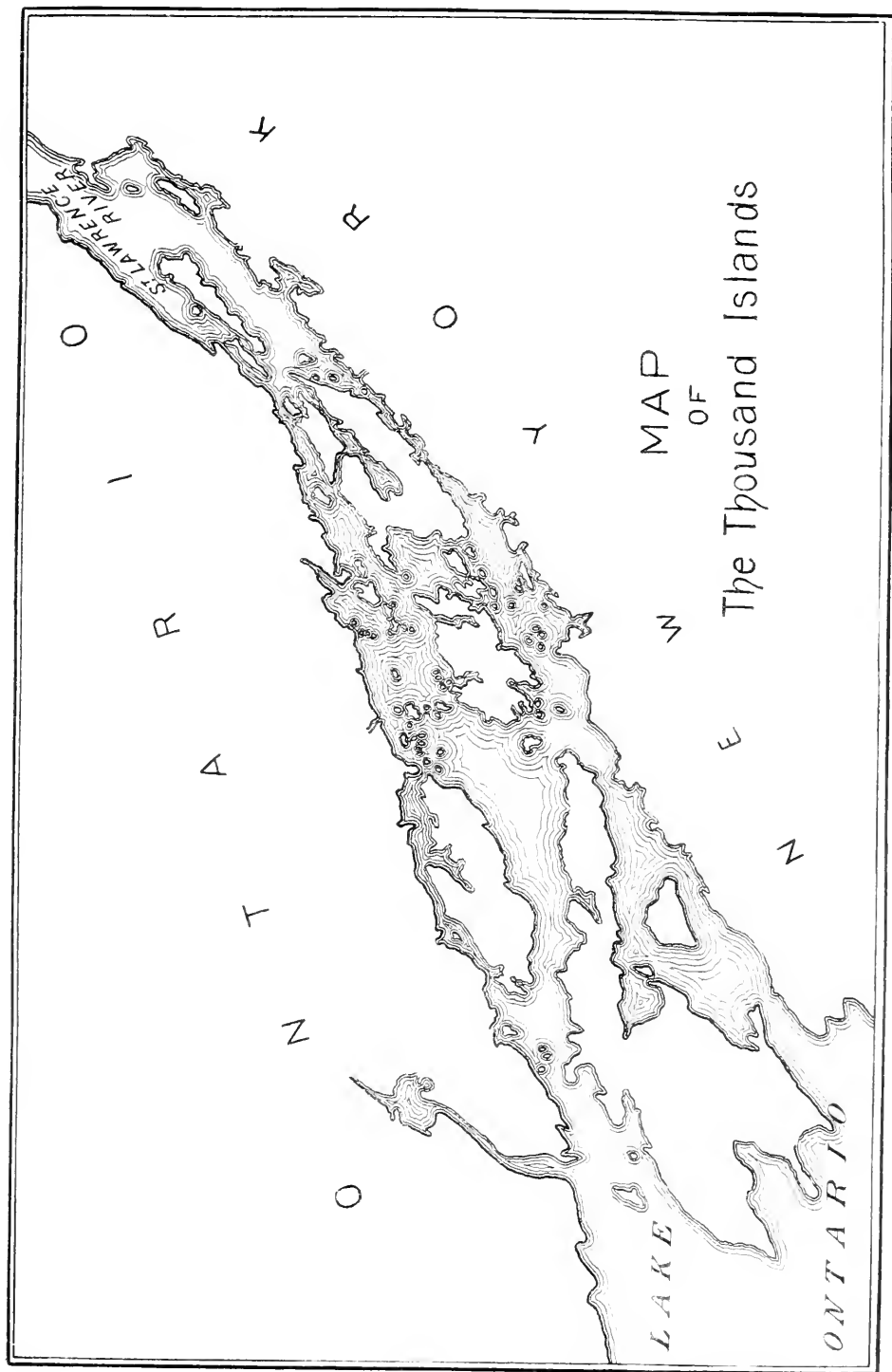
“*The Strikes of 1875, ’83, ’94—Investigating Committees—Huge Report of 1883—Honors Easy with A. C. Fulton—His Old ‘Gazette’ Letters.*

“With the memory so fresh of the late Pullman sympathetic strikes, with the horrors of human life lost, immense destruction of property, and disastrous effects on business and commerce, many seem to forget that we have ever before suffered from strikes anything so terrible, and probably equally unjustifiable in their origin. The *Tribune* recently awakened the memory of some of its older readers to the strikes of 1875, which far surpassed those of this year in the loss of life,—over one hundred persons in a single night,—and immeasurably greater destruction of property. In 1883 there were strikes of coal miners, railroad employees, telegraph operators, etc., more disturbing to great business interests than those of to-day. They were so serious

and widespread as to call the attention of Congress, and resulted in the appointment of a Senate committee to investigate the causes and, if possible, to recommend such legislation as might prevent the recurrence of such calamities. This committee was composed of nine Senators, representing as many States, but Iowa was not one of them. In the same way, at the practical close of the strikes of 1894, has the attention of Congress been given to these disturbances, and the President authorized to appoint, which has been done, a committee to thoroughly investigate the strikes, the causes of them, the accompaniments of violence, etc., and finally to make its recommendations or suggestions for legislative action, to provide for such security in the future as may be obtained, by arbitration or otherwise.

“The Senate Committee of 1883 called before it Jay Gould, railroad president; Powderly, the head of the K. of L.; and lesser lights in labor organizations, with a multitude of others, and received hundreds of communications by mail from both the invited and uninvited. In 1885 the committee published, and it was one of the most elaborate and exhausting reports ever made to the United States Senate. It was in five large volumes containing altogether over five thousand pages. The report comprised a full discussion of the labor and capital question then, just as it is now, attracting so much attention, with many facts bearing on the subject. The present committee would do well to examine this report, with its facts and figures, before proceeding to collate their own. It can obtain both information and useful suggestions for their own work.

“But this voluminous report gave singular credit or paid a high compliment to a citizen of Davenport, Mr. A. C. Fulton. August 1, 1883, in the midst of the strike excitement, the old ‘Gazette,’ a paper probably unknown to any member of the committee, opened a ‘parliament’ in its columns, where every citizen who had anything to write on the strikes, or labor and capital questions in connection, should be free to express his opinions, and the communications in response were numerous, and some of them peppery. At that time Mr. Fulton was confined to bed



from the effects of an old wound, and his physician was canvassing the necessity of amputating a limb, and even solicitous about saving his patient's life. Mr. Fulton, however, was so interested in the parliament discussions, that he determined to take a hand in it. In his diversified and really remarkable life, he had worked for \$16 a month and cut wood at fifty cents a cord, and, to use his own expression, 'had made money out of it,' so he probably thought he could write from his own hard experience with some intelligence on the labor and capital question, although short on the capital end. At all events, lying on his back, he wrote two letters for the 'Gazette,' covering this question. Here comes in the singular fact that, in all the huge volumes of the Senate Committee report, these two letters were the only ones extracted from newspapers and given in full, from among the thousands of letters and articles that were published by the press on the capital and labor question. They can be found in Vol. 2, pages 399, 400-1-2. It is strange and complimentary to Mr. Fulton that his letters should thus have been selected from all others, written by a very sick man, and published in a little Iowa paper, comparatively obscure from its influence, and location in a small city so far away from the nation's capital. Yet they are plain, practical articles, written from a man's own experience in part, and with no rhetorical flourish, but the gist, the boiled-down substance, of what a more fluent writer might have occupied columns in saying with less effect. They were, perhaps, precisely what the committee wanted as materially assisting their work in solving the capital and labor problem.

"In giving these facts relating to Mr. Fulton's receiving a distinguished honor in its way, we only give significance at this late day to what has not been published before, yet is well to be known as a tribute to a citizen of Davenport who yet lives with us."

As a portion of a life's voyage I have to here record the two letters of Sailor I to the Davenport "Gazette," and which the Senate Committee of Nine published in their report to Congress in 1885.

“ THE COMMON SENSE OF THE MATTER.

“ DAVENPORT, August 4, 1883.

“ Editor of the ‘ Gazette ’:

“ If cutting cord-wood for a living at fifty cents per cord, and working in the field thirteen hours at fifty cents per day, and saving a portion of the pay, and having been threatened and snubbed because I refused to join in a strike constitutes a laborer, then I am entitled to enter the ‘ Gazette’s ’ Parliament.

“ The experience of centuries prove that the quantity on hand and the demand, whether of wheat or labor, controls the price. A corner in wheat or a strike in labor may create an unhealthy and temporary rise, to be followed by a corresponding or greater depression. But, independent of a scarcity or a demand for labor, there is a humanity and right that should have an influence on capital and the employer in directing their sympathy and influence in behalf of the more needy and dependent of the working classes. There are a numerous class who merit the influence and sympathy of their employers, the people, and the press, far more than do the Chicago bricklayers who received \$3 and \$3.50 per day, and demanded \$4 and \$4.50 per day or strike, or the wire-ticklers who, according to the press, received from \$45 to \$85 per month, and demanded that it should be nearly doubled.

“ I refer to the laborer who receives only from \$1 up to \$1.50 per day, and the men and boys in the various mills and factories, many of whom work at piece work and who have to work from early morn until night at race-horse speed, never ceasing, to earn 60 cents to \$1 per day. I also refer to the widowed mother, and the sewing girl of the attic and the garret, who ekes out a miserable existence making drawers, undergarments and overalls, at 6 to 12 cents per pair, and pantaloons at 30 to 80 cents per pair.

“ I solicit the press, as soon as it rights the wrongs of the ‘ Brotherhood,’ to extend its columns and sympathy to the neglected, weak, and oppressed Sisterhood. No doubt the telegraph companies could and should have increased the pay of their forces, and perhaps a small advance at an early day would have

prevented the present embargo. But to establish an eight-hour system would be of more injury than benefit to the people as a nation. Life is too short to use but one-third of our working years in building up the world and keeping it in repair. Mills, factories, and farms cannot be run on eight hours out of the twenty-four, nor could they maintain a shift of hands; it might please the wire-ticklers, but it would be baneful to the general good.

"A combination of proprietors to raise the price of commodities or provisions beyond their real value is an act of injustice to the people, and cannot come within that good rule of doing unto others as you would desire others to do unto you.

"Capital and labor to succeed must act in harmony. Their interests are mutual. When I speak of capital I do not mean the mere dollars and cents that an individual or company may possess, but also the credit that they possess, which is more potent than the dollars and cents, and this credit is of value to labor, as it extends business and creates a demand for labor.

"Many persons and journals are crying, 'give us cheap goods, cheap commodities,' but those same parties strenuously object to the people and authorities putting all their force to work to produce those cheap goods. They declare that the convicts throughout the Union must not labor but must be supported in idleness by a working people, because the convicts produce cheap goods. Right and justice say, 'Feed the convicts well and put them to work to the best advantage to produce cheap goods; then they will be useful to the State, enjoy good health, and return to liberty with a good trade.'

"If the sole object of a portion of the press and the numerous societies is to raise wages, all that is necessary to do, gentlemen, is to amend the Chinese bill so as to include all European immigrants, and as the various orders of workmen prohibit teaching apprentices, wages will go up to the upper notch, as Dennis Kearney asserts they have on the Pacific slope. This act would be far less atrocious than massacring those who refused to enter the Pittsburg strike.

“ To demand an increase of pay, or exorbitant pay, is right and proper; to abandon work at pleasure is also proper. But the despot ‘ strike ’ is not content with enjoying those rights and privileges. No, the tyrant must constitute itself a Legislature to enact laws for others and create a Court and appoint a head-center to act as Judge, Jury, and Clerk of the Court to decree who shall teach apprentices and who shall not, and who shall labor and who shall not. And should the unhallowed decrees of this court be disobeyed, the club, the boot heel, the shot-gun, and revolver are freely used to pierce, to bruise, and slay the body of him who was created in the image of the living God. And this scourging and death because the poor victim dared attempt to earn bread for his wife and little ones. A. C. F.”

Editor Russell said:

“ In writing from his sick room, to which he has been confined for five weeks past, the contribution for the ‘ Gazette’s ’ Labor Parliament, printed this morning from his pen, Mr. A. C. Fulton added a private note to the editor to say: ‘ As I want something to rest my mind from thoughts of my sickness and pain, I write for the old “ Gazette.” Goodness! what I have learned in forty-one years from the “ Gazette.” Without it there would be many a blank in memory and life.’ Doubtless, and of course. But, the ‘ Gazette ’ has also been a debtor to Mr. Fulton. Many, indeed, have been the else overlooked fact, or forgotten history, to which that indefatigable friend of Davenport has aided editors and reporters. Blessings from the press upon the heads of such laborers.”

Second letter (I have here in New York the originals as used by the committee):

“ CAPITAL AS A HELPER TO LABOR.

“ ‘ Editor of the “ Gazette ”: I appear in the “ Gazette ” Parliament to take up the labor and capital question where I left it in

my article published in your issue of the 5th, which article on account of my modesty I issued over the initials A. F. I will endeavor to speak plain and give facts.

“ ‘There is a very perceptible and growing disposition on the part of the socialists, strikers, and no small portion of the press to envy, rail, and rant against moneyed men and moneyed institutions. At the same time there is not one of those persons that desires to emigrate to a country, or locate in a city or village, where all are as poor or poorer than themselves. They possess an instinct that tells them that to procure a living or wealth they must locate where wealth abounds. They who create or accumulate wealth are the garners of Egypt from which we draw in time of need. They can and do supply the wants of the destitute, and have built up the most valuable and important institutions of our country. If space permitted I could name hundreds of wealthy philanthropists. I will mention the wealthy banker, Mr. Peabody, who bestowed millions on useful and lasting institutions in both England and America. I will also mention Stephen Girard, who was in his day the most wealthy man in the Union. He for years sheltered, clothed, and fed hundreds of the poor and needy, while also making provision for and had erected the most gigantic and grand combination of college and resident buildings that this Union can boast of, wherein thousands of youths have been clothed, fed, and educated, and an ample income provided to keep up this unequaled institution to the end of time. Let us for a moment come to our own city and look at the Griswold College and grounds, procured from the garners of Eastern millionaires. Very soon, too, thirty thousand dollars more will arrive toward establishing a college for young ladies in Davenport.

“ ‘I have conversed with many strikers, and the prevailing opinion seems to be that to succeed in a strike will immediately put a surplus in their pockets. After succeeding, they will find that they who do not save a few dimes per week out of fair wages will not save a few out of the larger sum. Mechanics, artisans, and laborers must learn that it is not the \$9 or the \$30

per week that we receive and spend that counts in sickness or old age, but the \$1 that we save.

“‘ As evidence I will name a few instances in Davenport. I could name many of the dollar-saving people. Some years ago Mr. Keyser, a Swede, a rough carpenter with a family, came to Davenport with \$4 on hand. He worked for a small capitalist with a large credit, who built for himself to rent or sell. Mr. Keyser at first received \$1.75 per day, which was in time increased. His employer assisted him in purchasing a home; he saved, and built several small houses, and within eleven years sold out and purchased a large and well-stocked farm in Kansas for \$8000 cash. During this same period a Prussian laborer, John Litze, arrived with his family of five and a few dollars. He went to work for the same capitalist, and is now working on his twenty-eighth year with his first employer, who purchased for him the half block on Ripley and Thirteenth streets, where he has two fine dwellings, and one of Davenport's best physicians is his tenant. He has raised his family and is clear of debt, and \$10,000 will not purchase John Litze's possessions. The question is, did those workingmen build up the capitalist, or did the capitalist build up the workingmen to independence? Or were the benefits mutual? In no other country on the globe could those men have settled and reached their present independent position.

“‘ Discontented workmen and the journals that encourage their discontent cry “bloated merchant,” “mammoth factory,” etc. They do not examine the small beginning, the economy and years of toil that produced those mammoth factories. Envious mortals, go with me to the vast locomotive works of Baldwin in Philadelphia, look back through the years of the past to their conception, and you will see a pale-faced boy of seventeen learning to turn iron; then the same boy, as the inventor of a valuable and now extensively used engraving instrument; then comes in its order acres of costly workshops, with a network of machinery, the motion of which causes your head to swim, and the product of which is this day benefiting the inhabitants of every

quarter of the civilized world. Hark! the bell taps the hour to cease work. Count, if you can, the hundreds of workmen that depart from this vast hive of industry! Messieurs journals and discontented strikers and socialists, do you envy the pale-faced boy, and claim a portion of his extensive possessions?

“ ‘ There can be a wrong in trivial acts, even in cutting a telegraph wire that is the property of another. Suppose a man in early spring places a grain of corn within the earth; it springs up, he hoes and waters the growing stock, and looks with pleasure toward early autumn, when he shall feast upon the ear it bears; but when autumn comes, a man slips in and steals the ear of corn and eats it. Would you not consider him a very mean man thus to steal the product of another’s industry?

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.

“ ‘ Davenport, Ia., August 11, 1883.’ ”

Sailor I, with great reluctance, have to say that I am the small capitalist who purchased for Mr. Keyser valuable property on East Second Street, Davenport, and gave him his own time to pay for it in work; and in the mean time supported his family; and purchased for Mr. Litze a valuable half block, near the city’s center, from Mr. Charles Watkins of Denver, and gave Mr. Litze many years to pay for it, and gave him many hundreds of dollars to live on, and also to give one of his sons a college education for the ministry, a station that he now with credit fills.

I aided not those alone, but many others to secure homes. Capital may possess qualities that its ignorant enemies have not the capacity to fathom.

I, in 1867, with others, chiefly of Rock Island, Ill., whilst I was yet engaged on the Iowa railroad improvements, I joined the work of creating the Peoria & Rock Island Railroad, and in addition to my work in raising stock, I took five shares of the stock, \$500, which the sheriff also took possession of, and I have my worthless evidence of being a stockholder to the extent of my ability in that railroad now before me; but the railroad is in operation and is of great value to the State and people of Illinois, and

gives employment with large wages to a great many persons. Most all of the Davenport subscribers to this Peoria railroad stock repudiated their contracts to pay, Sailor I never; I now have before me the ocular proof of payment in full, in the shape of a worthless stock certificate.

In 1881 I resolved to enter into the undertaking of creating the fifth railroad for Iowa and Davenport, and, if possible, to erect the second bridge over the Mississippi, and continue the iron road on to Pittsburg, Pa.

Oh, goodness! how long and hard did I work before a single man enlisted in the undertaking, and the Davenport Board of Trade of which I was a member, and before which I brought up the momentous undertaking, the board hastily vetoed the Pittsburg end of the line, a very injudicious act, as it was an injury to the Western section of the gigantic enterprise, and the board of trade at two of its sessions opposed the whole undertaking as a folly when looking at the then prospects, and the extent of railroad territory and the funds in sight or prospect. The board of trade in session stigmatized the undertaking as Fulton's project, as a Davenport journal of 1881, now before me, in reporting the proceedings of the board exhibits. This opposition, at the first session of the board on the subject, was unanimous with the single exception of Mr. Jacob M. Eldridge, its ex-president, a frontier nobleman of enterprise who erected buildings, opened vast farms, gave homes and bread to many, and was of more value to the world than forty big-feeling, easy-going, slipshod persons of the city, who were ever on the watch for something to turn up and to roll into their pockets. Finally the opposition to what they called "Fulton's folly" as a bluff appointed Sailor I as a committee of one to draft the railroad's articles of incorporation.

The duty was immediately entered on; I selected incorporators for the Davenport, Iowa & Dakota Railroad; drew up an elastic charter, and at my own cost, under the Iowa laws, recorded it at the State capital, and also in the county of Scott, on April 26, 1882, in book "C" of Corporations, at page 201. Under the original proposition to run the line East to meet the Pennsylvania

Railroad at Pittsburg, a second bridge across the Mississippi was necessary. In 1881 I procured instruments, sounding rods, chartered a boat and crew, and took soundings for a bridge at a large cost to my individual self, in biting zero weather; a bridge is now under construction at that point; I opened subscription lists for stock to the D. I. & D. Railroad. At this point many came forward with an energy and perseverance that caused me to be ashamed of my early feeble exertions. The first or Davenport section was built and is now operating into the city of Davenport.

To construct this railroad, home capital had to be depended on, and in addition to the small sums put into stock, Scott County voted a tax to aid the road, of which tax Sailor I, for self and for others who had no funds beyond a living, paid \$780, as the county collector's receipts now before me assert.

The day that this tax money was exhausted, and the energetic and enterprising contractors, Williams & Flynn, who sunk their all, their hard-earned all, came to a dead standstill for the want of funds to pay for provisions, and the further right of way to work on, before they could proceed one single rod with their work, on ground that they had been forbidden to enter on until some \$1800 was paid. To stop work one single half day would seal the fate of the road, as the Iron Mills agent and expert were that very hour on their way to inspect the quality and progress of the work and the financial situation of the company before they could enter into a contract to furnish some hundreds of miles of iron on the credit of the road; it was a critical moment for Iowa and the D. I. & D. Railroad.

Immediately on receiving information of the situation, I hastily called on a majority of the directors and a number of interested citizens, and strongly urged them to save the sinking ship; the reply was quick and positive: not one dollar more. I then hastened to the First National Bank of Davenport, and stated the urgent situation, and requested a loan of \$2000 on my note for ninety days. The bank's kind cashier, Mr. James Thompson, and its good officers after a few minutes' consultation took my

note and gave me the \$2000, and within thirty minutes of the time that I entered the bank, I had a fleet team and a trusty agent steering for the embargo ground with the relief funds. This \$2000 I received back, less the interest.

To continue the work and to secure iron for the first division, I proposed to be one of twenty to furnish \$100,000, each man to furnish \$5000. The twenty men came forward, and the money was furnished to the road in short order; my \$5000 did not require the time necessary to earn it, for I borrowed it at big interest; but alas! in the round-up of this \$5000 and its interest constantly paid up; not a very large sum for a Vanderbilt or a John Jacob Astor, who inherited their funds, and never worked at \$16 per month, to be called upon a tempestuous night to go aloft; it would to them, and perhaps to the good reader be a mere bagatelle, and you or the Astors might not complain, or even enter the transaction on your diary. The fact is that sly bucket-shop bankers crawled out of their dark, slimy holes, and with masked tongues entered my little office, No. 314 Perry Street, at early morning, to despoil me of over \$300 of the sum, and smiled at their good luck in securing the funds, and their escape from the lash that they well knew that they merited, and this sly act, after they, with crocodile tears in their eyes, had begged me not to place any of the stock on the New York market, and I had complied with their request. Such is fate; some men sink under the weight of toil and honesty, whilst others slide into notice and wealth through the strategy of words, or phoenix-like rise from the ashes of broken promises to pay.

My gratuitous work on this railroad embraced purchasing timber, employing men to make cords of stakes in front of No. 314 Perry Street, Davenport, Ia., which I teamed out on the first fifty miles of the preliminary survey at my own cost.

This, the Davenport, Iowa & Dakota Railroad, was hustled over to the possession of men of wealth by men of the same class, to the great wrong and injury of hard-working laborers and contractors. Upon the consummation of this great wrong, the Davenport "Daily Tribune" of December 4, 1890, a leading

journal which is now before me, published to the world as follows, and thousands cried "shame" on that act of great wrong:

" THE D. I. & D. TRANSFERRED.

"Williams & Flynn's Creditors Cut Off—One Dissenting Vote—A Crying Shame.

"Yesterday afternoon the directors of the D. I. & D. Railroad held a meeting for the purpose of transferring the road to the B. C. R. & N. President C. J. Ives of the B. C. R. & N. was present. The transfer was made but not by the unanimous action of the directory, A. C. Fulton alone voting against it. This deal cuts off all the creditors of Williams & Flynn, and they are numerous and many of them needy. Instead of transferring to the B. C. R. & N. the entire line for which the right of way has been secured and some of the grading done beyond the part now built, A. C. Fulton moved to quit-claim it to Williams & Flynn, but he was voted down. Mr. Ives made a few remarks on the subject and said that his company thought it was getting all and that he did not think they would agree to any such proposition. Mr. Fulton said that individually he would not be guilty of perpetrating such a great wrong and that he would never consent to join with others in doing so. The question was put and carried, however, and now the D. I. & D. is no more. The amount paid by the B. C. R. & N. is just about one-half what the road cost our Davenport capitalists, and now what have they? Davenport is now cut off forever from having a northwest road into Dakota—the one thing which our citizens desired above all others and the only consideration which induced them to vote the tax. The 'Tribune' is in favor of anything that will benefit Davenport; but up to date we are unable to see just how this deal will be of such great benefit. It is a well-known fact that the B. C. R. & N. is part of the Rock Island system, and it has been whispered pretty freely that the Rock Island was back of this deal and urging it forward. It

is a shame and disgrace that poor men who worked hard on the construction of the D. I. & D. are obliged to lose their hard-earned wages, the wealthy alone being benefited thereby. Let one of these men ask a favor of the road and they will be sneered at. It is time that this voting of a tax to build railroads be stopped. If a company is unable to build a road it should never begin the task."

I was a small stockholder in five steam railroads and in one horse railroad, and was a director in three of them, originated and examined the proposed location of all of them before they possessed a name, yet I never received one dollar for many years of services, or a single dollar as dividend; but sheriffs and lawyers and others did; nor did I ever receive par for a single share of stock ever sold by me, and the bulk that I ever owned is now before me, but worthless. Jay Gould would have called this building railroads under adverse circumstances.

I here place on my record the first intimation of the creation of the new crescent bridge of the Mississippi River as published in the Davenport "Gazette," in December, 1881.

"A communication appears in the 'Gazette' this morning from Mr. A. C. Fulton which will awaken a new interest in Davenport's future. It is a proposed railroad, and the name suggested is the Davenport, Sioux City & Pittsburg line. Mr. Fulton has given the subject no little attention, having spent money and time in making surveys for a proposed bridge between this city and Rock Island nearly a mile below the present government bridge. More railroads will help materially in developing this section of the State, and they are coming.

“ A NEW RAILROAD—THE DAVENPORT, SIOUX CITY & PITTSBURG
LINE.

“ *Surveys for a New Bridge Between Rock Island and This Place—
A Project Worth Working For.*

“ ‘ Editor of the “ Gazette ” :

“ ‘ Our city and county are not fully developed, and to develop them we must have more railroads.

“ ‘ Every twenty-five miles in width of territory will support a line of railroad and pay a fair dividend if water is kept out of the composition of its stock. In canvassing the matter we must aim at an Eastern connection. I will give my individual idea, and, no doubt, someone can improve on it. My idea would be to work up a line between Davenport and Pittsburg, and on westward, through Tipton and Marion to Sioux City. We must traverse territory unoccupied by railroads, except to cross and tap them where it will pay.

“ ‘ To accommodate this Davenport, Sioux City & Pittsburg line it will be advisable to erect a bridge across the Mississippi at the western end of the city. To ascertain the practicability of bridging at this point I proceeded in September last to plat the several islands and take their bearings and make soundings within the river, until high water stopped my operations. I this day procured proper sounding rods, chartered a boat and crew, and with an instrument kindly furnished me by Surveyor Murray, I again entered on the work by driving an abutment stake on the southern verge of Hall’s island, over which we erected a staff and nailed the American flag at its peak, where it now waves. From this stake we took a bearing south 19° west to the Rock Island shore, where we also planted a stake; having reconnoitered the territory eastward as far as Milan, in October, we proceeded to take soundings of the river, which we found far more favorable than we had anticipated. Basing our measurement at low water, we found—with the exception of the channel, which is

located near the Rock Island shore and is some 250 feet in width, with 10 feet of water—that the remainder of the distance has a depth varying from 5 up to 7 feet; add to this 7.35, the stage of the water this evening, and it will give you the total depth of the river at the proposed bridge location this day. We found rock bottom to prevail a greater portion of the distance. Our sounding implements were not of a capacity to reach the rock within the channels.

“ ‘Davenport and Iowa must keep pace with other cities and States by both water and railroad facilities for exports and imports, and I am well satisfied that the Hennepin Canal and the Davenport, Sioux City & Pittsburg Railroad will create a grand revolution, benefiting the entire Northwest. Whilst the general Government will construct the former, the people of the cities, villages, towns, and the farming community can and should construct the latter, which will add fully twenty-five per cent. to the value of their possessions, as well as a large sum through the facilities of communication and cheap transportation.

“ ‘A. C. FULTON.

“ ‘Davenport, December 1, 1881.’ ”

The historical Davenport “Democrat-Gazette” of January 29, 1889, placed on its valuable pages for future generations the origin of the first and the last of the great bridges of the mighty Mississippi River, The Father of Waters.

I must here place on my record the “Democrat-Gazette’s” report.

“ A SCRAP OF HISTORY—BRIDGING THE MISSISSIPPI AT DAVENPORT.

“ *The First and Last Survey and Reports for Railroad Bridge Across the Mississippi at This Point—When They Were Made.*

“ Account of the first survey and report for a railroad bridge across the Mississippi at Davenport made by our townsman, Mr.

A. C. Fulton, and published for the first time in the Philadelphia 'Sun' in 1845, will prove interesting reading, even at this late day. The survey was made by Mr. Fulton with a view to the construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast. At that date there was not a mile of railroad west of Chambersburg, east of the mountains in Pennsylvania.

"The report says, 'There are several points where the Mississippi River can be easily bridged, the most feasible of which is at the upper rapids, above the city of Davenport, where the river is narrower than it is at any other point between its mouth and the Falls of St. Anthony, with high rock banks and rock bottom; the channel of deep water varying from 150 to 300 feet in width, the balance of the distance across at low water varying from 3 to 5 feet; no low or inundated lands in the vicinity. To reach this point through Illinois in any direction by railroad will require less grading for the same distance than any other route in the Union. Two-thirds of the distance across the State is now almost ready to receive the rails. Nature has leveled the surface of the prairies, and it is unnecessary for me to boast of the unsurpassed soil and the pleasant climate.'

"Mr. Fulton in his report then proceeds to give the route and the nature of the country northwest through Iowa. It must be remembered that at this period bridging rivers for railroads was in its infancy."

At an early day I published and jotted down on my diary railroad necessity and occurrences, for at that day pickaxes, shovels, and the money in sight could never, never, have been swayed and united to create Far Western railroads, without the use of type and ink to attract them together. Well knowing this fact, Sailor I set afloat, first and last during long years, many, a great many columns of this product of journals, many of which now lie before me, dinged by the lapse of time, some of which I have placed on this, my record, for distant coming generations.

This active and stirring work and numerous publications by Sailor I, on railroads and bridges, reached Mexico, and her Con-

gress ignored New Orleans, Boston, and New York, and in 1859 sent a delegation of three to visit the railroad magnates of the inland hamlet of Davenport, to solicit her capitalists to journey to their country and build their mountain railroads and receive valuable grants of land and money.

The learned commissioners quartered at the old Burtis House, and a poorly clad, gaping crowd met them in convention at the Metropolitan Hall, to deliberate on their proposals, when the entire county of Scott did not possess sufficient funds to build one single mile of their mountain railroad tunnels. General Add. Saunders was unanimously appointed by the Assembly to immediately journey to Mexico and close the negotiations; but near forty years have elapsed and the lack of funds, or some other cause, has stayed the journey.

My diary says two of those roads, the Rock Island & Chicago and the Mississippi & Missouri, have been merged into the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, but through and by an incompetent directory and self-serving officials, it has boycotted towns, villages, and individuals, making a vast number of its friends and patrons its enemies, and injuring its stockholders by depreciating their stock some thirty per cent. below its once rate, and its Peoria Dog in the Manger branch is at this moment by the use of a cable placing an embargo on the construction of the Mississippi's crescent bridge to increase the number that despise it for its injudicious and uncalled-for actions.

Sailor I during a life's voyage must constantly pay attention to the corroborating testimony solemnly given through the journals of the world.

“TALK OF OTHER DAYS—THE OLDEST INHABITANT TELLS OF
THE DAYS OF THE BOB-TAIL CARS.

“‘At the meeting of the city council held October 4, 1865, thirty years ago last Friday,’ said the oldest inhabitant to a “Republican” reporter yesterday, ‘Mr. A. C. Fulton offered a peti-

tion to grant him the privilege to build a horse railroad on Third Street, and it was referred to the street committee. That was the first start or entering wedge of Davenport's street railways, now numbering miles, well equipped in rolling stock, built in the most substantial manner, run by electricity, and crossing the government bridge and the island of Rock Island, and connecting with the tramways of Rock Island, Moline, and Milan.

"Mr. Fulton had a hard time in starting his enterprise, but a company was formed and chartered eventually, stock taken to the amount of \$17,500 for the road from East Davenport to Brady street, while only \$1100 was subscribed for the road from Brady west. There was jealousy between the east and west ends and a feeling with the latter that Mr. Fulton was working for personal ends, and he was charged with wanting to destroy the good road they had by running a railway track over it, just as the C., R. I. & P. Railroad had almost taken possession of Fifth Street.

"The original ordinance granting the company the right to build a horse railroad on Third Street specified it should be commenced at the west end of the line, about a block this side of the McManus place. In strict accord with this, the work was "commenced" there for a block or two, then transferred to the East Davenport end and the rails laid to Brady Street, where for some time it stopped, but cars running on the road thus completed. The west end was then awakened and the road soon completed to connect with where it commenced, and finally extended beyond to Schutzen Park.

"To the energy and work of Mr. Fulton far more than any other man was due the building of the first street railway in Davenport, and now one can hardly realize the troubles and delays he and the company he formed and had incorporated encountered in this enterprise. The wonder at present is, realizing as we do the immense benefits of our street railways to city and people, how we ever got along comfortably and prosperously without them; or why, when Davenport, even thirty years ago was putting on city airs, the proposition to build one street railway was regarded as an innovation on street road rights, a

doubtful financial experiment, and such opposition engendered by local jealousies as to long delay the work.

“ ‘ But street railways were then merely the adjuncts of larger cities. There was not one in Iowa when Mr. Fulton projected our Davenport road. But Dubuque completed one just before ours was commenced. In fact, Mr. Fulton went east and secured the contractor of the Dubuque line as soon as it was finished, and put him to work on this road. So Davenport had the second street railroad in Iowa.’ ”

As history I wish to record that in 1884 a Congressional Committee was appointed to select a site for the Soldiers' Home of the West. The Davenport Board of Trade appointed Editor D. N. Richardson, Hon. S. P. Bryant, and A. C. Fulton as a committee to visit or address the committee and lay before it the advantages of Davenport and vicinity. Editor D. N. Richardson and Hon. S. P. Bryant stated that they had their hands full of business, and requested Sailor I, as chairman to address the august commissioners, which I did in the words as published in the Davenport “ Democrat ” of Sunday, September 14, 1884, and which read thus:

“ NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME.

“ *Communication of the Board of Trade Committee.*

“ ‘ To the Congressional Committee appointed to Select a Suitable Location for the Soldiers' Home:

“ ‘ Sirs: The Davenport Board of Trade appointed S. P. Bryant, D. N. Richardson, and A. C. Fulton as committee to address or visit you, and lay before you the advantages of Davenport, Scott County, Iowa, as a suitable location for the Soldiers' Home of the West.

“ ‘ The late census will inform you that of the seven States from which you are instructed to make your selection, Iowa stands first in productiveness, first in intelligence, second in health, and second in morality.

“ ‘ A healthy location within a healthy State; no low or inundated lands in its vicinity, no malaria taints the atmosphere.

“ ‘ The county and city contain vast ranges of bluff lands, elevated one hundred feet above the rivers and streams.

“ ‘ The Mississippi River borders those bluffs on the south, and fertile prairies spread out northward; pure water can be procured from springs, wells, and the river. There is coal and wood in abundance.

“ ‘ The county of Scott is famed as producing every description of grain, fruits, and plants known to this latitude, and is accessible through its rivers and railroads to the markets and the granaries of the world. And the city of Davenport has ever been the well-stocked storehouse of fertile Iowa. Here the great States of Illinois and Iowa are joined as one by the government bridge. Here the government arsenal works are growing to greatness, and here the sailor and the soldier can look upon the steamer and the sailing craft. Our churches embrace almost every religious sect, and their ministers, priests, and bishops are volunteers ever ready for good works.

“ ‘ We embrace a portion of a Christian State that has adopted prohibition, and the people possess intelligence, industry, and every quality of greatness.

“ ‘ By direction of the committee I thus address you.

“ ‘ Respectfully Yours,

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON, Chairman.

“ ‘ Davenport, Ia., September 13, 1884.’ ”

As a portion of a life's voyage I have to record that a historical work, in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, published in 1893, says that, “ Previous to 1854 the city of Davenport did not possess a suitable cemetery; Mr. Fulton proposed to a few of the citizens to unite and purchase a tract of land for cemetery purposes; the proposition was sanctioned and he was appointed to select a site and enter into contracts, which he did; at this point the others declined the risk. He individually fulfilled his contracts, paid for seventy-two acres of land, fenced and

laid it out with three miles of carriage drive and nine miles of walks, planted five hundred evergreen and other trees, and many costly tombs now mark the place of the departed. He still conducts Pine Hill."

A life's voyage from a diary is a disjointed and unconnected history; in this fact rests its merit, as every page has its day; its rising and its setting sun; its birth, its life, its death; and the reader that does not possess the knowledge to fathom this fact and situation should be banished to the Cannibal Islands to grow up with the island savages to intelligence.

Since the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, in December, 1620, and with William Penn at Philadelphia in 1682, to this date [1896] the discoveries and the perfecting of useful inventions by Americans outnumber and outstrip in utility and greatness all those of the balance of the whole world combined. Every man who is familiar with the arts, practical sciences, and mechanics well knows this fact.

To possess an education and knowledge was a cardinal point with the early Americans; as early as 1634, under their wise laws, every district or township of fifty householders was required to erect a schoolhouse and hire a teacher, but no law was necessary, for much smaller communities voluntarily built their schoolhouses and employed teachers. Cambridge College was instituted in 1643, as an upper school; not this alone, but mothers and fathers taught their children at their homes in the sparsely settled districts, and they were competent to perform the act. This was the foundation laid at that early day that gave America her statesmen, inventors, army officers, and country-loving soldiers. At this same period that our fathers were instructing their children to fit them for ambassadors, governors, Presidents, and a business life, how stood many nations at that day who now boast of their ability and greatness as a people?

Eighty-five per cent. of the German nation or people were serfs, possessing no minds or freedom, but subject to the orders of their masters, even to the duty of cutting the throats of Ameri-

cans; and full eighty per cent. of the Italians and the English were but one degree or knot higher up in manhood's scale.

Those are well-known facts to everyone who possesses a knowledge of ancient and modern history.

America invented and produced the first steamboat, the first steam man-of-war, the first aqueduct and iron bridge, the torpedo, the cotton gin, the sewing machine, the reaper, the mower, the horse rake, the steam threshing machine, the steam plow, the telegraph, the telephone, the knitting machine, the Atlantic cable, the Hoe power printing-press, the electric light, the typewriter, the phonograph, and a vast number of other inventions and discoveries too numerous to place on my record.

Attempts have been made to filch some of America's discoveries and inventions, but the designs in that direction have been frustrated, as truth is always fortified by evidence. Two unsuccessful attempts have been made to deprive the American chemist, Mr. Milton Sanders, of his well-known, the first positive and successful electric light.

Thales in 580 B. C. discovered that electricity could be produced by friction; after that many scientific men produced electricity through various modes, now well known. In the year 1600 A. D. a Mr. Gilbert published a work on substances that possessed or produced electric and magnetic forces, but it was for ages left to the American statesman and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, to discover the electricity that abounded in the air and man's power to collect and store it as he does his harvest crop; this fact was known to Mr. Franklin in 1732, and he produced the evidence to the scientific world in 1752, and displayed its vast power; a power that slaughtered two unskilled Europeans who attempted to imitate Mr. Franklin and control and tax Heaven's resources.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Mass., in the year 1706; he died in Philadelphia in 1790, but up to 1844 electricity was used as a mere toy to amuse, when the American genius, Mr. Milton Sanders, a native of Ohio, brought forth from its long hidden gloom light and power, as we now witness it. Both

in Cincinnati and in London Mr. Sanders set up his dynamos and brilliantly lit up with electric lights the large halls in which he addressed the people. Before visiting London he had endeavored to contract to light American cities.

To give the reader a knowledge of the situation and facts, I here copy from the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" of September 4, 1891, when an attempt was made to deprive Mr. Sanders of his just rights, and Sailor I intervened.

" ANTIQUITY OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

"It Was Invented by an American in 1844.

" " DAVENPORT, IA., August 10, 1891.

" " To the Editor:

" " The "Scientific American" of July 11, 1891, publishes this:

" " "Antiquity of the Electric Light—(From the 'Scientific American' of December 9, 1848): 'New Electrical Light—The inventors of a new electrical light exhibited at the Western Literary Institute, Leicester, on its recent re-opening under the new auspices, expect, it is said, to apply it generally to shop and street illumination, and they state that while the conveying will cost no more than gas the expense of illumination will be one-twelfth the price of the latter light.'

" " The "Scientific American" of 1848 names Messrs. Staite and Petrie of England as the inventors of this new light.

" " This is a great error and can be shown to be such. There is not a shadow of doubt but that the then well-known American chemist, Milton Sanders, was the inventor of our present electric light—not in 1848, but in 1844; and sold his discovery to Mr. Staite of England. The merits of Mr. Sanders' light were thoroughly tested in Newport, Ky., and in Cincinnati in 1844, and the opinion of men of science given.

" " Editor Charles Crist of Cincinnati, the well-known statistician, published the prediction, in 1844, that the Sanders light would become the light of the world at no distant day.

“ ‘ Mr. Sanders’ confidence in his light was unbounded, but his capital at that day was limited. He resolved to go to England and introduce his light. He contracted with his chief workman, Mr. John Starr, and on the 17th of February, 1845, set sail for Liverpool in the packet “ Oxford.”

“ ‘ He exhibited his light in London, on a magnificent scale, and proposed to light that city. The authorities declined to abandon their gas for the new light. Mr. Sanders’ cherished hopes being blighted he sold his dynamos, machinery, and invention, and turned his artist, Mr. Starr, over to a Mr. Staite.

“ ‘ In the latter part of 1848 word arrived in America that a Mr. Staite was exhibiting a wonderful light which he had invented.

“ ‘ This statement was published in the “ Scientific American ” and other journals.

“ ‘ Upon which Mr. Sanders, in April, 1849, wrote to the Cairo “ Delta ” as follows:

“ ‘ ‘ The light is of my own invention, and belongs to no other person. I invented it in Newport, Ky., in the fall of 1844. This Mr. Staite, who is now exhibiting the light and lecturing about it, is the very man to whom the light was sold.”

“ ‘ The above published facts are now before me. (Cairo was then the competitor of Chicago for the ascendancy.)

“ ‘ Mr. John Starr died in England in February, 1849, and with him died the English end of the electric light.

“ ‘ Mr. Staite was not an electrician, but the showman, the Barnum. I ask the “ Inter-Ocean ” to do justice to America, to genius, and the dead.

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.’ ”

Good reader, I have within my diary the thrilling and heart-stirring narratives of many Northern and Southern soldiers and officers of our late war, as well as of those of foreign wars, a recital of which would harrow up your soul. I must give you a brief sketch of one. I select this one, as he is the brother of the great chemist, Mr. Milton Sanders, and resides at Davenport, Ia. I here present the sketch;

“ DAVENPORT, IA., June 26, 1896.

“ General Add. H. Sanders, of the Union Army, Davenport, Ia.

“ Good Sir: Will you please to give me the date of your commission in the Army? The date of your capture and imprisonment and discharge from the rebel prison, with a brief statement of your prison life and your physical condition, and also please to give me the date of your adopting the profession of newspaper editor, and the date of the birth of the Cairo ‘ Delta ’ which you edited. I desire to place the facts on my diary for coming generations. I now have within my diary some very important historical facts connected with your brother Mr. Milton Sanders, the chemist.

“ Respectfully yours,

“ A. C. FULTON.”

“ Mr. A. C. Fulton:

“ Dear Sir: My answers to the questions you ask are briefly:

“ 1. I was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry by Governor Kirkwood, November 14, 1861. At the time I was his military aid, and in command of Camp McClelland, this city.

“ 2. I was captured July 22, 1864, at the battle of Atlanta, where my command received the first charge of the enemy and opened the battle. My regiment was surrounded and captured after we had made prisoners of two Arkansas regiments and two Texas companies, or their survivors.

“ 3. I was released from rebel prisons at the general exchange of March 1, 1865, made near Wilmington, N. C. I was at one time in the prison at Charleston, S. C., and one of those exposed to the fire of our own guns. For over four months of my prison life my rations were one pint of corn meal a day and a little sour sorghum; when released I was a mere skeleton, with premonitory symptoms of what proved to be ‘ prison fever,’ a malignant type of typhoid. Arriving home I lay insensible for several days at my brother’s house; he took the disease from me and died, as also did my mother-in-law, Mrs. Donaldson.

"4. My first editing was as associate editor of the Cincinnati 'Commercial' in 1844. Visiting Davenport in the summer of 1845-46, I edited the 'Gazette' while here, my brother Alfred's paper. In 1856 I moved here and became his partner. I was its political editor till the war fully opened.

"5. The Cairo 'Delta' was issued in the spring of 1848; I forget the date of the first number. After nearly two years' publication I received a bonus of one thousand dollars to remove to Evansville, Ind., and purchased the 'Daily Journal'; I edited and published it till coming here in 1856.

"Presuming these answers to your questions are sufficient for the object, I am

"Yours truly,

"ADD. H. SANDERS.

"Davenport, Ia., June 27, 1896."

When this war broke out, Sailor I, knowing that New Orleans would be a point of contest, and that every military officer and military engineer acquainted with that latitude through experience would be in the Confederate Army, and that the Northern invaders would be unacquainted with the military situation, and might meet the fate of General Pakenham, who was for days delayed for want of a correct knowledge of the military situation of the country, I in December, 1861, from inspection and surveys got up military maps, embracing rivers, lakes, canals, timber, swamp lands, roads, and bridges, for which Sailor I received the thanks of the Government through Mr. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, in words as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, December 30, 1861.

"A. C. Fulton, Esq., Davenport, Ia.

"Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of the map of the city of New Orleans and vicinity, forwarded by you to this department.

"The thanks of the Government are due to you for this practical manifestation of your devotion to the cause of our country

in this unprecedented trial of the strength of our institutions.
With much respect,

“Your Obt. Servant,

“SIMON CAMERON,

“Secretary of War.”

As is well known this disastrous war grew out of the African slave question and caused a vast destruction of life and property, and many suffered losses at a distance from the battlefield. Sailor I was aiding an unsuccessful adventurer in opening Mt. Ida Boarding School or College in Davenport, Scott County, Iowa, that I built and owned, including the furniture, and with bright hopes had placed all in good Western order, when the homeless Twenty-eighth Iowa Regiment made a raid into town and took possession of the premises by forcing the locks of every room, and set up several cookshops and tumbled straw into the first floor for the soldiers' bedding, whilst other soldiers and the officers took possession of the beds and couches and the floors of the second and third stories. I found it very injurious to the boarding-school beds for the officers to sleep in them with their boots on after a rain, when there were no sidewalks on the streets. After two weeks the troops got transportation to the front of battle, leaving two sick soldiers in the hospital room. This was Mt. Ida's death wound.

I with care counted up the destruction and loss, placed it on paper which is now before me, and says “Loss and Damage, \$988.” To the correctness of this bill I affirmed before Mr. John C. Bills, attorney, then intending to request the State or the General Government to aid me in quartering the soldiers, but a second thought told me that the honor of perhaps being the only individual sailor of the world who quartered a regiment at his own large cost was worth more than the small sum that would obliterate that honor. The consequence is the bill for damages will never be receipted.

Without a doubt the African slave was the cause of North America's home war of the sixties; I must therefore take from my

diary the number of those slaves that each State possessed in 1863, when emancipation took place, and place it on record for the information of future generations. Those slave States numbered sixteen:

NUMBER OF SLAVES.

Arkansas,	111,103
Alabama,	435,132
Delaware,	1,797
Florida,	61,753
Georgia,	462,234
Kentucky,	225,490
Louisiana,	333,012
Maryland,	87,188
Mississippi,	436,696
Missouri,	114,965
North Carolina,	331,081
South Carolina,	402,541
Tennessee,	275,784
Texas,	180,682
Virginia,	472,516
West Virginia,	18,371

The slaves of sixteen States, numbering 3,950,345 slaves, a vast number of human beings to be under the absolute control of man, to work and be properly treated or abused, just as the master thought proper—no force, no law to stay or check any wrong or cruelty that the master might think proper to inflict!

As a war measure President Abraham Lincoln abolished slavery. Many occurrences that I witnessed took place in slavery days, which even now it would be very hard to credit. I must place on record some mild everyday acts, not for the reader of the present day, but for centuries to come, when slavery's history will possess a value.

Slavery's tasks and hardships brought thousands of blacks to untimely graves. I will take from my diary the fact that I, in connection with Joseph Baldwin, a brother of Recorder Baldwin

of the second municipality of New Orleans, contracted to erect a section of the St. Mary's market house on Tchoupitoulas Street, and to erect a prison for the suburb Lafayette Parish of Jefferson, now within the corporation of New Orleans. Mr. Joseph Baldwin was a brickmaker and the owner of many slaves, as all his work was performed by negro slave labor. He possessed a very limited knowledge of constructing or planning buildings. Our contract was that Mr. Baldwin should furnish the bricks and the laborers to carry the bricks to the bricklayers as the work progressed. When his brick carriers appeared on the grounds ready for work, with their small boards to carry the bricks upon their heads, the whole gang were young negro girls of many shades of dark. Sailor I, who had but a few years previously raised my tar-smeared hand at the funeral of the mysterious girl, on the Bahama ocean desert, and solemnly pledged myself to the goddess Diana, to ever battle against the curse of slavery, could not in conscience permit the slave girls to perform the labor for my benefit, and I immediately sent them and their slave driver back to their master; then a bitter war of diplomacy took place in which the slave interest took sides, but the sailor's hand and pen outweighed the master's heavy purse and heavy whip, and no slave girls toted bricks on their heads to my workmen.

While we were erecting the new parish prison the old institution stood near by, and frequently a master brought or sent a slave by a trusty messenger, to receive a certain number of lashes of the whip, according to his misdeeds or supposed misdeeds; the turnkey received pay for applying the lash to the slaves' backs. I suppose the master or the mistress ordered the number of stripes to be given. The slaves were tied hand and feet to a ladder-like frame whilst receiving the lashes.

In the prosperous days of the thirties planters estimated that, if an average slave could furnish ten years of a working life, that the ten years' labor would pay first cost and eight per cent. on the investment, leaving the balance of the slave's life, less cheap food and cheap clothing, a clear profit. I estimate that between the introduction of slavery in the West India Islands, South America,

Mexico, and the United States up to the Lincoln emancipation act, that over 28,000,000 slaves were living, or had been placed beneath the earth in death after their life of slavery. A larger number than the entire population of the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal!

The Africans must be very prolific to supply the vast new Western world with its first stock of slaves and then keep up the necessary supply of re-enforcements required through death, which was much larger at an early day than in later years, and there was other outside territory to supply at the same time.

Slavery is now blotted out and gone, and the North and the South have a future for greatness before them; but mark! the day is fast approaching if not now, in which the people of the South will be the true Americans of this republic, and the safeguards of the American nation! Mark a sailor's prediction. The North is fast becoming a mongrel mixture of foreigners of many nations, and mostly of the lower grade, who are claiming all space on shore, and all offices, not as Americans, but as foreigners, for so they speak and openly claim, a vast number of whom do not possess brains of a quality to point out to them their lacking.

The merchant and the marine service is short of good and efficient officers and sailors; an increase would benefit the service and encourage ship-building. The land has a surplus of men in all and every known branch of industry, so I say, young man, go to sea; a few years' service will put the double and twist in you, and if you live you will be of some value to the world, but you must rise, not settle down to the bottom. The lower and the middle stations of life are thronged, but there is an abundance of room on top, so hasten and make your way on top, where there is always a demand for such as can make the journey. There is plenty of room on top!

All persons, many of them perhaps unconscious of the fact, in writing, have what I will call their rhythm, which identifies their work independent of words or subject. The rhythm of Sailor I rests in a cross between "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A CALL TO CUBA BY DEFEATED BUT NOT CONQUERED PATRIOTS—
SPAIN AND CUBA AS SEEN THROUGH A SAILOR'S SHIP-GLASS
—TAKEN FROM MY DIARY OF 1881.

GENERAL WEYLER had shot or driven thousands of Cubans to the mountains and to exile. Many escaped to Key West and adjacent keys and islands. Amongst those who escaped to Key West was one of the Spanish sailors of the slave-ship that the schooner "Metamora" captured off Cuba, and the slaveship's second mate, the Portuguese Mr. Salmas; they, after the capture of their ship, had settled down in Cuba and married native Cubans, and both had small tobacco plantations, and one had two grown-up sons and the other had three; the whole seven were patriots or rebels, and were in the army and had to flee to Key West to escape General Weyler's leaden messengers of death.

I had seen or kept up an occasional correspondence with Mate Salmas, and in 1881 I was greatly astonished to be requested by him to visit Key West; with this request was a lengthy and extremely interesting account of war, hardship, bloodshed, and death that now causes me to shudder.

As I had a desire to once more make a sea voyage, I immediately set sail for the Key. On my voyage I drew up an extended programme of operations; on landing at Key West I found Mate Salmas, his three sons, and several hundred refugees from Cuba; one of Mr. Salmas' sons was a rebel officer. He said that the Cubans were defeated but not conquered, and that thousands were but waiting for a favorable opportunity to throw off the oppressive, tyrannical Spanish yoke.

A council of war was held by thirteen of us, in a miserable

shanty, built in part with loose stone piled up into a wall and rough refuse boards; the openings in the stone wall and between the rough boards were filled in with mud and mixed with short weeds and grass to make it adhesive. This dingy hut on Key West's rocky beach was a befitting hall in which to concoct treason, or deliberate on the emancipation of many thousands.

I informed the unwashed and seedy assembly, of which I was an average sample, that whilst at sea I had drawn up a war chart and a full programme with lines traced both on the chart and on my memory, so that if the chart and the programme were cast away, that their efficiency would continue to exist. I also stated to the small but resolute assembly in the dingy hut that it was a desperate undertaking, and that its whole strength and success rested in its desperation and the unthought-of boldness of the act from any Spanish standpoint, together with its cruel result and fate of the Spanish army, if necessary to secure victory and liberty.

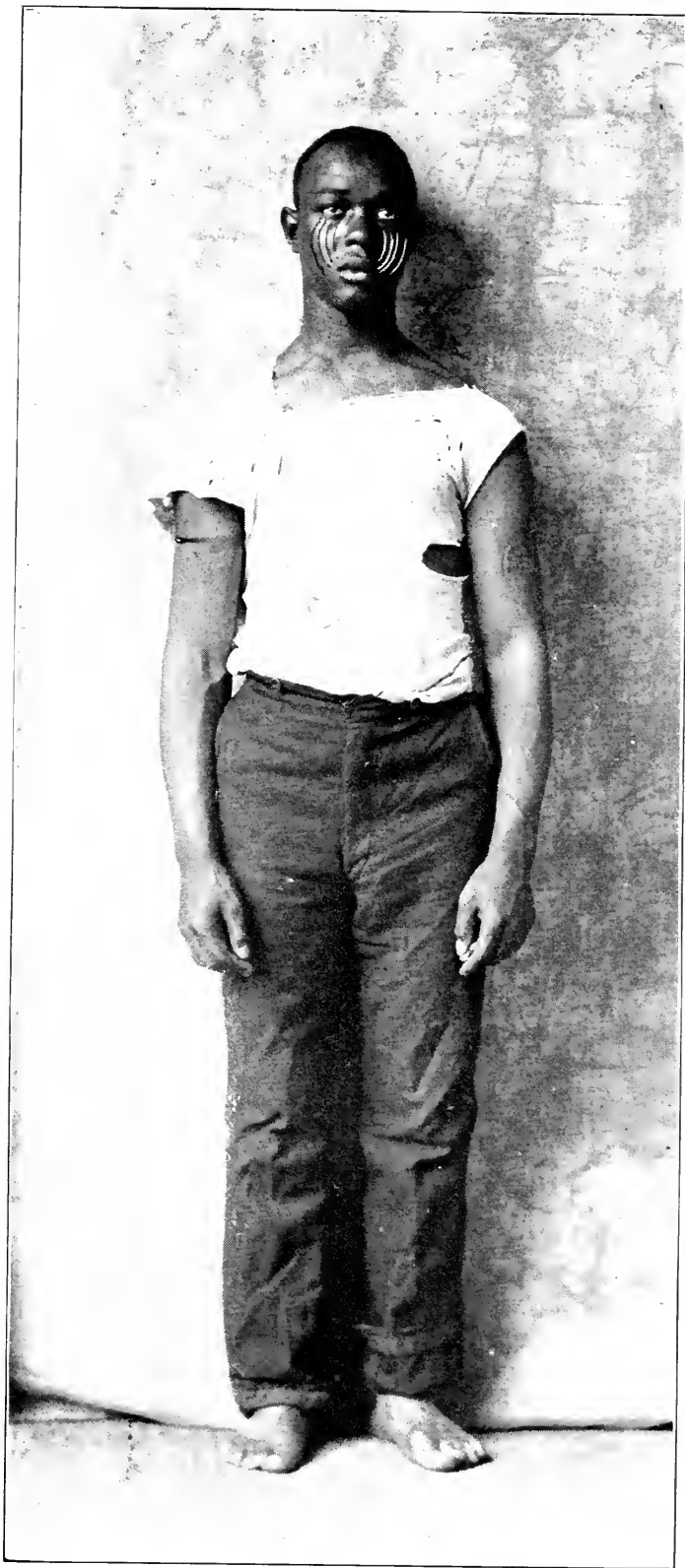
My proposition was to procure all the forces possible, and accumulate military stores, and make a landing in the sickly season of the coming July. Not at an obscure point of the Island, but as near Havana as possible; a point of landing to be immediately selected through a careful investigation and accurate charts of Havana and vicinity gotten up with correct distances, with roads, bridges, and all landmarks necessary to make a perfect and correct military map or maps, with water supply noted, and the first aim should be to immediately capture the city of Havana; strong resistance and deadly strife were with certainty counted on. Sailor I was selected to immediately visit Cuba and prepare military charts. I well knew it would be bad policy to ship from Key West on such a mission, and my passport now before me says that I shipped from Pensacola, Fla., February 26, 1881, but I did not depart from Cuba for the United States on the day that this same passport alleges; but I utilized it to aid a poor prisoner of the late rebellion to escape in my name from the island to freedom; leaving me to take my chances of imprisonment in Havana's Morro Castle, or, perhaps death.

To prepare myself for the coming work, I had practiced stepping off a measured mile, or five miles, to test my ability to measure distances accurately, by walking over it; this, with a pocket compass, a supply of pencils and paper, was my outfit, with paper, ink, and pens at my lodging quarters.

I had at the onset concluded to become a newspaper reporter, if necessity called for the act. Immediately on breaking up camp in Iowa for the voyage, I commenced writing up the journey and the world, the best I knew how, and as I saw it, so as to have a stock in trade on hand if I should be overhauled in Cuba as a spy, which, without a doubt, a spy I would be called, and was. I made my landing from a passenger ship in regular order, and went to work, taking a few notes on the commercial situation, and playing the press reporter to fall back on in case of necessity. I thoroughly reconnoitered the surrounding country, jotting down in a mysterious manner a vast amount of work; examined the coast for landing light-draught vessels; traced the water supply to its source, and noted the points where dynamite could be used to knock it out of existence, if the cruel act had to be perpetrated to capture the city.

I had, in my judgment, perfected my task, save and except an examination of the Morro and the Blanco castles. I felt confident that if land forces could get and hold possession of the surrounding territory, that those castles could be taken by tunneling and blowing them up with dynamite. I feared the proximity of water, and desired to know more about them and their capacity for resistance than previously known by outsiders.

I had consumed one day and a portion of the second day when I considered that I had collected all the facts that could be collected by me in my then condition, and feeling well pleased with the insight obtained, I slowly struck across a wide stretch of commons towards my quarters at a sailors' boarding house in the city, a selection that I considered the safest refuge. I had left my field of observation, the environs of the Morro Castle, some three hundred yards, when two men in uniform who were on their way from the city stepped before me; I saw that they were Spanish



SLASH CHEEK JOHN'S FIRST DAY ON THE
SCHOONER "METAMORA" IN THE WHITE
MAN'S CLOTHING.

officers; one drew his sword and demanded my business. I informed them that I was looking over the country, investigating to gain knowledge, and the business situation to publish in part, at the same time pulling some five written sheets of paper out of my pocket which were addressed to the Davenport "Gazette," and in which I had not been very complimentary to the crown and authorities of Spain; both examined the paper, but I saw that they could not fathom the English writing to their satisfaction; they then ordered me to deliver my arms and all papers; I told them that I had no arms, and handed them one sheet of paper with a few pencil lines, dots, and figures on it and a pocket compass. The officer with the sword immediately exclaimed, "You will be a dead man within twenty-four hours. We were watching you stepping off the ground even within the dead line of the Castle; your fate is sealed; you have no escape; we have to take you to the Castle and execute you as a spy." Whilst he spoke an open-sided carriage, with driver and three persons in it, drove up before us and halted to listen to the officers' earnest words. One of the passengers in the carriage was a very old and feeble-looking man, with sunken eyes and locks of cotton whiteness. His companions were a young woman not over twenty years of age and a young man under twenty-four, and both in conversation called him uncle. The old man with great emotion spoke a few words to the officer with the sword, and the carriage moved some twenty feet, followed by the officer; soon the second officer was beckoned too, and I was left standing alone. An earnest talk took place at the carriage side. After a length of time I was called forward, and my communication to the Davenport "Gazette" was handed to the young woman to be read to the officers; she must have been well educated, for she hastily read it in Spanish. The officer with the sword bitterly condemned the letter, but I saw that his younger companion was not displeased. Then the superior officer sharply said, "If released, will you as soon as possible leave Cuba and never divulge any information that you have obtained?" I willingly and sincerely gave my pledge; and requested the officer to return to me my small pocket compass to use in

my flight from the island. He, without a word, but with a never-to-be-forgotten scowl handed it to me, and then, without one word more, the two officers departed toward the Morro; I heard the rattle of gold as they stepped away. Then the old gentleman who had interceded and saved my life leaned toward me and with great exertion and earnestness said, "My name is Mariena; does the slave Slashed-cheek John yet live, and is he yet a slave, or is he free? Can you tell me? Speak quick!" I answered, "I can tell you," but before I could utter another word, he, with both hands raised, clutched at the air, and with a gasp for breath and a convulsive shudder, fell forward into the arms of his nephew. His two kindred, with great agitation and flowing tears, immediately inclined him backward to his seat, tore open his vest and underclothing to endeavor to revive him by rubbing his chest. I was for a moment riveted to the earth; for there before my surprised eyes was the cross and the kneeling angel that the three sailor executioners insisted on piercing with their deadly muskets, as he knelt in silent prayer on Florida's lonely everglade ocean beach. It was the Spanish slave merchant Mariena. Within a few minutes I took his delicate, snow-white hand to find him cold in death, without his knowing that Slashed-cheek John had escaped from slavery, and was then seated on his black throne in his Africa. They told the driver to turn round and hasten to their home.

I then with sadness journeyed toward my sailor quarters, with the dying groans of Sailor Jim Nelson and the shrieks of one-legged Bill Brown ringing in my ears, as they lay on the slave-ship's deck, for I had plainly seen stains of human blood on that white hand.

When I reached my sailor quarters I gathered up my contraband charts, which under the promise I had made to the Spanish officers to save my life I could never, never use. I well knew that I could not openly take a passage from Havana's port without great danger; and the unpleasant result of investigating the hidden mysteries of the Morro Castle, its position, strength, and surroundings caused my mind to dwell on musket balls and damp,

gloomy dungeons. I, therefore, without check or stop struck out for Cuba's northern beach, where I found a fishing craft manned by native Cubans, on the point of setting sail for Tortugas, to catch sea tortoises for the market. I requested passage by paying for it. The young captain and owner of the twelve-to fifteen-ton vessel, schooner-rigged, said he had no suitable accommodations for a passenger, not even a bed for a passenger. I told the captain that I did not want accommodations or a bed; that I did but want a passage and something to eat by paying a full price for it, and that I might in case of necessity be useful to him, at the same time naming as my friends two well-known Cuban patriots. The young captain immediately said, "Step on board, I will do the best I can for you," and I was in good season landed in safety on the Dry Tortugas. I had been knocked round and exposed to roughness until I appeared to be a wreck.

To let my people and Iowa know Cuba's situation and where I was, I had previously taken and mailed at Cuba a copy of my collected report, the same that the young woman had read to the Spanish officers, and sent it to the Davenport "Gazette," and which copy was then published in that journal, and is now before me, and reads as follows:

"CUBA AND KEY WEST—THE CLIMATE, POPULATION, AND RESOURCES OF THOSE ISLANDS.

"HAVANA, CUBA, March, 1881.

"Editor of the 'Gazette':

"I have made eight voyages over and on the Gulf in this latitude, but never witnessed a more boisterous sea than we buffeted during the first thirty-six hours of our outward voyage, and this was the experience of our captain, who numbers up his voyages by hundreds. A description would be but to repeat many like scenes. One occurrence will suffice. During the night a vast towering wave dashed with fury over the berthdeck, carrying the captain with it to the very verge; he saved himself from a watery grave by seizing a rope in his rapid passage. At

one period many passengers surrounded the captain, lamenting their situation; he replied: 'Persons who go to sea must trust to God, and those who cannot trust him should stay on shore.' I have heard sermons on shore, and four funeral sermons at sea, but in my opinion I never heard a shorter or better one than the captain's, which, to be appreciated, should have been seen with the surroundings as well as heard. God and our kind captain, Mr. Wm. N. Coockey, landed the good steamer 'Admiral,' of the Pensacola and Havana line, safely within Spain's dominion.

"Not many days since the passenger steamer 'Josephine' of the New Orleans and Havana line, was wrecked on the Gulf; providentially, a towboat was within signal distance, and saved the passengers and crew from an untimely death.

"I must write a few lines respecting nature's greatest wonder, the Gulf Stream; we might call it a vast river flowing through the Atlantic Ocean. It rises or starts near Belize, in South America, and passes eastward by Cape Florida, the Bahamas, Cape Hatteras, and dies out or loses itself on the banks of Newfoundland. In deep sea it is 100 miles wide, but increases when passing over shoals. It flows with a velocity of 3 to 4 miles an hour, and is elevated 3 or 4 feet above the ocean. Its temperature is from 6° to 8° higher than that of the surrounding water.

"In 1831, during a dead calm, I threw myself from the deck of a brig to test its velocity by swimming against its current sufficient, as I judged, to hold myself stationary whilst the brig would drift with the flow, but in less than three minutes she drifted several lengths from me, and it was by great exertion that I gained her deck, almost exhausted, and added nothing to the cause of science, but ran a great risk, as the brig in the calm could not move one inch towards me; the boats were lashed down, and it would require time to free and launch them, and further, the Gulf is as well stocked with sharks as a village with dogs.

"The island of Key West is a portion of the State of Florida, and is the most southerly point of Uncle Sam's dominion. It lies 80 miles distant from the island of Cuba.

" Its average width is 2 miles, and length 7 miles, and it is almost all composed of rock resting about 12 feet above the level of the sea. On many portions of the island no earth covers the rock, at others there is sufficient to have productive gardens. Cocoonut and banana trees, the latter with their leaves fully 4 feet in length and nearly 1 foot in width; they subsist with very little soil, forcing their roots within the crevices of the rocks. There is no fresh water on the island; the supply is obtained from distilled sea water and rain. The city of Key West possesses a good harbor, and contains almost the entire population of the island. The next census will give the city a population of about 11,000.

" There are many handsome residences and four churches; there are near the city salt-water baths, and a large and handsome artificial lake; there is no timber, even for fuel, on the island, and the supply comes from the smaller but more favored adjacent islands. All the building lumber, as well as bricks, is brought from Pensacola.

" The United States has a marine hospital and barracks here, and here also are the headquarters of the wreckers of the Gulf, some of the descendants of the wild men of the Antilles; they are men inured to hardship and fearless lives.

" Key West has a world-wide reputation for cigar manufactories, and here is where three-fourths of your Havana cigars are made, by an army of nearly 3000 cigar-makers, one firm employing 700 hands; and lately two of the largest firms undertook to monopolize the Cuban tobacco crop, but went under. This has thrown over 1000 hands out of employment and affected the business of the whole island.

" The city of Havana, Cuba, lies on the banks of a spacious bay, about 625 miles' sail from New Orleans. I find the change during the past fifty years within the then old city to be very trifling. A large portion of the buildings, and the same streets 20 to 30 feet wide, with their 2 to 3 feet sidewalks remain just the same, but square stone blocks imported from New York have taken the place of the then earth roadways. Those narrow streets are only

of sufficient width for two teams to pass without colliding, yet a vast amount of business is transacted on them. In the more modern portions of the city the width of both streets and walks has been increased, and their roadways are mostly macadam.

“The city contains 250,000 inhabitants, ninety-five per cent. of whom are Spaniards. There are 6 journals published in the city, all in the Spanish language. The city is lighted by gas manufactured from English coal, and is supplied with an abundance of pure water from vast springs in the mountains, a chain of which runs through the islands; the altitude of a portion of it rises 5000 feet above the sea. Many of the coffee estates are on the mountain sides. The city has street railroads and many expansive and massive hotels and public buildings.

“No building, public or private, has chimneys, except kitchens, heat not being used at all. Hotel beds, even in the best hotels, charging \$4 a day, consist of an elevated iron or wooden frame called a cot, over which a piece of canvas is stretched; some have fine woven wire instead of canvas; none have mattresses; a single sheet, blanket, and pillow is a full outfit, and many do not possess even these, as they are considered an unnecessary luxury.

“The sugar crop of the island amounts to \$50,000,000 annually, and the tobacco, raw and manufactured, over \$25,000,000. Logwood, braselete wood, mahogany, and fruit swell the exports to over \$80,000,000, and not over one-half of the island is under cultivation; and without doubt the sun does not shine on a more productive land. Eighty per cent. of this vast product is produced through slave labor, but there is a gradual emancipation act now in force.

“I observed more native Africans here than were to be seen in Louisiana in my day. They are mostly of old or middle age, as very few have been imported from Africa during the past fifteen years. The island varies in width from 40 up to 140 miles, and is 700 miles in length and has over 800 miles of railroad.

“The autocrat Governor General procures for the Spanish crown, through taxation of the people of the island, over \$30,000,000 annually. The debt created through the late rebellion is

all charged to the rebellious island, and has to be paid by it through taxation on her products, not by the nation at large. Spain's programme differs slightly from that of Uncle Sam's; the tax-paying natives, being feared, are seldom if ever permitted to hold office.

"All religions have been tolerated for the past three years throughout Spain and her provinces, but there are no congregations or churches there except Catholic. Their congregations are principally composed of women and children, with a few old men who expect to die soon. The Government builds and supports its churches and pays its preachers. Missionaries of various creeds occasionally hold service at the hotels.

"We foreigners, on landing here, do not inquire where the voting is going on, that we wish to help our friends at the polls in carrying the personal liberty ticket, or in electing Jackson, as has been done on Uncle Sam's side of the Gulf. The law permits no man to vote, even at a city election, who does not pay a tax of \$25, and no man can vote for a member of the Cortes or Congress who does not pay a tax of \$200.

"If you desire to visit Cuba you must get a passport from a Spanish consul, for which you pay \$4. No vessel will carry you, nor can you land without one, and before you can depart you must go to the Palace Grand, pay 25 cents for a stamp, and 50 cents to cancel it; without this you cannot purchase a ticket to go with, and an officer boards the vessel to see that you depart.

"No vessel is permitted to come to the shore, but must anchor off and land and receive all her freight and passengers by lighter and smaller boats. When you anchor, a police officer and two customhouse officers board your ship and remain with you, feasting at your table free of cost until you weigh anchor to depart.

"Should you violate or defy the law or attempt to depart, there stand at the bay's entrance the Morro and Blanco castles, with their open and capacious-mouthed cannon prepared to belch forth their iron hail and mimic the thunders of heaven.

"If we foreigners complain of the Spanish laws or their formalities, we are told, and no doubt rightly, that if the situation

is not agreeable to us to keep away; that we did not come into the country to benefit Spain or the Spaniards, but ourselves.

“ Yours,

“ A. C. FULTON.”

Now, in 1898, my lifelike profile of Cuba's self, exhibiting angles, distances, and a world of work, coupled with information of situations, lay mockingly before me. I can never use or even exhibit them, for I solemnly pledged Spain's officers to never part with them or use any portion of the information that I filched in Cuba under false pretenses; vile, lifelike, mocking documents! I will now forever part with you. And before yonder ancient clock strikes to add to time its soon approaching hour, I shall consign you to the flames. Ah, how bright they blaze! Human brains must be mingled within their composition. I hope their stench will not contaminate Heaven's pure atmosphere.

When a prisoner on the commons in Cuba, and in sight of the Morro Castle's gloomy cells, and the words were ringing in my ears that death was my doom within twenty-four hours, I pledged myself never to use or bestow any knowledge that I had obtained on the island, but I did not pledge myself not to tell the world of Spain's many cruel wrongs to man; wrongs that should cause the reader to shudder and cry shame! and despise the tyrants that deliberately perpetrated the many great wrongs, and those acts were the more heinous because they were perpetrated by the educated and powerful against the uneducated and weak and helpless, and in many instances this cruelty was extended to helpless women and their children. No question of the horrid and cruel slaughter; not by common sneaking assassins, but by orders emanating from the throne and executed by the national officials, and whilst thousand after thousand were put to the sword, other thousands were banished from their homes that they had created and full one-half of Spain's population were mere serfs, to obey the minions of the crown and the bloodthirsty Church. Deny this horrid situation he who dare, for such would be written as ignorant of modern history and unfitted for a teacher.

Go back only to yesterday, and trace the oppression and wrongs perpetrated under and through the tyrant Charles I., the bigot Philip II., and the imbecile Charles IV. A mixture of Austrian blood with the Spanish did not purify the corruption, but added to its virulence, and under whose sway, as all who know, Spain was on the constant wane. Look at the pools of warm, smoking blood that surround her inquisitions. Look at the many thousands of fleeing Jews dropping to the earth in death. It is a sickening and horrid sight. Then look at her cruel acts in Mexico, South America, and on the Antilles. Then later comes the "Virginius'" awful fate of butchery of Americans by General Weyler, who is not a high-minded general or a brave soldier, but a common hangman, and the question is, would not justice compel him to walk the plank to death? Those savage acts obliterate the greatness of Granada, Saragossa, and San Quintin; no wonder that the provinces stand at bay, and that Sailor I should extend to the Cubans my sympathy.

In the thirties I dealt with Cuba; shipped flour from the United States; every barrel was and had to be sold to the Spanish Government. To sell to a merchant or an individual was confiscation of vessel and her cargo, and imprisonment of her officers, and the purchaser was subject to fine and imprisonment. Spain's officers sold the flour to the people, after adding such an additional amount as an elastic conscience thought proper; this wrong and robbery was to support a crown and its minions, and stint the stomachs of thousands of working people, sailors included.

The world well knows that Spain has ever looked upon her colonists as subdued serfs, to be lorded over by ignorant kings and bloated dons. Mistaken Spain! They, your colonists, are of a less pliable composition to that of Spain's home serfs; their brain is of a superior order; it is untainted by excesses, or dwarfed by poverty. Those born and reared breathing the pure and free air of America's quarter can be shot, but not conquered. The world has an object lesson of this fact, from Plymouth's rock to Cape Horn, and it will be witnessed on the isles of the Antilles.

Those island people and their warriors are within the influence

of the Stars and Stripes, the not long since dress of naked republican infancy, but now the impregnable breastwork of a giant nation.

It is impossible to sustain a monarchy or vassalage in the American atmosphere. Spain's once vast colonial possessions embraced Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentine Confederation, Patagonia, and all of Central America, and that portion of the United States from south of its southwest San Diego, on the Pacific Ocean, on north to Vancouver's Juan de Fuca Strait and Pacific-bound island; thence south by east through the now vast territory of the United States to the Mississippi's many open mouths at the Atlantic Ocean; thence onward, embracing three great States, to Florida's eastern border, together with over two-thirds of all the island territory located in the waters of the north and south Atlantic. Now, in 1898, of this vast territory she only possesses a mere speck—this speck is formed by the Philippine Islands, with a population of about 7,558,900; Cuba with a population of 1,340,000; Porto Rico with 738,000; Canary Islands with 297,000 people, and the unhealthy island of Fernando Po, off the African coast, where Cuban prisoners are banished to die out of the way. This island has a population of but 1900, not including prisoners. And Cuba is this day balancing in fate's scales for freedom or the continuation of vassalage.

Spain's standing army of Spaniards on Cuba's Isle, to hold her serfs in subjection, in times of peace, numbers 25,000 strong, and derive their support from those that they hold in subjection.

The total population of Spain proper, or the mother country, so called, at this period, 1898, is estimated at 16,986,800. When under the supremacy of the Moors, during near three centuries, its population exceeded 22,000,000, and when a Roman province, its population reached 37,000,000. Its population at one period since those days dropped down below 12,000,000, and is now on the wane.

Time's clock told many hours and 1898 arrived, and Spain's tyranny and cruelty had not ceased, but continued to distress and

torture her island people, when on January 12, 1898, the far Western Davenport "Democrat," and its patriotic editor, Mr. H. T. Tillinghast, in connection with Davenport's Mayor, Mr. S. F. Smith, called upon the people to assemble and take action to relieve the distress and wants of the oppressed and starving Cubans.

Sailor I, who had friends both on and beneath Cuba's blood-soaked soil, advocated tangible action. Then on the 13th the Davenport "Republican," in reporting the action taken by this public meeting, said that,

"A. C. Fulton introduced the following resolution which failed of support, not because it failed of sympathy, but the time was not opportune and it did not come clearly within the call as issued for the meeting, otherwise it would have received the unanimous indorsement:

" 'I move that a committee of five be appointed by this meeting to draft petitions, praying our President and Congress to grant Spain, and the Republic of Cuba, belligerent rights; and that said committee place those petitions with our various business houses to receive the signatures of the friends of distressed Cuba.'

"Mr. Fulton spoke very interestingly of his personal experiences in Cuba and talked most feelingly in the behalf of an oppressed people who are unable to free themselves from the tyranny of Spanish rule. He was in favor of getting right after the aggressors. There were others who felt the same spirit, but the time may come, they said, when some more radical action may become necessary."

And the Davenport "Democrat" in its report of January 13, 1898, publishes as follows:

"A. C. Fulton was full of enthusiasm and full of fight. He had personally known Cuba and the Cubans for sixty years, and he offered a resolution, the purport of which was that they be

granted belligerent rights by the United States. The meeting did not give the resolution a second, however. It was felt by all the gentlemen present that, while they would be glad to send arms or go themselves and help the Cubans use them, this meeting, called to consider ways and means of relieving distress incident to the war, was not the place to take action of any sort that could embarrass the President or any arm of his administration in the clothing and feeding and nursing of the sufferers. The gentlemen all signified their willingness to do all they could, as individuals, to support Mr. Fulton's resolution at any other time or place. He withdrew it, and it may appear again and elsewhere."

Then on February 15, 1898, came the shocking and heart-rending explosion of the noble warship "Maine," that sent several hundred human beings to untimely graves, and caused tears of distress and sorrow to flow in a large number of previously happy homes. Upon which Sailor I published to the world as follows, and which forms a portion of a life's voyage:

" 'MAINE' DISASTER—ACCIDENT THEORY EXPLODED BY A. C. FULTON, WHO KNOWS THE HARBOR.

"The following communication in regard to the terrible 'Maine' disaster was received from A. C. Fulton, who is well acquainted with the harbor at Havana:

" 'Editor of the "Republican":

" 'Dear Sir: I desire through your journal to call attention to what I claim to be an error in connection with the ill-fated warship "Maine." Officials and many journals claim that if her destruction was caused by a mine or a torpedo, the material forming her hull would be bent inward and furnish proof of outward force. But the probabilities are that the far more powerful explosion from within, which almost instantly followed the outward force, would increase the first breach or drive the evidence outward, and contradict the presence of any mine or torpedo, and obliterate the looked for evidence,

“ ‘ Lieutenant Blandin, who was on deck and who is the only man that throws any intelligent light on the subject, says a dull roar struck his ear and immediately a tremendous explosion, that carried destruction and death before it, took place. This preceding agitation clearly proves that no spark of fire, no heat from combustion or from heated wires, caused the disaster. If so, then no previous commotion would have preceded the igniting of the powder. It was the force and the act of the mine or the torpedo that the lieutenant heard passing through the ship’s hull, the air chamber, and the magazine a single moment previous to the terrific explosion.

“ ‘ Had I the right to advise, I would say consume no time in reeling off red tape, but immediately put energetic divers on the trail. And as I know the harbor at some points to have deposits of alluvial I would make an extended and careful overhauling for lines or cables and fragments of shells. I entered and anchored in Havana Bay in 1829, and since, and know it to be favorable on a dark night and at a receding tide to control and use a torpedo to an advantage.

“ ‘ That you, Mr. Editor, may have some confidence in my judgment, I will say that I operated off and on for over forty years, and have worked expressly at times in experimenting with explosives. My first experiment took place in the year 1819, and was a grand success.

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.

“ ‘ Davenport, Ia., February 19, 1898.’ ”

Then on April 13, 1898, the Davenport “ Republican ” published as follows:

“ A COMMUNICATION.

“ *A. C. Fulton on the ‘ Maine ’ Explosion and on Cuba—He is Haunted by the Scenes of Torture which Have Been Taking Place on the Island.*

“ Davenport is alive with sympathy for the Cuban sufferers, but it is safe to say that there is not a man in the whole country

who thrills with a more intense sense of the injustice that is being done on suffering Cuba than A. C. Fulton. His intimate acquaintance with Havana and its vicinity, and his knowledge of the structure and mechanism of ships, make his opinion more than usually valuable. The following is a communication from Mr. Fulton, which will be widely read:

“ ‘ Editor of the “ Republican ” :

“ ‘ Dear Sir: I desire to say, that through experience I am positive that the warship “ Maine ” was wrecked by an outside mine or torpedo, which in crashing through the outer timber and iron walls of the ship at the same moment drove with it a rushing torrent of water, that surrounded the fiery explosive on all sides, to save most of the magazines, and cause astonishment to the naval committee.

“ ‘ This water in a very few minutes filled the ship’s vast bulk. Had the work of a firebrand or a spark originated within the heated dry chambers and walls of the ship, not a magazine or vestige of powder would have remained to be handled and gazed on with wonder. The water that protected the magazines would not have been present in the ship’s hull until after the explosion of the magazines.

“ ‘ All—every indication plainly points to the fact that the poor sailors perished, and that the good ship “ Maine ” was wrecked by a deliberately manufactured and planted mine of powerful capacity.

“ ‘ My desire is to convey to the interested what I claim to be plain facts.

“ ‘ At an early day and now I have my own small troubles with Spain’s Cuba. I am at night startled in my sleep by the agonizing screams of tortured prisoners, and the dying groans of pale, emaciated children, and the prayers of starving mothers are constantly ringing in my ears; whilst I am surrounded by the bloody quivering, writhing bodies of 261 American sailors. A sickening sight of cruelty that eclipses Armenia’s more humane slaughter, and compels me to speak. I cannot rest. For Spain,

in hopes of reducing the republican majority on the island, is now killing off hundreds of thousands.

“ ‘ I cut all down to the smallest possible space; did I not, the full history of cruelty would shock the reader.

“ ‘ Respectfully yours,

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.

“ ‘ Davenport, Ia., April 12, 1898.’ ”

CHAPTER XXXV.

A JOURNEY TO NEW ORLEANS, VERA CRUZ, THE CITY OF MEXICO; THENCE TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION AND INDIAN TERRITORY.

GOOD READER, 1884 has arrived, and I will take you with me, or report to you from my diary a journey from Davenport, Ia., down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and thence by sea to Vera Cruz; then inland to the City of Mexico, then from the city to the Texas revolutionary battlefields.

April 10.

Here we are at Cairo, to see that city and the junction of our two great rivers, the Ohio and the Mississippi. My object, as I journey, is to see, and see I do. I get up early, lose no daylight, and were I a Joshua I would stop the sun, and rob the night to lengthen day.

The geographical feature of Cairo and the rivers at that point have greatly changed since I first visited it in 1838. Where my boat then landed large trees now grow. Land has formed and extended since that date, south and down the rivers full $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, and the Mississippi has left its old bed west of Cairo high and dry. Where steamers once plowed the waters, forest trees now swiftly grow. This change has destroyed the landing on the Mississippi side and compelled boats to add full three miles to their journey to find wharfage and a harbor on the Ohio. This change was wrought through the Cairo Company placing a large stone break-water on the Mississippi side five miles above Cairo, which threw the current of the river west into Missouri, cutting hundreds of acres of land off from the State, with houses, barns, and orchards. The Iron Mountain Railroad has been compelled to place works on the Missouri side to check devastation.

A few miles above Cairo the Mississippi and Ohio have cut into the narrow neck of land to an extent that bids fair in time to cut through and convert the territory occupied by Cairo into a triangle island. The United States Mississippi Improvement Commission have the situation of this cut under consideration.

Some seven years since an adventurer from St. Louis squatted on the newly made territory at Cairo, and claimed it to be vacant government land. The Cairo Company contested this claim within the courts, and after a six years' contest obtained a decree against the squatter.

I will now view New Orleans and Louisiana. Thirty years have retired or placed within the tomb most of the then planters, merchants, and mechanics, and the same period has brought others onto the stage of action. I have taken great interest in ascertaining if there has also been an advancement in the condition of the white or the black races. My judgment may be at fault, but in that judgment I have to say that as a whole there has not been, and especially intellectually, a really forward movement on the part of the whites. No Mr. Hunt, Grimes, Slidell, Rosilias, or Christy now. True, cities and plantations have been extended, railroads built, and space has been occupied through the labors of both whites and blacks. Slavery not existing, each and every man has to, or is expected to, earn his own bread, but a vast number of the present generation go into the bread business with perceptible reluctance. Too large a number of the whites for the public good consider labor or exertion degrading; the consequence is that the blacks are becoming almost the universal artisans, mechanics, and laborers.

This situation and great change is very perceptible at and from Cairo down to the Gulf.

At New Orleans I visited many of the workshops and buildings being erected, some of them equal to any in Chicago, and frequently found the entire force, from contractors down, to be blacks. One building, a massive and grand structure on Canal Street, its outer walls being built with pressed brick, cannot be excelled, if equaled, by any similar work in Chicago, and the boss

and all the workmen are blacks—some of them ex-slaves, and black of the deepest dye. Those working blacks being producers will always possess money, and as they are almost universally sober, the day is not distant in which they will make their presence felt.

There has been yearly a gradual increase of building, and the extension of railroads into Texas has greatly benefited New Orleans; benefits which will yearly increase as the fertile region through which they pass becomes improved.

The sanitary condition of the city has been greatly benefited since my day of the thirties up to 1842, by the drainage of adjacent swamps and introducing stone curbs and gutters.

I have consulted several sugar planters and visited growing crops, and there has never been a fairer prospect for a heavy crop. The cane is about one foot in height, well set, and healthy.

Cotton is also doing well, and the acreage of both sugar and cotton will be larger than usual.

Corn is doing splendidly—never much better, and an increase of ground has been planted.

It is worth a long journey to see the sugar cane and cotton plants growing. Yes, and to see the magnificent Cotton Exchange, and make a trip to the lake, and stroll along the grand old levee and see the big steamers and foreign vessels within the harbor.

Truly can I say, "beautiful country, beautiful city." I have established my headquarters at the City Hotel during my limited stay, a structure that I aided in erecting some fifty years ago.

I set out this morning to call on some of my early associates, but visiting their former domiciles found strange occupants. I searched the city directory, but found no familiar names; I visited the cemeteries, and there, chiseled upon marble slabs, appeared the names of many I had known.

I paid a visit to the Produce Exchange, a fine structure erected on a brick foundation that was laid by your humble servant in 1833. I also visited the buildings, or the site of nine buildings erected by myself, and once owned by me. Three had been

burned, two taken down to be replaced by larger ones, and four remain in good order.

Notwithstanding war's ravages New Orleans continues to grow, and the extent of her commerce is astonishing to an Iowa man. The late census gives her a population of 217,000. This canvass was made in the summer season, when not fewer than 25,000 residents had gone into summer quarters. The winter population is not less than 300,000. Since I left here in 1842 the population has increased over 100,000.

I have been reconnoitering all over this great and well-spread-out city. I have seen so many interesting sights that it would be folly to attempt to put all on paper. We have high water down here, but it has not yet affected the railroads running North, but those running South are from one to three feet under water. The line running to Morgan City, on Bay St. Louis, has been abandoned to the floods, but as there is now a slight fall, no general overflow is looked for. The Mississippi now stands about six feet above the average level of the streets. I observe that some Eastern and Western journals place the river sixteen feet above the streets of the city. This, if correct, would put sixteen feet of water over the whole city. The levees, thus far, have stood the rise and are expected to continue a proper protection, and no inundation is looked for.

My stay is quite brief. We sail for Vera Cruz to-morrow. Before leaving Davenport I received letters that this would be the last packet week, on account of the quarantine against yellow fever, and such I find to be the fact. True, there is danger, and danger lurks in all places. Cowards die monthly; the valiant never die but once, which saves a large stock of anxiety.

I visited the World's Exposition grounds and buildings situated above the city, near the river. The inclosure embraces about 150 acres, with a natural live-oak grove. The buildings cover 29½ acres. The main building, now under way, covers 20 acres, which is just equal to five of our Davenport blocks, including all their streets and alleys. The time rolls show that 420 men are employed on this gigantic work.

One notable fact connected with this city is that very few tenement houses, where several families are huddled together, exist. The merchants, clerks, mechanics, and laborers own in a great measure their residences.

New Orleans has a little "boom." I can see it on each of my visits. Stores are filling up, real estate auctioneers increasing in numbers and dressing well, and you will frequently hear a serious looking man on the street say to his companion, "Corner lot!" Expectations are also booming on account of the coming exposition, but should this be a sickly season the exposition will come to naught, and this beautiful and enterprising city will be set back many years. My prayer is that a kind Heaven may divert such a disaster.

The veteran Confederates here daily fight all their battles over again. The names of Lee, Johnson, Hood, and Forrest can be heard on every street car, and every boat where a few may chance to meet; but as they draw no pensions, they should be entitled to this poor privilege.

A VOYAGE TO VERA CRUZ BY THE STEAMSHIP "WHITNEY."

April 17, 1884.

Here we are within the harbor at New Orleans, where, previous to railroad invasion, lay around us the black hulls of the vessels of every nation, and upward we gazed through a forest of masts; but now a meager show of sea-going vessels is presented.

We cast off our hawser, and the good steamship "Whitney" glides like a swan into the current. Her deep keel plows furrows in the Mississippi's turbid waters. We approach the coast.

The floods are spread out to an extent that, did you not see dwellings, sugar houses, and trees, you would suppose you were upon a vast lake; this expansive overflow and the ocean are one.

We now strike the jetties, but naught is to be seen save the heads of battered wooden piling faced with willow mattresses; the greatness, the utility of this expensive structure rest beyond the vision beneath the waters. Here a constant change in the

extension of the alluvial is going on, which is greatly increasing, not diminishing. The land has formed and extended seaward over four miles since I entered the Mississippi in 1831.

Onward we glide, and slowly the shore recedes from view, and the broad ocean lays expanded before us, and now twilight is preparing to doff its dress of day, to assume night's garb of somber hue, and the ocean within nature's cradle has rocked itself to sleep; and the winds have hushed to let it slumber; and now vast clouds of various shades and density pile themselves up in fantastic shapes to form the sleeper's canopy, whilst others as sentinels march and countermarch in single and double file along the ether boulevards of the zenith. Sleep, mother of all first life, and grandmother of all present life; sleep, and dream of enchantment be with thee! Fear not, for an ever vigilant Omnipotence watches over thee.

The high temperature of the water indicates that we have entered the Gulf Stream; a river of tepid water with its elevated surface flowing over three miles per hour within the ocean, and the most violent elements have to switch off and give it the right of way. We are now upon the wide ocean, without an object on which to rest the eye.

THE THRONE OF ÆOLUS.

A heavy gale is now springing up. The sun has sunk out of sight and abandoned the ocean to a lashing tempest. Three rough, boisterous days have passed; the tempest heightens; dark clouds shoot up with lightning speed to the zenith, and night has come with a starless sky. The sea is running high, and our ship is plunging like a mad leviathan of the deep, and the very sea trembles under the artillery of the sky. There is a grandeur, an awful grandeur, in the scene.

Night's darkness has passed; the clouds disperse, a bright sun appears. Good heart, noble ship; thou hast weathered an awful night upon the Gulf of storms and thunder.

The Gulf of Mexico is the very throne of Æolus; the empire of

storms which seldom slumber. Here the frosts of the frigid North meet on neutral grounds the heat of the torrid zone, to riot and create convulsions in the air.

Our spacious and palatial cabin is well ventilated, fare is faultless, yet some fastidious passengers complain, especially of the weakness of the condensed milk. No doubt but some shrewd Yankee has utilized a gentle shower that had been filtered through the milky way! Goodness! what a contrast between this voyage and my first in 1829; then my quarters were a contracted fore-castle, a halfway house between Pandemonium and Paradise; a sailor's chest my seat, my couch a board bunk, with an almost adamantine mattress, and minus a pillow, and ten days of the voyage on quarter rations and a small allowance of water. One young man succumbed to the trying ordeal, and was entombed within the briny deep; no kin to shed a tear, yet sympathy surrounded the departed. The weather-beaten cheek of the sailor paled, and his eyes moistened as the corpse sank within its deep, watery grave.

I said a contrast! yes, a great contrast. Now my quarters are not a contracted fore-castle, but a spacious saloon with damask drapery, a cushioned chair to recline upon, and at night a downy pillow, with a mattress as soft as moonlight.

Some sailors with sorrow say that innovation has stepped on deck, and that the sailor's occupation is gone. Very true that steam weighs the anchor, mans the helm, and sights the gun, but there is yet an open field for sailors, no pent-up Utica.

Five days and five nights have passed, and on our starboard bow appears the Castle of San Juan De Ulloa, which stands on a small island nearly a half mile from the main shore; the blue waves of the Atlantic surge against its base, and its open-mouthed artillery rests in position ready to belch forth their iron hail and mimic the thunders of Heaven. This castle was the last foothold that Spain possessed in Mexico; and through its strength and position she exacted tribute from all vessels entering the adjacent harbor for nearly two years after the Mexicans had driven her from the mainland.

In April, 1519, Cortez landed his 628 men some thirty miles south of here, but that harbor being objectionable, he moved his camp near San Juan De Ulloa, and laid off the town of Villarica de la Vera Cruz—the rich town of the true Cross—and built a rude fort, in which labor the native Mexicans aided him.

The church spires of Vera Cruz are now visible; this was the first town laid off on the mainland of this continent: it was laid off 88 years previous to our English fathers laying off Jamestown, Va., in May, 1607, and over 100 years previous to the pilgrim fathers landing at Plymouth in December, 1620.

Yonder is the beach upon which Cortez drew up his ships, stripped off their rigging, and broke them to pieces, so as to cut off his own and his little army's retreat, he having resolved to conquer or perish. And from the site of yonder city, Cortez and his army, with 6000 Telescalan volunteers, marched in August, 1519, to conquer Montezuma.

I now take my gripsack and step onto terra firma, after terminating my tenth voyage on or over the Gulf of Mexico in this latitude.

VERA CRUZ, April 23.

What a motley population exists here—Portuguese, Spaniards, Mexicans, Aztecs, Peruvians, Brazilians, Africans, and Indians, with but very few Americans or English. The yellow fever has scattered them or sent them to the tomb.

I find Vera Cruz a very busy commercial city, but the unhealthful climate retards its growth. It has a population of about twenty-two thousand, and is situated on the seashore, the town site resting some eight feet at the present time above the sea. The streets cross at right angles, and many of them drain their waters from the curbstones into the center of the street, and all streets are from six to ten inches below the sidewalks. Most of the business streets are curbed with good stone curbing, and are well paved with cobble-stone procured from the ocean beach. The sidewalks are narrow; from four to seven feet in width, and

paved with dressed flagstone or water cement, which in this climate makes a durable walk.

The town site is quite flat, and affords but a slight descent for the water. The fact that no main or front building possesses any chimney attracts the attention of a Northerner; but as no fires are requisite in this climate no chimneys are erected except for kitchens, and not one-third of the dwellings have any chimneys at all; the cooking being done under a shed, or in the open air in the back yard. Almost the sole fuel used is charcoal, which is brought into the city in sacks by peddlers on the backs of mules and jacks—most generally the latter. A caravan of five is now passing my window. There are no wells here for drinking purposes as their waters are brackish, consequently the city, as well as the adjacent country, has to depend on rain or water brought through conductors for a distance of five miles into the city.

All are interested in the commerce of the world. I visited the warehouses and shipping. I had no thought that Mexico was the coffee-producing country that she is. The evidence is here before me, in the warehouses. An English ship has just cleared with 500 bags, and almost every European vessel carries off coffee. Our steamer on her last trip took 150 bags for Galveston. I find that the shipment of Mexican coffee from this port alone during the past ninety days was 1700 sacks.

Although Mexico is a cotton-producing country, she does not supply her increasing spindles. Large quantities are brought here from Louisiana and Texas. We, this trip, brought in 150 bales. I am surprised to find Vera Cruz such a cleanly city. In that respect it will compare with any of our cities; yet the yellow fever is raging here. The deaths are numerous. A well-known railroad man, C. E. Powers, has just been taken off, and the American consul is down with the disease. This is the first point on this continent at which the yellow fever appeared. History tells us that, in the year 1763, an African slaver entered this port with a cargo of slaves who had this disease, and since that time its presence is almost continually to be seen and felt. You may say there is great peril in coming here; peril may become an

acquaintance that we look for. The Arctic explorer who has passed through great hardship is always willing to return; he who suffered the loss of fingers and toes is resolved to return the first opportunity.

Vera Cruz has three good hotels and many fine, substantial buildings, and finely decorated, but small, parks near the center of the city. I am quartered at the Hotel Veracluzano, an ancient Spanish structure.

Our greenbacks, silver, and gold sell here for Mexican bills or silver, as you may select, at thirteen per cent. premium, and from this up to fifteen per cent. is the ruling rate. I have just sold greenbacks at thirteen per cent. advance. It is used to purchase goods and pay United States duties.

Vera Cruz is lighted by gas and electric light. All vehicles carrying commodities are required to have wheels four inches broad.

A distance from Davenport of two thousand miles southward is quite perceptible in the temperature, but during the past two days a north breeze has put the thermometer down to 90° to 94° in the shade.

The country for a distance of twenty miles westward is sandy, stony, and quite barren; then comes fertility, and the coffee, sugar, as well as corn and other products. I see plows here without a single ounce of iron in their construction, Aztecs' ingenuity. All work is performed by the Aztecs or Indians, who receive fifty to sixty cents per day, and board and lodge themselves. Tobacco is a large and important crop.

Yankee civilization has entered Vera Cruz and all Mexico, for here stands a sewing machine, and yonder passes a street car, and there we see an electric light, and the lengthy, shady walks of the Alameda and the young Arab peddling Spanish journals tell us of civilization.

I now bid adieu to Vera Cruz and her spray-kissed coast, and take the cars for the city of Mexico.

ON THE RAIL, April 26.

We have a platoon of soldiers and two officers put on board to protect us from robbers. Each train, both ways, carries a like guard. This railroad was completed in 1872 by English capital. The line is 263 miles in length, passing over the Sierra Madre Mountains, which have a mean altitude of 9000 feet above the sea. The Popocatepetl peak has an altitude of 17,700 feet, and the Orizaba an altitude of 17,200 feet. Upon the summits of those mountains rests a perpetual bed of snow and ice. All the ice used in Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico is procured from Orizaba by Indians, who cut the ice on the summit, and carry it down the mountains in sacks upon their backs. It is then transported in cars or carts to cities or villages. It takes two days to make the journey up and down the mountain, the Indians sleeping on or near the summit in a blanket, with a brushwood fire.

During the day the snow and ice melt some to freeze at night. The supply must forever remain inexhaustible. A grander scene cannot well be imagined than that witnessed on this mountain journey, in comparison to which the Alleghenies are really insignificant. There are sixteen tunnels on the line, none of extensive length. At many points the cars pass along or over vast chasms of many hundreds of feet in depth, and the trains appear to be merely clinging to the mountain side, from which position the farms down below appear like a patchwork bedspread, and at many points you have the clouds on your right and left, level with the cars.

Those views brought to my mind the scenes from the summit of the Andes in my early days.

The greatest elevation of the road is 8633 feet above the sea. Those elevations are taken from the railroad surveys and levels. At one point we rise 4700 feet in 25 miles. This road is considered a masterpiece of engineering. Yankee engineers performed the work, and \$27,000,000 was consumed in its construction.

At an elevation of 7700 feet we strike a tract of tableland over

50 miles in length, and in width beyond the vision, except here and there a small rising cone. This tract contains small villages and is in a good state of cultivation. This mountain plain has to me an abiding interest, for here over a half century past and gone, when very short of rations, I shot two large fowls similar to the prairie chicken; I was looking for fuel to cook them when I struck an Aztec adobe hut at the foot of a mountain spur. The Aztec madam had a good fire burning out in the air near a clear rivulet that gushed from the mountain side, and in a large network cradle swinging from a branch of a tree was a bright-eyed pappoose watching its mother's every motion. I proposed that the madam could cook the wild fowls on shares; she immediately accepted the proposition, and took one of the fowls, and, without removing the feathers, she tucked its head under its wing and pressed its legs close up to its body, and with a rawhide string wrapped around the chicken firmly, tied them in the position as placed; she then went to a clay bank a few yards from the house, where the water flowed, and mixed up some of the clay with water, and then laid it on a flat rock ledge and flattened out the clay like the crust of a large pie; on this crust she placed the chicken, and drew the crust from all sides over it, and closed up the edges; then the package looked just like a large earthen jug without any handle; she opened the live coals of the fire, placed the jug in the cavity, then replaced the hot coals and put the burning wood over them, and went to work to put her chicken in a jug.

The kind aboriginal then took from a recess in a large rock and gave me two small clay images of ancient Aztec's art, and she truly told me that I, the possessor of those miniature deities, would never suffer for want of rations whilst I possessed them. I gave those miniature faces and forms to the Davenport Academy of Science, together with eight minié balls from off Georgia's Atlanta battlefield of the sixties; perhaps one or more slew its man.

I went to work on my diary to note the cookery operation, and before I expected a result I was called to receive my chicken; it was hooked out of the fire with a forked stick and rolled toward

me; after letting it cool a few minutes, under the direction of the Aztec cook, I opened the jug by splitting it from end to end with a long lava knife like a dull corn-cutter; the jug crust took off all the feathers with it, clean and clear, but there is science in the act of preparing the crust to remove all the feathers; never did Sailor I partake of a more delicious dish than this wild chicken, and some cake, made from red corn pounded fine in a wooden mortar, for which I gave two bright brass buttons from off my vest, for I was short of change; and I used as my table a rock of the Sierra Madre.

Here on this extensive mountain bench of fertile land did Cortez, in 1520, find friends and food on his retreat from disaster at the City of Mexico, and here he received or pressed into his service Xlaxcalan aid to carry his military stores and the timber for his lake boats, with which he stormed and took the capital of the Aztecs. Cortez was indebted to those allies for his success and undying fame, as we are to the Tennessee and Kentucky mule for the preservation of the Union. Had it not been for the presence and suggestion of the mule, General Sherman would never have thought of marching to the sea.

Now the morning mists are rising to unveil the valleys, to present their beauties to us from our upper perch. Now church spires and convent towers of the mountain city of Queretaro appear in sight, pointing toward the clouds. The city stands 6300 feet above the sea; this is one of Mexico's ancient, historic, and beautiful cities, with its Alameda and other parks, homes of idleness, yet breathing spots not incumbered by city walls.

Here is erected a very extensive cotton factory, working about a thousand hands, all Aztecs and Mexicans, except four superintendents. The power is derived from a mountain stream, operating on an overshot wheel forty-eight feet in diameter—one of the largest wheels in the world. Here on May 30, 1848, a peace treaty that closed the war between Mexico and the United States was ratified, and here the foreign invader, Maximilian, who through European power and impudence had been created an emperor to enslave the free republicans of Mexico, was attacked

by his armed subjects in May, 1867, and in a desperate and bloody engagement was defeated, taken prisoner, and with his generals Miramon and Mejia, was shot to death on June 19, 1867. The rebel President Juarez, a pure Aztec, and the officials at Washington, were solicited but refused to interfere, and the European monarchs held aloof; they had gained knowledge from the Mexicans of their ability to defend themselves and their homes. The executed three found graves at Cerra de las Campanas, where they fell.

I walked over the dreary road near three miles north of the city to a rough mountain spur, once fortified by breastworks, to the ground where the emperor and his generals met their doom; a befitting spot for such a deed.

Emperor Maximilian's body in time was taken to his Austrian home for final interment; three common dark stones with the name of each victim on it, marked the spot where the trio lay; that of the emperor rests in the center, where he stood to receive his death. Those stones were placed there by European friends residing in Queretaro.

Here in Mexico the donkeys and Indians make the country. In this vast mountain section the donkey and mule, mostly the donkey, carry all the agricultural products, lumber, railroad ties, and the water in Vera Cruz, and his master when on a journey. He is here, there, and everywhere, and respected by all. The mule does the plowing and teaming where a team can travel, and the Indian is the almost universal conductor.

The railroad telegraph line has wrought-iron poles or supports, with cast-iron sockets. The height is generally about fifteen feet above ground.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 27, 1884.

Oh, my! Oh, my! This must be the birthplace of architecture, so many almost countless orders, shapes, and forms blended, and forming a bewildering grandeur that dazzles the vision and perplexes the imagination; grand, grand oddity—no beginning, no end, yet all harmony and perfection.

The City of Mexico is located in an extensive valley on the mountain, 7500 feet above the sea. It has a population of 280,000. In fifteen hours' journey I have seen and felt summer's heat at Vera Cruz, the winter's chill midway upon the mountain, and here a pleasant spring, where the thermometer ranges from 50° to 75° the year around. The nights, though not cold, affect me and others; time might make a change. The city stands high and near the vast refrigerators of the mountain, which after the warm sun retires send down their gentle icehouse chill. From my hotel Iturbide I can see the summit of Popocatepetl; it is volcanic, but has lain inactive for over a century. The city has gas and electric light, and is supplied with water from distant streams, which is conducted into small reservoirs in all parts of the city and carried thence to consumers in large earthen pitchers and jugs, by licensed water-carriers. The population of Mexico is something over 11,400,000.

If all history and all the inhabitants of this city were blotted out of existence, its rise, progress, and then its decline and evidence of imbecility, could be seen in its architecture.

Within the central portions of the city we see churches, hotels, and dwellings with massive walls, towering columns, expansive arches, and grand galleries; the outer walls a wonder of chaste and ornamental designs. This is the exhibit previous to the present century. As the city extended during this century, a falling off in grandeur of design as well as in comfort is plainly visible—a falling off that is indelible. To give a proper description of the ancient edifices here is impossible. The modern can be described. I will make mention of the Iturbide (Etabeda) Hotel where I sojourn. This hotel was built 112 years ago, and has yet a life of 200 more. It has two inside courts, one 50 feet by 60, and the other 70 by 30, with 730 running feet of stone-paved galleries. The ornamental front is four stories in height with galleries. The inside stairs and platforms are of heavy stone on up to the upper story. Large columns support the main court galleries. The main building has 140 large rooms above the ground floor, and the connecting extensions

contain 40 more. The main entrance is 18 feet wide by 25 in height.

The city has 35 churches. The most noted is the cathedral; it is over 300 years old, and is good for 300 more. It is said to have cost, when labor was cheap, \$1,700,000. Its lofty arched ceilings are supported by a vast number of massive clustered columns. I have visited the churches of almost every Eastern and Southern city, and also of three foreign countries, and this of three centuries back eclipses them all. It faces the Plaza, which contains about three acres of highly ornamental grounds, with fountains and well-cared-for walks. The outer sidewalk around this park is laid or paved with light and dark marble slabs.

In 1607 the then province of Mexico accomplished one of the greatest undertakings of that century. This city was then subject to inundations from the waters of Lake Zanhango and Rio Guantitlan, to prevent which the course of that river was diverted out of the valley. This required a vast cut from 110 to 370 feet wide, and 90 up to 300 feet in depth on the first section, of 13 miles in length. This was 13 years previous to our Pilgrim Fathers' landing at Plymouth. The second section of the canal to Lake San Cristobal was found to be necessary, and was completed in 1783. When compared with this stupendous work our Hennepin Canal will be a mere street gutter, except in length.

Over a century since an earthquake changed the surface of the earth near the lakes, and left the canal dry except at very high floods. This canal is known as the drain of Huchuetoca.

I have just visited one of the two city aqueducts which conduct the water to the city. This one is now 304 years old. It is raised about 13 feet above the streets. The portion within the city rests on 880 stone arches; its length is 10 miles. The two combined have 1500 arches.

The premium of 15 per cent. on United States greenbacks, silver, and gold has dropped down to 12½ per cent. I sold our silver dollars at those figures for Mexican dollars.

I attended service within the cathedral. The services in Span-

ish possessed a grand solemnity; a zeal and reverence that is calculated to carry the mind upwards toward a better world. No illusion clusters here, but unfeigned prayers and chants were offered up to the great Supreme, which called to my mind the vast work performed by the missionary priests; not alone a work of religion, but of civilization, embracing every country, every island, to the remotest corner of the earth. Here, in centuries past, the native Aztecs assembled to commune with an unseen God. My thoughts rush back to the seventh and eighth centuries, when the rulers of England, France, and Germany, through their ministers of state or personally, appeared at the monasteries to beseech the learned monks and friars to come to their countries, and within their colleges instruct their ministers of state and their youths. They came, and civilization and intelligence followed their work. Without the records of those ancient monks and friars the history of many countries would have been entirely unknown.

Here before us stands the palace wherein sojourned the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, who lost his life through European greed and insolence; we are granted permission to enter the halls once presided over by the heart-broken Empress Carlotta, the daughter of the King of the Belgians, and in whose palace poor Carlotta was confined, being a lunatic. The day previous to Maximilian's death at Queretaro, by decree of a court-martial, he wrote the following letter to poor Carlotta:

“To My Beloved Carlotta:

“If God ever permits you to recover and read these lines, you will learn the cruelty of the fate which has not ceased to pursue me since your departure for Europe. You carried with you my soul and my happiness. Why did I not listen to you? So many events, alas! so many unexpected and unmerited catastrophes have overwhelmed me, that I have no more hope in my heart, and I await death as a delivering angel. I die without agony. I shall fall with glory like a soldier, like a conquered king. If you have not the power to bear so much suffering, if God soon re-

unites us, I shall bless the divine and paternal hand which has so rudely stricken us. Adieu! Adieu! Thy poor

“MAX.”

Yes, poor Max, yet more poor Carlotta.

As is well known to all of that day, Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, was but a tool of Napoleon III., to cheaply make for Napoleon a name of fame and greatness by establishing a monarchy in the Western republican world.

Maximilian was the second son of the Archduke Francis Charles of Austria, and was in his thirty-second year of age when crowned Emperor of Mexico. He was born in Austria in 1832, and during several years of his young manhood he served in the Austrian Navy, as a sailor, sailing master, and commander, and was noted as a very efficient officer.

He was married at Brussels in 1857 to the Princess Carlotta, the only daughter of Leopold I. of Belgium, who was opposed to his accepting a Mexican throne. He was crowned in April, 1864, upon which he renounced all his rights to the throne of Austria.

Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlotta landed at Vera Cruz from off an Austrian frigate, which was escorted by a French man-of-war, on the 29th of May, 1864, and arrived at the City of Mexico on June 12, but disaster and death, through the decree of a military court-martial, soon followed, as acts baneful to the once-free Mexicans were forced upon them by a foreign hand. The fire of republican liberty had not been quenched in Mexico.

Sailor I, who at that day kept a diary, recorded all of Maximilian's imperial acts, from their incipency to the firing of the gun at Cerra de las Campanas that sent him to eternity, as thoughtless and lacking the energy and resolution that an exalted station demanded.

The key of success in all things is thought, preparation, and resolution. This key was first used by the great Jehovah in setting out to create this vast and wonderful world.

Now, in 1897, thirty-three years have passed and gone since I

recorded the landing of the Emperor and Empress at Vera Cruz, and the unfortunate Carlotta has not met her "Max" in Paradise, but now lives within her Belgium.

Mexico's domain contains 764,300 square miles, divided into twenty-seven states and two territories, with a population of about 11,480,000.

I recorded from my diary some of Mexico's early Presidents; I will here record those of later years, together with the date of their election: General Comonfort, elected in 1857; Don Benito Juarez, 1858; Don Sebastian Lerdo, 1872; General Porfirio Diaz, 1876; General Diaz, 1878; General Gonzalez, 1881; General Diaz, 1888, and twice elected in succession since that date. He is considered to be one of Mexico's best and wisest presidents. President Juarez was of Indian parentage, of unmixed blood, and a man of talent and bravery.

My object in Mexico was to procure not less than fifty thousand soldiers by permission of the Mexican authorities, to invade and give freedom to the people of an island; at that day fifty thousand brave men could have been procured for a good cause, but consent to muster them in and ship them from a Mexican port could not. Respecting the mustering in of troops, I called on the United States Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, Philip H. Morgan, who with emphasis and energy advised me to abandon the military operation and return to the States, and escape being shot down.

THE TWO REPUBLICS.

A journal of the City of Mexico, dated April 29, 1884, which is now before me, says: "A. C. Fulton of Davenport, Ia., is at the Iturbide; he will remain a week in the city. He comes to see President Gonzalez about some personal matters." I was plainly asked by the energetic reporter my business with Mexico's President, and I truly told him some personal matters.

We will now bid adieu to the City of Mexico, and set out on the long journey to El Paso, Tex., and from thence drop down

to San Antonio, to visit the old battlegrounds of 1835 and 1836; thence northwest through New Mexico to climb the steeps of the Rocky Mountains, then homeward bound through Kansas.

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE.

The First Battle of the Lone Star State.

We are here on the "Lone Star's" first battleground, the battle of the Mission, on the banks of San Antonio River. Here on the morning of the 28th day of October, 1835, a reconnoitering column of the Texan army, numbering 94 men, was surrounded by a detachment of 450 Mexican cavalry and infantry, with one brass 6-pounder.

The same sloping bank of the river that then formed a breastwork, from which the Texans sent forth with unerring aim their deadly missiles, still remains. And there before us is the open plain where fell in death 60 Mexicans; beyond, upon the rising ground lay over 40 of their wounded, and above me, near the river, stood the captured cannon, with the lifeless bodies of 14 gunners lying around it. And here upon the river's grassy bank, side by side, I find two slight elevations of the surface of the earth—they must indicate the graves of Wilson and Anderson, who were the only Texans slain that day, the day on which the Texans gained their first victory by defeating and causing the Mexicans to seek shelter with the main army under General Cos, within the Alamo, to soon be there attacked and driven south of the Rio Grande.

Yonder stands the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, from which this battle received its name. Within its massive walls chants and prayers were once offered up to the great Supreme, and the uncivilized Caddo and Comanche bowed his head before the holy Cross, and received instructions and the blessing of the missionary priest more than a century and a half now past, but time and vandal hands have marred the structure, and no chant or prayer is heard—all is quiet and still as darkness.

Where are the many actors of 1835? I have searched, advertised, but not a sign of one is to be found. Can it be possible that of the many thousands I alone remain? The very thought makes me feel sad and lonely. The final fate of many is known. Several hundred fell during the victorious campaign of 1835, and over 150 met their death in an abortive attempt to capture the Mexican city of Matamoras, in February, 1836; 170 that garri-soned the Alamo were massacred by Santa Anna, March 6, 1836. On the 27th of the same month over 400 quartered at Goliad, who, after surrendering under stipulations, were massacred by General Urrea. On April 21, 1836, at the triumphant and final battle of San Jacinto, many fell. In 1841 over 200 of the remnant of those United States volunteers, in connection with Texans, in all numbering 335 men, formed an expedition for the subjugation of New Mexico. They lost many of their number through privation in the mountains, and were finally betrayed and captured at San Miguel, by Armijo, Governor of New Mexico, and many put to death.

Of the many hundreds thus slain, over three-fourths were volunteers from the United States, to whom due credit has never been given. There is not a shadow of doubt but that the United States Volunteers procured the independence of Texas; to accomplish which they suffered every privation and hardship through hunger and thirst, through sickness and painful death. No commissary stores followed their marches, no skilled surgeons or hospital nurses administered to their wants; the earth was their couch, and Heaven's broad arch their canopy. But who in time reaped the harvest from this flow of blood, from the pains and moans, and the dying prayers of these young men? It was the United States! She first garnered the Lone Star Republic through annexation, which led her to the possession of the Golden Mountains and the fertile plains of the Pacific slope, with a territorial area of one million square miles, and an ocean frontage sufficient to girth an empire. Who bestowed this gift if it was not those volunteers?

We now bid adieu to the Lone Star's Lexington to visit Santa

Anna's Waterloo at San Jacinto, but we must not further trouble a new and uninterested world with even momentous and thrilling occurrences of the long past, the results of which shaped the destiny of this American nation.

Forty-eight hours have passed, and we are now on San Jacinto's battlefield; here upon this vantage ground did General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, on the 20th of April, 1836, on sighting General Houston's forces, throw up parallelogram intrenchments, as the roughened ground now indicates; here are charred wood coals mixed with the earth, a reminder of the camp fires, and here, at the most distant rear from the Texan forces, are small pieces of broken wine bottles; this must have been the location of the officers' headquarters, and yonder they lariatd their cavalry horses on the night of the 20th, for, on the morning of April 21, 1836, amidst the war cry of "Remember the Alamo and Goliad," the Texans, aided by Sherman and Burleson, made a charge of desperation on twice their number within the breast-works with set bayonets, sheath and bowie knives, and left over 600 Mexicans cold in death; and upon yonder eminence was planted the staff upon which waved the Lone Star flag of independence.

Look here at this dark earth, and within the scope I have pointed out to you rank vegetation draws a line; it must be enriched by human blood. Let us depart; the scene is not a pleasant one, and we have a dense and lonely wood to pass through; specters may appear. Now we go on to Spring Creek, Anahuac, and the once Alcaide's home.

We now pass from off the Rocky Mountains range down to and over the alkali plains to the Indians' unstable reservations, to find my once friends. Not one of early days in sight; all are beneath the surface of the earth, and their offspring complaining bitterly of the white man's wrong and injustice to them, as to their departed ancestors. No people ever created have, or are they capable to tell and picture their rights or their wrongs and injuries in heart-feeling and soul-stirring words as can and does the American Indian orator, and most all American Indians are

orators. Those Indians of the reservations this day have cause for complaint; unbiased history exhibits in plain capitals the fact that the white man's prejudice has ever existed toward the dark complexion. Deny it who dare, and exhibit your ignorance!

Now, in 1896, Congressman Dawes and his commission propose to grossly wrong and injure the red man, to benefit the white; this would be the proper heading for the Dawes bill in Congress; no other would truthfully explain its substance and intent. Mr. Dawes, his commissioners, and Congress, if competent to fill the stations that they have possession of, should know that this Government, under its seal of authority, had solemnly pledged itself to maintain the several Indian tribes in peaceful and unmolested possession of their Western reservations, upon which they were placed by force, not by choice. Not a pledge of the possession of lands alone, but a more sacred pledge, that of independence and self-government, together with their ancient rights and usages uninterrupted by intruding whites within their limited territory, which they in reality inherited from their fathers, not from the American Congress, to be used at pleasure as a shuttlecock.

President Cleveland and Congress, if posted in law and in modern history, know, or should know, the Government's acts and pledges to those thrice-wronged Indians.

The archives at Washington witness that, in 1817, the Cherokees at the bayonet's demand traded Alabama and Tennessee lands for lands in Arkansas. This trade and treaty, written by a white man, says that the Indians are guaranteed, and will forever be protected in the undisturbed possession of their Arkansas lands, as bordered and defined. In 1828, by contract, further lands by metes and bounds were secured to the Indians under treaty, which plainly says "perpetual ownership."

In 1838 the lands known as the Indian Territory, and the home of the Five Indian Tribes, for which a patent was issued to the tribes through the land office in regular form, were, says the agreements and stipulations contained in the giving and granting the 14,374,135 acres, to have and to hold the same, together

with all the rights, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging forever.

“ In testimony whereof, I, Martin Van Buren, President of the United States of America, have caused those letters to be made patent and the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed; given under my hand at the city of Washington on the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and of the independence of the United States, the sixty-third.

“ MARTIN VAN BUREN.”

All treaties with those Indians contained a most solemn pledge and guarantee of self-government, and this oft-repeated clause and pledge was re-affirmed as late as 1866.

Congress as an excuse for annulling sales, and violating solemn pledges and treaties, says that the Indians have done some shooting at each other. My feeling tells me that we whites, between the years 1860 and 1865 did some shooting at each other; a strife in which we surged through a tide of human blood, and as an additional excuse for the wrong and robbery for the benefit of speculators and renegades, Congress publishes that there are redskin Jay Goulds, Astors, Vanderbilts, and Rothschilds within the Indian tribes, that require regulation. Yes, and they also have within their territory a larger number of profound speakers and writers per capita than has any nation of whites on the globe, America not excepted. They know and say, and have published in their journals that they have been driven far westward, and now their liberty and their last homes are wanted to make room east of them for foreign hordes and clans; that, far better would it have been for America's future if the wolves should have howled and the autumn fires have swept over the prairies for a century yet to come, than that unappreciating foreign hordes and clans should be the possessors of the Indians' and the coming Americans' inheritance.

To the credit of a majority of the Southern members of Con-

gress, be it said that they have ever opposed opening up and bestowing the public domain to foreigners. As all well know, they have ever claimed it to be the rightful inheritance of the coming Americans.

Thousands of wise and far-seeing Americans have fondly hoped for preservation; but time has shown those hopes to be hope deluded.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ADVENTURES ON SEA AND LAND DURING A LIFE'S VOYAGE—TRYING ORDEAL—HAWAII'S EARLY HISTORY AND STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

TO perfect a life's voyage, it is necessary to drop back to sailor and Territorial days, and couple early occurrences with a later period.

In the first days of 1843 I was to journey from Quasqueton to Davenport. I was in command of two rugged horses and a self-made cutter. I concluded to visit a camp of the Sac and Fox Indians, who, with some of their adherents, the Pottawatomes, were camped west of the Indian line of 1837, and not far distant from Quasqueton, and purchase some of their winter catch of furs, and also gain from the Indians the correct location of a vast waterfall that several Indians had told me existed, and required no work to create it, as at Quasqueton. I purchased some furs, but found the waterfall to be west by north some seven days' journey in the Indian district, and the day of wheat-raising in this vicinity was distant. The waterfall was then out of reach; I some years later found this to be Sioux Falls.

Whilst at the Indian camp, some Indians were preparing to feed their horses by cutting down some maple and cottonwood trees of some twelve to fifteen inches in diameter, so that the horses could browse on the bark and the top branches. The horses were a full half mile from the creek timber, picking the tops off the weeds and tufts of grass that stood above the snow, but the moment the first tree crashed down onto the ground, the whole bunch of some thirty horses scudded off in the right direction to browse upon the fallen trees. They, from long experience, knew the cause of the crash, and taught them the compass course to steer to find their feed. Place a wagon load of

corn before those hungry Indian horses, or before a Texas steer, and they would no more think of eating it than they would a load of broken flint rock, but would starve to death whilst they tramped it into the earth beneath their feet.

I set out about midday from the friendly Indian camp, where I had been well treated, with the design of quartering during the coming night at a white settlement in a grove of timber south of the Indian line, which settlement was an easy half day's journey. I had left the camp about one mile, and was passing by a dim road through a thicket, when two Indians, with the agility of antelopes, sprang from a cluster of bushes; the younger Indian of the two seized and stopped my horses, and the elder, who appeared to be some fifty years of age, full six feet in height, and who was as lean and hungry-looking as the Cassius whom Cæsar feared—this Indian rushed toward me, crying, "Whisky, whisky!" I drew from the locker an old flintlock navy pistol and ordered him to stand back; at the same instant the third Indian leaped from the opposite side of my track, and motioned me to not shoot, and pushed the tall and lean Indian back from me, and ordered the younger Indian, who was attempting in a very awkward manner to remove the harness from my horse, to desist, and he was obeyed. He informed me that he was the medicine man of the tribes; that he knew that those two Indians would waylay me and take my horses; that they would not injure me, but would set me adrift; that they wanted the horses to eat, as they were in good order; he had followed them to prevent the act.

The medicine man was born and brought up on the seacoast of Georgia, and was a bright, shrewd man; on this merit he was adopted by the Sacs and Foxes as their medicine man in 1839. He was well known by many of the early white settlers of Illinois and Iowa. His name was Montongo (Flying Fish); and the tall Indian who wanted whisky to drink and my horses to eat, was the well-known deposed chief Tokonowinso (The Arrow of the Rainbow). He was deposed as drunken and worthless, and he knew from experience that many of the Western frontier men carried whisky with them, and some of them sold it to the In-

dians. I felt very thankful for the watchfulness and timely aid of the medicine man, Flying Fish.

My misfortune and trouble had not ceased, but had just begun, and I mentally said, "Can it be true that it was decreed that Sailor I was to pass through a life replete with stirring incidents, and more than romantic adventure?" But a few hours had passed when snow began to fall; it soon checked up and bitter cold set in; night came on, and all traces of roads were obliterated by the snow, and I was on a vast ocean of bleak prairie, location and distance from any habitation unknown, for a very few existed, some twenty to thirty miles asunder. No food, no shelter for horses or self; the horses had the advantage of one feed of oats when I had no food, and sorry was I that I could not give them more, with shelter.

The first night passed without a star to guide my course; the morning came, but brought no hope to me; the second night set in with utter darkness surrounding me; the coming second day exhibited no habitation; a vast snow-clad plain extended in every quarter. The third dismal night rushed upon me, with a far below zero coldness.

We have in Davenport a historical journal, the "Democrat," whose editor, Mr. Dick Richardson, would prefer to use up a day in tracing a historical fact than to go a-fishing with President Cleveland. Mr. Richardson made the long journey to Egypt to see the pyramids that my African deity, Buso, erected.

The "Democrat" of November 12, 1893, publishes as follows, which explains all:

"SAVED BY A CANDLE—A TALE OF PIONEER DAYS IN IOWA.

"A. C. Fulton Recalls Some Fine Autumns in This State, and With Them Some Severe Winters—How He was Lost and Nearly Frozen in '43.

"These fine autumnal days, that act on the man who has health to be out in the air and enjoy them as does old wine, revive in

the mind of A. C. Fulton recollections of some of the falls the people of this State used to have when the prairies were scarcely broken, and when this seemed to all men to be the promised land. In those times, about half a century ago, Davenport, a small but lively and somewhat pretentious frontier town, was noted up and down the Mississippi River, and from east to west, as a health resort. People came here from St. Louis and New Orleans and Cincinnati, and other Eastern and Southern cities, as has often been told, and the old Le Claire House was filled with guests who had plenty of wealth to scatter in the chase for health. Davenport is just as good and true and beautiful and healthful now as she was then; but she is not new any more, and the charm of novelty has been assumed by the lake and mountain resorts far beyond her. The autumn weather now may be just as lovely as it was then, when these pioneers were young, but those days are numbered by them with the other blessings which have brightened as they have taken flight, and they seem, somehow, to have been better than these latter days, whether they were or not.

“But the weather in those times was not all good. There were some phenomenal spurts of fine weather, as, for example, the winter of 1853-54, when farmers plowed all through December, and some of them through January, and when the grass was to be found green and fit for grazing all the season through, but there were some other winters that were rougher, the old settlers think, than any we of these days have to show.

“The winter of 1842, for example, is referred to by Mr. Fulton as something awful. November 16 the river here closed, crushing two or three steamboats that had taken refuge at this point, and sinking one of them on the Rock Island shore. On the 18th of the month, two days later, Mr. Fulton crossed at this point on the ice, and the bridge that carried him over then held fast to its abutments till late into the spring, and between the closing and the breaking up of the river was included some of the roughest, rockiest, and most grievous winter weather that this part of the country ever saw. Unfortunately there was no weather bureau station here then, and we have no records by

which to compare it all the way through. In their absence the statements of the pioneers are good enough.

"Mr. Fulton recalls one experience of the winter of '42 that still makes him shiver and want a heavier coat whenever he thinks of it. He can bring on a chill in midsummer by reviving its memories.

"On this memorable occasion he was driving across the unmarked prairies of interior Iowa in a cutter, drawn by a team of horses. He was out in the neighborhood of Independence, and had gone there to look up practicable water powers, with the idea of building a mill somewhere in that neighborhood, for the local manufacture of the wheat that was then so plentifully grown by the few farmers who had opened farms in that region. He was on his way home, on Sunday, February 26, following an unmarked course toward his next stopping point, for there were no roads out there then. A snowstorm came on. The term blizzard had not then been given to such phenomena by the Dakota sufferers, but this was a blizzard of undoubted authority and genuineness. The snow came whirling down as it can do in such a storm, hurried along by Arctic blasts that were enough to pierce the thickest overcoat and overcome the stoutest heart. In a little while the horizon line was lost. Earth could not be told from sky. Direction was undistinguishable. The instinct of the horses was as much baffled as the skill of their driver. They were lost on the prairie.

"Mr. Fulton says he was clad then about as he is now in his comings and goings in this fine fall weather, which is to say that while he was clothed for comfort at this time of the year he was in fine trim for an early death by freezing in such a storm. He had a buffalo robe, and it was about all the protection he had that was worth naming. It was useless to stand still. There was no refuge within many miles, and it was hardly to be hoped that man or team could live to reach it; but the horses plodded on, while the storm held on and the snow whirled past them.

"The day passed into the night, and still they made their way ahead, the direction of the wind being their only guide. They

could be sure that it was from the northwest, and they held it to their backs and made tracks as fast as they could toward the comforts of civilization. Morning came and still the storm held. All through Monday, the horses, unfed and unwatered and un-rested, held their way. The man in the sleigh was so stiffened in his buffalo robe wrappings that he could not have cared for them if he had found a place to alight. Monday night came on, and with it no sign of shelter. Monday night passed and Tuesday morning dawned, and still the cold was intense, and there was no trace of human habitation or possible place of refuge. Tuesday dragged its slow length along, but by this time, tiresome and torturing as they were, the hours did not move slower than the worn-out horses. They had almost reached the limit of their endurance and strength, but they moved forward at a pace compared with which the gait of the average funeral train would have seemed a welcome burst of speed. It could barely be called motion.

“It was with feelings of the deepest despair that Mr. Fulton saw the light begin to fade on Tuesday afternoon. The situation was as hopeless then as it had been before, save for the fact that the homes of settlers were a good many miles nearer, but with his fagged team a mile might mean death. Rescue could not be much longer delayed if it was to be worth accepting. In a short time the end would surely come. Cold and hunger were doing their work. The frozen fingers and the well-nigh frozen arms could no longer guide the tottering steps of the poor half-dead animals, and they moved, what little they did move, without a master's hand. And in this hopeless, pitiless condition the miserable party of two horses and their master were as night again settled over the white prairies, so black with the abandonment of hope that it was no longer worth while to think of living.

“If the reader can bring himself to imagine this case fully and completely, he may be able to understand what a tumult of emotions were aroused in Mr. Fulton's breast when he caught—for a faint, flickering instant—the dimmest kind of a gleam of light through the blackness which rimmed the horizon. It was just

a glint that was speedily extinguished, and it was too faint and far away to found hope upon; but it shone again, and clearer. That light meant warmth and food and life, with all that life means; but it was so far away, so dim and distant, and the half-dead team was so near its last strained effort that it also meant the saddest of all deaths—death within sight of escape and safety.

“The horses were turned toward that star of hope, and they dragged, dragged themselves forward, so slowly and painfully that they seemed to stand still. The hours had been long with monotonous despair before, but now they were long with the agony of fear that the way of escape would be barred at the last steps of the retreat. But the horses were still alive, though barely so, and barely able to move, and they did make progress, though it was so slow and distressful. Little by little the light grew plainer. What if it should go out? It had been hours since dark fell, and the settlers were all men of steady habits, who went early to bed. What could keep this particular light burning, and how soon might it disappear and leave the wanderer in darkness to miss the window from which it shone?

“But it burned on, and after a while it was near enough to show the window panes from which its faint rays were filtered through the rime of frost, and in time the perishing party drew up at the door of Farmer McLoughlin’s humble settler’s shanty. A shout called him out, and the storm was robbed of its prey.

“Mr. Fulton was unable to walk. His feet and legs, and his hands and arms, and face and ears, were frozen. He was carried into the house. Both feet were planted in one bucket of ice-cold snow water, and both arms in another, while wet applications of pulped raw onions were laid upon his face and ears. The frost was drawn with these homely remedies, and amputations and perhaps death was averted. The poor horses escaped death by freezing, but though all possible care was given them, out of gratitude for their heroic effort, they died in a little while, and as long as they lived had bare existence. They never had the spirit of horses after that three-days’ pull, from Sunday morning till Tuesday night at midnight.

“ It was a rare chance that placed that candle beacon in Farmer McLoughlin’s window. He had killed a beef animal that Tuesday, and that evening he was seized by an unusual fit of industry, and resolved, without any special reason for the resolve except a mere whim, to cut up the carcass and salt down the meat before he quit work that night. The rest of the family retired, but he worked on. The candle stood on the table in front of the window, and it reached out over the prairie far enough to catch the frosty eyes of the man in the cutter and guide him home.

“ During that cold snap, one of the severest of the winter, the mercury in this city, quite a distance southward of the place where this wandering occurred, registered between 25° and 28° below zero. It was a wonder that there were eyes left to see that candle’s light.”

The light and shelter that I found was the one-roomed log house of Mr. James Lauglrey in a then unnamed grove, where I and my horses received every kindness that could be given. When told by Mrs. Lauglrey that the grove of timber was waiting for a name, I proposed, as the raw pounded-up onions, taken from a pit beneath the room floor, relieved my frosted face and ears, that it be given the name of Onion Grove, and all exclaimed Amen! I lately wrote to Onion Grove Post Office, Cedar County, Iowa, to be informed that the good Lauglrey family was extinct, and that the patriot Lauglrey was entombed on his once farm within Onion Grove.

The good reader may say, “ Very severe on the sailor.” I have to say that the want of food was no hardship at all, for I had a more protracted experience in bygone days, where others suffered unto death. True, a young man perished from the cold not far distant from me on my first night out on the prairie; no wonder he perished, for Davenport’s two thermometers on that night marked 25° below zero.

Fatalities at sea are constant, so much so that a poor sailor being cast away and suffering death through starvation and exposure is an occurrence that does but attract momentary atten-

tion, to be forgotten by the well-fed reader before he places himself upon his downy couch, to dream of ease and wealth and the coming luxury of the morrow.

Speaking of the sailor's frequent hardships, distress, and death, I now plainly see before me a noble ship, the "Salem," that sailed in the thirties on the wide Pacific Ocean, to become in a very leaky condition from constant storms and tempests, creating rough seas; her officers and crew, numbering eighteen, all worn down by constant duty and working at the pumps to keep the ship afloat. Her cargo shifts, she fills, and with a lurch goes to the bottom, carrying down all of her officers and one-half of her sailors, and a few bubbles rising to the surface were the only evidence of her once existence; the two boats had been partially prepared for the disaster, and were manned by all who could succeed in getting on board, or that could be picked up from the waves; but the large boat soon followed the ship to the ocean's bottom. The boat was overloaded with lashed-down earthen jugs of water and packages of ship stores. The small unprovisioned boat rode upon the boisterous waves in solitude, and its three young sailors passed days and nights more numerous than I passed on the open prairie. Hunger, thirst, and exhaustion reduced their flesh and affected their vitality. In their distress and hunger two of the three young men ate of the poisonous sargasso of the ocean. Sailor I withstood the inviting temptation, although I had for days, with longing stomach and glaring eyes, looked upon the sea-gull and the monsters of the deep. The sargasso of the ocean was fast blotting out the remnant of the two young men's vitality, when, at the break of day after the fourth night's lonely voyage, working westward, as I supposed and endeavored to do, land appeared over our starboard bow. I followed the tortuous beach until I struck a cove that offered shelter; then came the task of landing my sick and helpless companions, and placing them in the shade of our unshipped sail; then followed the momentous question of food and water; no sign of life appeared upon the shore. Some ducks were floating and swimming on the water of the cove, and came very near to us without any indication of fear.

I very soon made a lucky find, many ducks' and sea fowls' eggs, which I immediately gave to my sick and poisoned companions, knowing raw eggs to be an antidote of most all poisons. Water was the next essential article to procure, but we possessed no vessel to transport a single ounce, if it could be found, but on examining the beach I found a number of tortoise and other shells that water could be conveyed in by using care. I set out on a slow walk to procure water for the sick and self, and at the base of a high hill, near one mile from our quarters, I found a small lake or basin, with a trickling rivulet from the heights above, of very good water, and drank of it full as much as was prudent; then filled a shell which contained more than the sick should use during that day, and all that I could carry in my weak condition, but when I reached the camp I found both the young men declining rapidly, and they desired very little water, and both expired during the night, and on the morrow I gave my unfortunate companions shallow graves upon the ocean-washed beach of that uninhabited and desolate island. No mother's prayers or sister's tears were there, yet an unfeigned supplication was offered up to the great Supreme, and each morning and evening I placed sea-shells and stones upon the shallow graves, where the waves of ages will surge and roll their funeral dirge.

There was no lack of animal life on the island, and on the shore borders sea tortoises and shellfish were plentiful, and birds, waterfowls, and animals, but I had no firearms or fire to cook with, and I could not find any indication of man's presence on the island. My first and greatest necessity was fire after I had found water and raw food, but how to produce fire was an important question; I did not possess proper material or the strength to produce it by friction. In vain I searched the knots of trees for punk to use as tinder, and tried a vast number of combustible looking fibers and rotten wood, and found some very fair flint stone, and with departed Bill Wilson's sheath knife as a steel I could produce sparks of fire, but I could not ignite any substance that I could find on the island in a dry state, and I concluded to look to the water for tinder,

A very large tree had rotted away, leaving but a hollow stump resting about one foot above the ground; this stump was surrounded by vines and bushes, and was hollow; the hollow was filled with black water. I fished out of the bottom of the water near two quarts of soft fine vegetable matter that may have rested there near or over a century, and as I well knew that the long exposure of some substance to water produced the same effect as fire, I spread this vegetable substance over a sun-heated rock, and let it remain until the morrow's noonday, when it was a dry, dark powder. I caused my flint's firesparks to fall on it, and fire appeared and spread over it. I had fine, dry, rotten wood, dry leaves, and other combustible matter on hand, and very soon I had a good fire alongside of a fallen tree, where it was safe and secure for many days, and I opened up a cook house immediately. I constructed a novel trap, the chief part being three old broken-off limbs of trees near five feet in length and five inches in diameter, like cord-wood sticks. I bated my trap with shellfish and young ducks, food that I observed that some animals feasted on, with which I caught five opossums and three mongrel-looking raccoons, which it was absolutely necessary that I should possess, and without which I could never leave the island and put out to sea, as their skins, stripped off whole, were absolutely necessary as water sacks or vessels, and on which my life would depend, and I required at least two skins to cut into strips to calk my sun-dried boat, and their hides and fat or tallow were necessary to take the place of tar and oakum to render my boat seaworthy. At an early day, in Chili and many parts of South America, all wines and liquids were transported in goatskins. To prepare the fat of the animals for use, I set a large tortoise shell in water and melted the fat with heated stones, and in this fat I placed the strips of raccoon or opossum hides, which, when soaked, made first-rate calking for my boat; they made a tight joint where leaks had existed, and prevented me from becoming a Robinson Crusoe.

I could have taken lines from my sails and rigged a snare and caught the animals, but all my tackling was long and well worn,

and I feared some animal would break it and make off with it, and I could not part with a single span of it, for it would have been disastrous to me. After capturing those eight animals and some winged life, I continued moving my trap onto other well-worn paths that they had used for ages on their journeys to the beach to feast on delicious shellfish, but although I greatly desired to procure one or two more skins for water tanks at sea, I could not catch or even see a single animal, or detect their presence as I had previously done. All the animal life that I could see was field mice, and two or three very singular mongrel-looking animals, with mouths or beaks like ducks, and bodies like those of weasels or prairie gophers, and their skins were too small to be of much value as water jugs at sea, and I did not know if I had one day's or one year's voyage at sea, or whether it would be extended to the distant end of eternity.

I made a journey across the island from my harbor; I judged the distance to be two miles where I crossed it. I feared to leave my boat and stores to travel its length, which, from what I had seen of it from the sea, I should judge it to be some seven miles in length.

With an abundance of cooked food and water I in ten days gained strength, and stored water and provisions in my boat, and placed the last stones and shells on my unfortunate young companions' grave. With a resolve to battle against fate and to face all danger, but with sadness for the two departed young sailors, I cast off my line from the uninhabited and unknown island, and took to my jolly boat, and hoisted my tattered sail upon the bosom of the foaming deep, to sail, I knew not where, but I had selected my guiding star in the sky, as I had long since lost my bearings, and did not possess a compass, and death was constantly hovering near; yet I hoped to strike some main shore or an inhabited island, or sight a sail; but on the fourteenth night out a thick haze gathered around the horizon and dimmed the luster of the stars; clouds of black, portentous aspect broke from their moorings, and wildly rushed above my head; the wind twisted to and fro, and vast rushing waves appeared and dis-

appeared like phantoms of the deep. The voice of the ocean rose higher and higher in its attempts to silence the thunder's voice.

The ambitious and proud ocean in its pride and power swelled and raged around me, and the tempest caused its phosphoric light to vie with heaven's lightning flashes.

My fragile boat scudded here and there upon the vasty deep. I was now within a trough of the raging elements, and now upon a wave of frightful altitude, yet my frail bark rode buoyant on their crest, and now upon the very brink of a precipice of water looking down into what appeared to be a bottomless gulf. Now vivid flashes of lightning lit up heaven's watch-towers above me, and now clouds of thunder, the chariots of the Prince of Darkness, rushed by me, hurling thunder-bolts in their wake, and perturbed spirits of the condemned appeared on every side and mocked at my supposed security, as I glide in the unconfined realms of space. A pall of darkness that could be felt spread around me; exhausted nature had to yield, and I lay myself upon the wet bottom planks of my little boat, and drifted at the mercy of the winds and waves, a mere speck upon the face of the great ocean. Soon I sank as if in a never-ending dream in which Neptune took the helm, and Nereid stood at the bow as pilot. They lamented my hard fate, upon which I said that Titan, chained to the Caucasian rock, stayed his proud heart on his past triumphs, and that poor American Sailor I had also been chained to a barren rock beneath the sun of the torrid zone, and yet I must live and die unknown.

Then Nereid said that I should not die, but would witness wonders that no sailor had ever looked upon; that I was now safe from all danger, but that I might complain of the cold and the dampness of the deep, as I was unacclimated; that the water that we would descend into was as extended as the air above us, that our direct course was North, where stood the cold, icy remains of the once deity, the great African Buso rested at a vast distance over us. We then stepped from off my much prized and dearly loved jolly-boat, into a splendid coach formed by a single glitter-

ing and glistening shell of the unfathomed ocean which rested on a glass railroad track, with a team of ten dolphins harnessed to its bow. I queried of Neptune the necessity of a railroad and such a vast power to descend within the deep. He replied that as the unfathomable ocean possessed no center of gravity, no terrestrial gravitation, owing to its central location, the railroad was absolutely necessary to descend within its depths, for as the globe revolved our coach was sometimes on an up grade, and sometimes on a down grade, and that a ten-dolphin power was necessary to pass over the heavy grades. There was a grandeur in the journey; our dolphin team ever and anon changed their hues as does the chameleon of the land.

On our rapid journey we passed mermaids assembled on their picnic grounds, and met others with streaming, wavy locks, gliding through their crystal home in splendid sea-shell coaches propelled at railroad speed, some by a single big deep-sea trout, and others by big black bass.

As Neptune and Nereid had existed long previous to man, I requested them to give me their known knowledge of man's creation. Neptune said that the water of the world was the mother of all animal life, and that the earth was the mother of all vegetable life; that, at a period hundreds of centuries past and gone, the waters were affected by the subterranean heat of the earth, and chemical action took place which produced form and life, and some of the forms were men and women, and that all life, from the ponderous mastodon and whale down to the tiny mosquito, was created and cradled within the waving deep; that the process of forming man and woman through the various types and stages of construction consumed many centuries, at the end of which they crawled ashore and floundered on the beach as do the walrus and the seal; they basked with joy beneath the genial sun, but when it approached its meridian they footed it to the shady bushes and groves. Adam, one of creation, was truly represented as coming from a clay formation, for he was created from a tiny speck of clay. This explanation of his creation at that period

was necessary to a people in their infancy, who had gained a knowledge of forming a pitcher out of clay. There was no missing link: God and Nature never miss a link.

In process of time mankind conceived the idea, through the faint shadow of his presence and his mysterious birth, that there was a hidden power that gave them life, and placed them on the land. They were not idolators; they claimed a sovereign in the clouds, the Lord of Thunder, by the name of Zera; they also had a goddess of the earth, and called her Vono, who caused the trees to produce fruits and nuts, and the vines and plants to produce grapes and berries, and the flowers to bloom. Vono had an only son; she called him Cuzed; he was an archer, and he possessed the same power over men and women, and beasts and birds, that his good mother Vono possessed over vegetation. The two this day continue to fill their stations, as by Omnipotence decreed.

Then came the now well-known and great Oannes from the depths of the Erythræan Sea to teach men literature and the arts and sciences, and to his wisdom and untiring energy man owes a debt of gratitude; a debt that no praise or consideration can ever pay. It is well known that Demosthenes and Æschines placed this same history of man's creation and his infant life, as given to me by Neptune and Nereid, on record in 312 and 330 B. C. Nereid, who possessed great intellectual ability, as well as beauty of face and form, said she found early man merely the casket for intellect; at that period few in numbers, living beneath the shelter of the forest trees, or within the caverns of the earth. In time intellect dawned, and he wrenched the bark and boughs from off the trees to shelter him from the sun and storms, and he took the hides from the beasts of the forests and the plains to cover and protect his person. He saw the acorn fall from the tree and grow to produce its kind, and his dawning intellect told him to collect and place seeds and plants within the earth, and they would also in time come forth and produce their kind. At this period he placed his food in his mouth with his fingers, and bent down at the flowing brook to drink its waters

as did the brute; but when he could not reach it with his lips, he ascertained that he could convey the fluid to his mouth in the hollow of his hand. This discovery suggested the idea of procuring the buffalo and other horns for drinking cups.

Centuries passed, then came habitations built with sun-dried bricks composed of clay and grass or straw; also with transparent skins for window lights, while the skins of goats were stripped off whole to form sacks or reservoirs for water at home, or to carry it on a journey. In some of those skin sacks he placed the milk of his cows and goats, and in others grapes and berries from the forest, and at his journey's end, to his astonishment, he found in some of his sacks butter and in others wine; this taught him the art of butter- and wine-making, to contain which he formed vessels of clay and hardened them by the heat of fire, and for ages those clay vessels contained the wine, and the kings and their subjects drank it from the unpolished and unadorned horns of the buffalo and cattle.

During this period superstition sprang up and flourished; centuries, many centuries, passed; then came the era in which intellect expanded, gold and silver and glass cups took the place of horns; iron, stone, and brass took the place of clay. Then the puny hand of man, guided by intellect, created wonders. Vast pyramids were erected by some, whilst others built castles and cities, and yet others entered into the arts and sciences. The press and refined literature drove superstition back to its birthplace of darkness; oceans were plowed by ships; the sun and stars measured and mapped on parchment, seas were caused to recede, continents were lashed together; space was obliterated and lightning dissected—and man is now straining his intellect to fathom the depths of eternity.

Man has performed works of vast magnitude! yet woman has done far more; she pointed out to man the binnacle light of Heaven, and taught him that there was a God. Intellect had its infancy; it will have its years of maturity; then will come its old age, and finally its decay. Thus spoke Nereid to Sailor I. After

we had journeyed a great distance on the glass railroad, we brought up alongside of what Nereid called the "Court of Awards" to earthly man, and within which sat the judges dressed in ermine, who heard the prayers of all on earth, and rendered a decree. The judges had resided and passed their lives on earth as common men, and had been selected by the great Supreme as his aids-de-camp on account of their wisdom and pure lives, to do justice to their fellow-men as a lower court. I recognized several of the many judges: one was our George Washington; amongst the elder judges was Judge and King Dikran I. of Armenia, who acted in that capacity in the sixth century B. C., and Plato, who was born at Athens in the year 429 B. C.; and King and Judge Agrippa of the days of Christ.

The judges numbered hundreds, and the vast number of earthly mortals that appealed to the tribunal for aid astonished me, and their wants were of every conceivable kind. We were not permitted to know the court's decree. Some farmers were praying for rain and large crops; others in distant localities were praying for the rain to cease. Fishermen were praying for a good catch of fish. I was astonished at the large number of young men and women who prayed the court to permit them to become comedians and tragedians of renown. Rich men and women with gray locks prayed for more wealth, whilst many gaunt, pale-faced women and children prayed for bread.

I was amazed on entering the hall of justice; its magnitude and grandeur; I can only explain by exclaiming as I then did, Oh, my! Oh, my! and saying that no human architecture could rival it in beauty and magnificence. The vast hall before us, its extent was measured by miles, and its gorgeous trimmings and decorations dazzled the sight; its lofty ceilings arched with diamonds, and hundreds of huge Corinthian columns, constructed with rubies, relieved its vast extent.

Nereid called my attention by pointing to an open casement. I looked, and behold! all the inhabitants of the world were plainly before me, and they were ever in sight of the court of judges. I could also view the seas that I had sailed on, and their harbors

and shipping; and the mountains that I had journeyed over with weary limbs, and I viewed the ruins of ancient cities and volcanoes in their infancy. I viewed the ocean panorama with wonder and amazement, although I felt a deathlike chill and coldness gnawing at my very heart; I was so chilled and cold that I wished to depart from Paradise and return to earth to warm myself in the sun of the south.

I made my distressed condition known to Neptune and Nereid, and they lifted me up and carried me from the hall of justice and placed me in the dolphin coach on the glass railroad, to return to earth. Their rough handling aroused me to consciousness, and the first thing I knew, two white men were rolling me on a wet beach near the ocean's dashing billows, with my head down in a hollow, endeavoring to empty the ocean's salt water out of me. Several naked savages with hungry looks stood near by, and three other savages were swimming in the surf and pushing my jolly-boat before them from the shore toward a coral or lava reef, to become its owners by conquest.

The white men told me that I had been cast by the waves onto the shore of this one of the Sandwich Islands, north of the equator; that they were missionaries, and that without doubt they had brought me back to life.

When I returned to consciousness I concluded that during the storm that raged at sea, and after I dropped myself exhausted onto the bottom of my boat, I had whilst in delirium or whilst unconscious, communed with Neptune and Nereid, and had journeyed on the glass railroad and visited the grand celestial court, and that my cold and chill resulted from surging waves which caused me to feel very uncomfortable in my dream. The kind missionaries who rescued me from the waves and the savages, and brought me back to life and administered to my every want, told me that the American Congress had provided funds to spread the Gospel among the heathen, and that was their mission to the islands.

I had a desire to investigate this act of Congress to know its nature and its date; I made the investigation and found the mis-

sionaries' report to me to be correct; that an act was passed on the third day of March, 1803, entitled an act to aid the society of the United Brethren for propagating the Gospel among the heathen, and the archives at Washington now bear witness that this same act passed by our American Congress, for the purpose of furnishing the Gospel to the heathen, was referred to by our Congress in 1825, in an act granting lands in Florida and Louisiana to Major General Lafayette. Should our Congress of 1898 pass a like act, a vast tidal wave of amazement would sweep over this republic, and a howl of indignation would be heard in the foreign quarter, to be echoed back with astonishment from many foreign lands.

The whirligig of time revolved on, and over half of a century passed; those American missionaries increased and multiplied, and formed a Christian government on the cannibal islands. America's President and his Cabinet sent bad, designing men to the islands to blot the American islanders out, through indirect means.

Sailor I desired to show my gratitude to the descendants of my preservers, if only in a small way, but in a more efficient manner, if necessary. To explain, the Davenport "Times," a leading journal of Iowa, of February 20, 1894, and which is now before me, published as follows:

" HELP FOR HAWAII.

"A. C. Fulton Sends Munitions of War to Honolulu to be Used in Defense of the Infantile Hawaiian Government—The Correspondence.

"A. C. Fulton has great faith in the present Hawaiian Government, and is an earnest supporter of it. His desire to see the Hawaiian ship of state sail majestically on prompted him last December to send President Dole a box of arms and ammunition with which to defend the property of the government from foes within and without. Accompanying the shipment was the fol-

lowing epistle, which, no doubt, was cheery tidings to President Dole, the present head of the Hawaiian Government:

“ ‘ President Dole:

“ ‘ Good Sir: I ship you by Adams Express Company one box, containing one Springfield rifle, 45-70 caliber, long range, good at five hundred yards. One Winchester rifle, a twelve-shooter, 45-60 cartridge. One best quality double-barreled, Damascus steel shotgun, long range, can carry shot, ball, or slug, and two packages of ammunition to defend life, property, and the Hawaiian republic. I retain No. 4 and ammunition to carry personally if necessary.

“ ‘ Respectfully,

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON,

“ ‘ Davenport, Ia.

“ ‘ P. S.—Please, please never surrender or capitulate.’

“ ‘ It takes some time for a communication to reach Honolulu, away out on the bosom of the Pacific from here, and the following reply has just been received by the enthusiastic sender:

“ ‘ DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS,

“ ‘ HONOLULU, January 30, 1894.

“ ‘ Dear Sir:

“ ‘ It is my pleasant duty to inform you that the arms and ammunition you mention in your letter of December 11th, last, have arrived.

“ ‘ I accept with pleasure your gift, which, aside from its intrinsic worth, I esteem and value as evidence that Hawaii possesses a brave and loyal friend.

“ ‘ Of our intention to maintain our present position and build up a stable and enlightened government in these islands you may rest assured. We have, I think, enough supporters here to oppose attacks by any faction or clique against constituted authority, and therefore would not recommend you to come out here, believing that you could aid us quite sufficiently at home by disseminating correct ideas in regard to our country.

“ ‘Thanking you for your generous gift and sympathy, I have the honor to be,

“ ‘Your obedient servant,

“ ‘SANFORD B. DOLE,

“ ‘President and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

“ ‘To A. C. Fulton, Esq., Davenport, Ia., U. S. A.’ ”

Then on February 24, 1894, the Rock Island “Union,” of the State of Illinois, a widely known and influential journal, speaks of the transaction, and publishes as follows:

“AN AGGRESSIVE SYMPATHIZER.

“*A. C. Fulton of Davenport Sends War Munitions to the Hawaiian Republic—A Letter from President Dole.*

“Mr. A. C. Fulton, a well-known citizen of Davenport, has not only been violating the neutrality laws by sending munitions of war to the President of Hawaii, but has had the temerity to avow it, in utter contempt of President Cleveland’s policy spleen. In a letter to the Davenport ‘Tribune’ Mr. Fulton sets forth his sympathy for the cause of the republic erected on the ruins of a depraved and rotten monarchy, and how he was prompted to intervene to the best of his limited ability by sending a box of guns and ammunition to President Dole, and paying the freight. \$8.05 more! His letter to President Dole was as follows.”

The Rock Island “Union” continues by publishing the shipment of arms and ammunition to Hawaii, and President Dole’s letter of thanks.

The aid of one poor sailor in a nation’s cause may appear as naught, yet might has slumbered in a single arm. A weak hand, with pen and ink, may cause thousands to feel the lash of justice and make them cringe, and cause tyrants to fear the sword of vengeance, when no sword is in sight; the charges from those arms sent to President Dole of Hawaii were felt before they were fired,

Previous to the descendants of the good missionaries taking hold of the helm of the ship of state, Hawaii was a first-class pandemonium, yet the descendants of the tawny cannibal possessed wisdom and manly traits unknown or unpracticed by the white man, whose example was an injury, not a benefit, to the savages.

The early and well-known navigator, Captain Cook, in 1778 signed his own death warrant; he disregarded the person and the property of the islanders, and treated them in a manner that brutes would have resented. His piratical acts and cold-blooded murders sealed his own doom. His crew shot down a native on their first stepping on the island's beach; then soon Captain Cook's revengeful artillery was brought to bear on friends and foes alike. Villages were consumed by fire, and those who had supplied his ship, the "Discovery," with wood, water, and ship stores, free of cost, were put to the sword; deplorable acts of cruelty were perpetrated by the "Discovery's" officers and crew. Previously unknown contagion was introduced, to linger for ages to destroy the health and the lives of thousands.

The white man's acts disgusted the savages, and he implored his gods to move him from his island. Captain Cook's own log, and his own officers', gave this dark history.

A continuation of wrongs well known to Sailor I, but too numerous to here place on record, followed in quick succession, and more than one kingly power, using every exertion and intrigue to seize upon the tawny nation and their eight fertile islands.

Then, in 1839, came the hostile French frigate "Artemise," of sixty-two guns; Captain Laplace. The captain, without any preliminaries, or making any investigation, issued a manifesto as follows:

"His majesty, the King of France, has instructed me to come to Honolulu, and put an end either by force or persuasion to the ill-treatment of the French on the Sandwich Islands. The chiefs, who are misled by perfidious counselors, are ignorant of the fact

that there is not in the world a power capable of preventing France from punishing her enemies, or they would have endeavored to merit her favor instead of incurring her displeasure; they must comprehend that to tarnish the Catholic religion with the name of idolatry, and to expel the French under the absurd pretext from this archipelago, was to offer an insult to France and to her sovereign.

“ Among all civilized nations there is not one that does not permit the free exercise of all religions in its territory; I therefore demand,

“ 1. That the Catholic worship be declared free throughout all the islands.

“ 2. That a site at Honolulu for a Catholic church be given by the Government.

“ 3. That all Catholics imprisoned on account of their religion be immediately set at liberty.

“ 4. That the king place in the hands of the captain of the ‘ Artemise ’ the sum of twenty thousand dollars as a guarantee of his future conduct toward France; to be restored when it shall be considered that the requirements be faithfully complied with.

“ 5. That the treaty signed by the king, as well as the money, be brought on board of the frigate ‘ Artemise ’ by a principal chief, and that the French flag be saluted with twenty-one guns.

“ These are the conditions of the price on which the King of the Sandwich Islands shall preserve friendship with France. If, misled by bad advisers, the king and chiefs refuse to sign the treaty I present, war will immediately commence, and all its devastations and calamities that will result shall be imputed to you alone, and you must pay all damages that foreigners sustain and will have a right to claim.”

Guns were manned, and the harbor declared to be in a state of blockade. The American missionaries found protection under the flag of the United States Consulate.

The twenty thousand dollars demanded under “ Demand No. 4 ” was hastily procured by the islanders, and taken on board of

the "Artemise," much to the astonishment of Captain Laplace and his officers, as they greatly desired some pretense for making war on the islanders. When the king's secretary, Haalilio, went on board the man-of-war with the twenty thousand dollars he was detained on board as a hostage.

After receiving the money Captain Laplace, with 160 armed men with their band of music, went on shore and took possession of one of the king's warehouses, and on the following day a clause was added to the unrighteous list of requirements previously exacted. This added clause read that no French merchandise, especially wine and brandy, should be prohibited nor pay a duty higher than five per cent. *ad valorem*. The islanders, being within the artillery's range, were compelled to sign the documents as presented. Then, in 1842, the British consul Charlton was intriguing and threatening the Hawaiian officials, even calling on British ships of war to intimidate and bring the Sandwich Islands under British sway, and constantly claiming that the islanders were the subjects of Great Britain.

The French monarch was not content to let Hawaii rest in her growing prosperity. When, in 1848, a duty was placed on all spirits, a duty that displeased several European nations, then through the complaint of France's consul, Mr. Dillon, in 1849, the French frigate "Poursuivante" and the steamer corvette "Gassendi," Admiral De Tromelin, appeared at the islands in a rage—the chief ground of complaint was the high duty that the Hawaiian authorities had placed on King Louis Philippe's drugged brandy—with the following ten demands:

1. The adoption of the treaty of 1846.
2. The reduction of the duty on French brandy.
3. The subjection of Catholic schools to the direction of the French mission, and not to Protestant inspectors.
4. The use of the French language in all business intercourse between French citizens and the Hawaiian Government.
5. The withdrawal of the exception by which French whalers which imported wines and spirits were affected, and the abroga-



PRESIDENT DOLE OF HAWAII.

tion of the regulation which obliged vessels laden with liquors to pay the customhouse officers placed on board to superintend their loading and unloading.

6. The return of all duties collected by virtue of the regulation the withdrawal of which was demanded by the fifth article.

7. The return of a fine of twenty-five dollars paid by the warship "General Teste."

8. The punishment of certain schoolboys whose impious conduct in church caused complaint.

9. The removal of the Governor of Hawaii for permitting the house of a priest to be violated by police officers entering it to make an arrest.

10. The payment to a French hotel keeper for the damages committed in his house by sailors from the British man-of-war "Amphitrite."

The Hawaiian king was given three days in which to answer those demands, and if not acceded to, then existing treaties would be canceled, and means of reparation employed. The king immediately and firmly replied that all treaties had been faithfully observed; that the duty on brandy was not prohibitory; that the imports of French brandy had greatly increased; that equality in the different forms of worship was provided for; that the public schools supported by the funds of the Government should not be placed under the direction of any mission whether Catholic or Protestant, and that the adoption of the French language in business was not required by treaty or international law, and was impracticable.

In reply to the fifth and sixth demands, the laws applied equally to the vessels of all nations. The ship "General Teste" had violated the harbor laws and the penalty had been reduced from five hundred dollars to twenty-five dollars. In regard to the three last demands the admiral was informed that the courts of the kingdom adjusted such grievances; that they were not subjects for diplomacy.

The Hawaiian kingdom offered to refer any disputed question

to a neutral power, and informed the admiral that no resistance would be made to his forces. Soon after this reply an armed force of marines, numbering 140 men and their officers, with field pieces, were landed without opposition. The invaders took possession of an unmanned fort and several merchant vessels. The furniture and other property of the sinning governor were destroyed. The king's yacht, "Kamehameha III.," was confiscated. No coasting vessels were permitted to depart, and all incoming vessels were required to anchor under the guns of the French ships-of-war. All business was suspended, the fort was dismantled, the cannon spiked, muskets broken. The treaty of 1846 was annulled, and the French admiral set sail a victorious and happy man.

The islanders under threats had to submit to every demand. The American missionaries found protection beneath the flag of the United States consul.

Through the fear of the French kingdom, and the dissatisfaction and threats of both England and Germany through their armed ships and officers of war, the island license laws and the liquor duty which the powers declared to be prohibitory, and to affect their commerce, were not enforced, to the great injury and the death of many thousands of the natives.

At a recent period Germany desired to continue her dictation, and her men-of-war sent an armed force of marines to test their ability and reception on shore. A single Yankee, who had heard their boasts, picked up a squad of natives, and sent some to invaders' graves, and others limping back to their ships, to enter the cockpit under the surgeon's charge.

Brandy's liberty, not man's, was at stake; had it not been for French brandy and other liquors being forced on the islanders at the cannon's mouth by claimed civilization, then no British sailors would have damaged the Frenchman's hotel, and no No. 10 would have been reached, in the admiral's demands on the king of the Cannibal islands.

If it had not been for whisky drank when storing the cargo that shifted, then our noble ship, the "Salem," with her officers and

most of her crew, would not have gone to the bottom of the Pacific, and caused Sailor I great sorrow and hardship.

At an early day we sailors named New England rum "long-range death"; Monongahela whisky, "short-range death," and French brandy, such as was sold to the West Indian and Hawaiian Islands, "instant death." Yet many of us sailors, when on shore, affectionately embraced the trio.

French brandy, a vile compound, sold before the cannon's mouth to the natives of the islands and others, to steal their brains, impoverish their wives and little ones, and place thousands of besotted parents beneath the earth, and wreck other thousands. Thus at that day did slaughter and poverty exist on the Hawaiian Islands.

Brandy on the islands claimed its supremacy, as did whisky in Western Pennsylvania in 1794, when Washington with his forces stepped in to be its conqueror. It is here plainly exhibited that brandy through its emissaries demanded its independence and its right to enslave the islanders of Hawaii as its twin brother whisky enslaved the Indians and the whites in every station of life in our America.

Sailor I have witnessed and recorded in my diary whisky's simoon of poverty and death. I have conversed with many on the drinking subject, but never found one who regretted that he had passed his life in sobriety; on the contrary, I have found many who bitterly lamented that they had wasted their lives in drink; I have heard those lamentations from the occupants of stately mansions, from men in the middle walks of life, from the ship's cabin and the forecastle, from the county poorhouse, the prison, and the gallows. I have heard the dying groans of the inebriate of the palace, the basement, and the squalid shanty, and witnessed the poverty-stricken widow's tears and heard the orphan's prayers produced through Bacchus. Near me now stands what was once a cozy cottage where Hope and Prudence dwelt; an angel kept the door. Beer entered; the angel fled; Hope is dead, and Prudence is in the lock-up. I have seen a fond mother plant warm kisses upon the rosy cheeks of her bright-

eyed infant boy, and in after years I saw that fond mother, with trembling limbs and locks bleached by time, kneeling on the cold ground beside and kissing that same boy's bloated, begrimed, and battered cheeks as he lay upon the rough earth cold in death, to wring hot, burning tears from that fond mother's eyes, through whisky's ever-blighting and destructive power. Whisky, thou ragged, penniless, bloated, yet powerful despot; more dangerous than the serpent of the sea! how firm is thy grasp upon the hearts and the souls of men, and how monstrous are the evils thou heapest upon them! Hearts have been broken under thy influence, and strong arms have been weakened by thy power; happiness has been turned into despair and misery; poverty and want are ever thy companions, and desolation follows thy march.

Thousands of gaunt, pale-faced children hast thou placed within untimely graves, through the want of food and clothing. Minds brave and generous have been ruined by thy touch, and hearts full of tenderness and love have been hardened by thy fascinations.

Thou art indeed the arch-enemy of mankind; all-potent for evil and powerless for good; may thy reign soon be ended, and thy victims be reclaimed and set free!

And thou, marble-hearted monster, who dealest out to man for gain thy liquid poison, when on thy dying bed decree thine own just punishment for the sighs, the dying groans, the sorrow and the misery thou hast caused! Monster! would thy own decree of self to an endless purgatory do thee injustice? Meditate and answer.

It was not France alone that ill-treated and imposed on the weak islanders; they were bullied over and ill-treated by Great Britain's consul, Mr. Charlton, and Sir George Simpson; the former set up a fictitious claim to lands, and through British power retained them; the native owners expostulated in vain; the royal brutes were deaf to the voice of remonstrance, but a recital of many acts of wrong would not interest the present world, so let the acts pass into oblivion.

Then at a later day came the unprincipled and armed filibusters,

who desired to reap where they had not sown, and destroy the good missionaries' long and hard work, and reduce the island republic to a monarchy; but instead of establishing a monarchy under their dictation, the vandals found powder and balls and prison cells, and caused British threats and diplomacy to remind Sailor I of kindness and protection.

The islanders passed through those and many other oppressions and trials in which they showed themselves to be the European's equal, if not his superior, in diplomacy and true manhood.

Royalty believes that the world was created for Cæsar, and in an equal degree for those who follow the trail as subordinates of the imperial, and that the mass of mankind was doomed by fate to supply the whims and the wants of power and meekly wear the yoke of tyranny, or even the sacrifice of life for inferior beings who are clothed in power, and who set aside all justice and humanity at will.

Look at Italy's crown, which but very lately forced thousands of its subjects onto the spears of the Abyssinians, whom the Italian king and crown are seeking to enslave. Then look at Spain, who for ages has been placing one portion of her people as targets for another portion to shoot down, and now Hangman General Weyler is practicing his profession on Cuba's Isle; and look back at the thousands of England's Irish slaves, who bared their breasts for the Russian lead and bayonets to stab to death at Sebastopol.

The Hawaiians published a small school book in 1822. The first Hawaiian editor published his paper in 1834. The Sandwich Islands "Gazette," an English journal, was launched at Honolulu in 1836.

A girls' boarding school was opened in Wailuku in 1837, and a manual-labor school was established in Hilo for boys. In 1833 the Rev. John Diell brought from New London, Conn., to Honolulu a seaman's chapel all in shape to set up; the king gave a lot of ground to erect the chapel on. In 1834 Chief Hoapili made a raid and destroyed every distillery on his island of Oahu, and for-

bade his subjects to ever erect another producer of poverty and death.

Schools were opened for native children in 1832; in that year, 1832, a census was taken which gave the kingdom a population of 130,384. The ports of the Sandwich Islands have been of vast value to the American whaleships as ports of supply and havens of safety. In 1838 natives, ship captains, and business men petitioned the king and council to put a check on the extensive traffic in ardent spirits at Honolulu; a heavy license was put on the sale, and the twelve saloons were reduced to two, with good effect.

During the year 1837 and the two following years, over seven thousand converts were admitted to the churches. In 1839 Hawaii's first constitution was drawn up in the native language. The Bill of Rights says, "All men of every religion shall be protected in worshipping Jehovah and serving him according to their own understanding." The Bible was translated into the Hawaiian language in 1839. In 1841 a large stone church was erected in Honolulu, costing sixty thousand dollars, one-half of which was given by the king of the savages.

The United States recognized the independence of the Hawaiian Islands in 1842, through Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, and the United States was the first government to recognize the Pacific Island Kingdom. Queen Emma, in 1859, performed a noble act; she procured funds and established a hospital known as The Queen's Hospital.

The soil and climate of Hawaii are adapted to sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, and silk culture, and all kinds of grain and fruits known to its latitude. The first Hawaiian railroad was built in 1879, the second in 1881. The first telephone line was erected in 1878; several others soon followed in various cities.

In 1879 and 1880 several successful artesian wells were bored; those wells now number over sixty. Street tramways were constructed in Honolulu as early as 1889. Hawaii in 1892 had 168 schools, with 10,712 pupils; 28 of these schools were government native schools, with 29 teachers and 552 pupils; there were

The islanders had their unwritten constitution and laws long before the days of Captain Cook. During the reign of King Kamehameha III., in 1839, the Declaration of Rights and the first code of laws were drawn up by a graduate of one of the islands' seminaries, under the direction of the king. In 1840 the first Constitution was placed on paper, and approved by the council of chiefs and commons, and signed by the king and premier. This Constitution was originally composed in the Hawaiian language and by Hawaiians.

In November, 1843, Great Britain and France unitedly recognized the government of the Hawaii Islands. In 1847 justices' courts, circuit courts, and a Supreme Court were organized, and their respective jurisdictions defined. The first Supreme Court consisted of the king and premier, and four judges appointed by the legislature. In 1892 there were 20,536 hands employed on the sugar plantations of the islands. Five steamboats ply between all the island ports.

For the information of President Cleveland, his Cabinet and Ministers to Hawaii—Blount and Willis and their successors—I desire to record the fact that Hawaii had, as early as 1893, an Annexation Club; its records exhibiting a membership of 6596, being sixty-three per cent. of the voters of the islands, and plainly showing the desire of the people.

The following table exhibits the classes of nationality and the island locations, which shows that the desire for annexation to the United States is widespread, and not local or confined to nationality:

NATIONALITY.	HAWAII.	MAUI AND MOLOKAI.	OAHU.	KAUAI.	TOTAL NATION- ALITY.
American, . . .	287	138	950	74	1449
Hawaiian, . . .	729	236	610	96	1671
Portuguese, . . .	785	353	935	313	2386
British, . . .	86	40	213	12	351
German, . . .	49	39	243	89	420
Norwegian, . . .	9	5	51	7	72
Others unclassified, . . .	9	27	205	6	247
Total per island, . . .	1954	838	3207	297	6596

This is a large number to be working in concert for annexation, and is a power that must be felt in every quarter of the globe.

Amounts of Money Invested on the Islands in 1893, and Nationalities of the Investors.

American,	\$21,700,689
Hawaiian-born Americans,	4,408,477
British,	6,787,738
Hawaiian-born British,	429,206
German,	2,048,458
Hawaiian-born Germans,	68,004
Native Hawaiians,	90,611
Half-caste Hawaiians,	562,132
Chinese,	304,340
Portuguese,	49,920
All other nationalities,	392,115
Total,	<hr/> \$36,841,690

Imports: Country from Which Imported, with the Value of Goods Passing through the Customhouse and Paying Duty in 1892.

United States Pacific Ports,	\$541,822.50
United States Atlantic Ports,	11,978.44
Great Britain,	332,767.75
Germany,	89,057.34
Australia and New Zealand,	33,874.10
China,	125,853.59
Japan,	58,481.55
France,	3,267.38
Islands in the Pacific,	291.11
Total,	<hr/> \$1,197,393.76

Population and Nationality in 1890.

Natives,	34,436
Half-castes,	6,186
Chinese,	15,301
American,	2,066
Hawaiian, born of foreign parents,	7,495
Britons,	1,344
Portuguese,	8,602
Germans,	1,434
French,	70
Japanese,	12,360
Norwegian,	227
Other foreigners,	419
Polynesian,	588

Number and Nationality of Laborers on Sugar Plantations in 1892.

Hawaiians,	1,717
Chinese,	2,617
Portuguese,	2,526
Japanese,	13,019
South Sea Islanders,	141
All others,	516
										<hr/>
Total,	20,536

The post offices on the island number fifty-eight; this exhibit speaks of education and civilization more plainly than it can be written.

This exhibit of Hawaii's ability, progress, and greatness will astonish the American Congress of 1894, as well as thousands of other uninformed persons.

THE BIRTH OF THE HAWAIIAN REPUBLIC IN 1894.

President Sanford B. Dole's Proclamation.

“And now, in behalf of the men who have carried this cause along and who have stood ready to defend it with their lives, in behalf of the women who have given it their prayers and their husbands and sons, for the benefit and protection of all the people of this country, of whatever race or name, and in gratitude to God, whose hand has led us:

“I, Sanford B. Dole, President of the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands, by virtue of the charge to me given by the executive and advisory councils of the provisional government, and by act dated July 3, 1894, proclaim the Republic of Hawaii as the sovereign authority over and throughout the Hawaiian Islands from this time forth. And I declare the constitution framed and adopted by the constitutional convention of 1894 to be the constitution and the supreme law of the republic of Hawaii, and by virtue of this constitution I now assume the office and authority of President thereof. God save the republic!”

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF 1894.

Executive Council.

Sanford B. Dole, President of the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands, and Minister of Foreign Affairs; J. A. King, Minister of the Interior; S. M. Damon, Minister of Finance; W. O. Smith, Attorney General.

In the palmy days of President Cleveland, and his useful man, Willis, a Chicago journal published the following:

“When Queen Liliuokalani was asked by Minister Willis whether, after she had been restored to her throne by the power of the United States, she would grant full amnesty to all persons

connected with the provisional government she hesitated a moment and then slowly and calmly replied:

“‘There are certain laws of my government by which I shall abide. My decision would be, as the law directs, that such persons should be beheaded and their property confiscated to the government.’

“Subsequently, after much urging on the part of one or two of her advisers, she consented to spare the lives of the revolutionists on condition that they and their children be forever banished from the islands and their property confiscated. It was only at the last moment, when she saw that she was absolutely powerless, that she professed a willingness to grant the full amnesty demanded.

“And this is the kind of a queen the United States Government has been trying to replace upon a throne the right to which she had long ago forfeited by her own gross misconduct! This is Mr. Cleveland’s ‘great and good friend,’ in whose welfare he and his secretary of state have taken such a lively interest!

“Can anyone, after reading Minister Willis’ dispatches, be in doubt any longer as to whether the rebellion against the authority of such a queen was justified?”

Not a very bright picture to present to the young republic and the world.

The progress made by those swarthy islanders in civilization, agriculture, commerce, mechanics, the arts and sciences, and literature should astonish the world. Look at them when Captain Cook and his men treated them as brutes in 1778, then come down and view them in the first American missionary and my own early days; they within two-thirds of a century have made an advancement in greatness that no European nation reached in six centuries; an advancement that no nation, save America, ever outstripped.

Notwithstanding President Cleveland’s acts and opinion to the contrary, and Commissioner Blount and Minister Willis’ prejudices to American sway on those Sandwich Islands, Sailor I

Pedro I.,	1357
Fernando I.,	1367
Joam I.,	1385
Duarte,	1433
Alfonso V.,	1438
Joam II.,	1481
Manuel,	1495

Mate Salmas said that his Portugal home was located on Europe's most western border, that its average length from north to south is 368 American miles, and its average breadth from east to west is 105 miles, giving it an area of 38,640 square miles, or 24,729,600 acres of land. This kingdom is somewhat larger than the State of Kentucky, which has an area of 37,680 square miles, or 24,115,200 acres. Her colonial possessions are numerous, and several times larger than the home territory, and consist of the Cape Verde Islands, Senegambia, Mozambique, Macao, and Principe.

At an early day Portugal had to frequently fight for an existence; she was under or dictated to by Spain from 1578 up to 1640. At one period Portugal claimed possession of the vast territory of Brazil, a territory extending 2610 miles north and south by an average of 2430 miles east and west, and Portugal planted there Brazil's first colony in 1531, most of whom were the descendants of the Arabians. Mate Salmas was a full-blooded Arabian, although a native of Portugal. The majority of the inhabitants of the south portion of the kingdom of Portugal are descendants of Arabians, but now as the people of the other portions of the country, in religion they are Roman Catholics. A larger number of African slaves were shipped into Brazil than into any Central or South American state, but its vast number was exceeded by the United States.

The negro slaves of Brazil had the poor privilege, through a law, to purchase themselves, but such laws are laws of mockery, for in all slave communities, not one-third who work and starve to purchase themselves ever gain their freedom after making full

payment, for at the close of payment, a new master calls for his recently purchased slave, or the old master, who has his negro's money in his pocket, annuls the contract, and under the lash of the whip orders the slave to go to work for the balance of his working life.

Slashed-cheek John said that he well knew three slaves, one of them a native African, the two others natives of Virginia, all three owned by one master, who after twenty years' overwork, and a large sum of money paid for themselves, were seized by the sheriff and sold at auction to pay their master's debt. John was reliable, and was not deluded by phantasm. There is not one person in ten thousand that ever knew or sought to know, through investigation, the horrors and the cruel wrongs of human slavery.

It was slavery that placed the halter on the neck of Ossawatimie John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and it was slavery that directed and nerved the arm of Abraham Lincoln's assassin.

The kingdom of Portugal is less spoken of and known to the journals and the people of the United States than any other kingdom of Europe, if not of the world. To test my assertion, please to request yourself to rehearse Portugal's ancient and modern history.

It is but a small task to move on to subdued land that has been built upon; it is but a small task to move into a palace or a mansion that toil and genius have erected; it is but a small task for an author or historian to speak of or build up a nation or a nation's hero, that has already been raised aloft to the public view, but to lift greatness from obscurity's lowest pit requires a stanch capstan and a Hercules at the capstan bar.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

1850 ARRIVES—STIRRING EVENTS ON THE NORTHWESTERN FRONTIER—A RESOLUTE ATTEMPT TO EXTEND THE CURSE OF SLAVERY INTO KANSAS AND NEBRASKA—SAILOR 1 CALLED UPON TO INTERVENE.

KANSAS and Nebraska form a large extent of territory, a territory much larger than some of the kingdoms of the world. Kansas possesses an area of square miles greater than the whole New England States, a larger acreage than both Indiana and Kentucky. She has an area of 78,840 square miles, making 50,457,600 acres. Kentucky embraces 37,680 square miles, equal to 24,115,200 acres. The territorial period of Kentucky was days of young America's adventure; there was a vast wild timbered wilderness to subdue to create the fifteenth State of the Union. Kentucky's early population had their dissensions, that caused blood to flow and mingle with that of the aborigines. Daniel Boone was its first white explorer who placed his footprints on its soil and his name in its history. Indiana has an area of 33,808 square miles, equal to 21,637,120 acres. Here in Indiana did the talented and brave Tecumseh place himself in the front to stay the white man's invasion of his home. Kansas is much larger than Tennessee; this State counts 45,610 square miles or 29,190,400 acres. Tennessee was the home of the Cherokees and the Shawnees, both warlike tribes, who fought for their homes and their hunting grounds, and long held this Government at bay. Tennessee entered into the Union in 1796, just one century now past, as the sixteenth State of the Union.

When settlements extended into Kansas and Nebraska, then came up the Missouri Compromise question, and slavery or free-

dom was the stake to be contested for, and the whole Union was the arena for the contest. The people sent their champions to the halls of Congress, to decide the momentous question of extending freedom or slavery.

To secure a foothold for slavery in the new Territory, slaves were run into it, by the friends and advocates of the institution, in charge of slave drivers and superintendents, all of them of a desperate order of the depraved, many of the slaves to be run out again through Iowa to freedom. The slaveholders and their Northern friends greatly desired to secure one or more slave States, so as to hold the balance of power in the national councils, a power that they then possessed.

Astonishing as it may now appear, the advocates and supporters of slavery in many of the free Northern States were so numerous that they controlled the States in the interest of slavery.

With the aid of those free States, Iowa included, the inhuman and infamous Fugitive Slave Law was enacted by Congress on the 18th of September, 1850, a law that compelled every man to be a slave-catcher, as the officers under that law had the power to summons or call to their aid the bystanders, when necessary, to secure a slave, and all good citizens were commanded to aid and promptly assist the officers of the law under heavy penalty in case of refusal.

Iowa's Representatives and their Senators, Augustus C. Dodge and George W. Jones, advocated and voted for this degrading and unrighteous law. Senator Jones was the wealthy Jay Gould and the Chesterfield, spoken of as uniting with Mr. Green and the island hero, Johnson, to deprive Sailor I of my hard-earned mill and water power at Quasqueton in 1843.

Senator Jones had his adventures and his mishaps after Territorial days; he was arrested during the Rebellion, for acts growing out of letters written to his congressional friend Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and was sent to a military fort as a prisoner charged with high treason, where he was confined for several months.

Time passed on; 1854 arrived, the term of office of Senator

Dodge having approached its end, to fill the vacancy was in order, and the question of moment before the people was the extension or the limit to slavery. The advocates of slavery had been in the ascendancy in Iowa, but at the dawn of 1854 the slavery advocates were considered to be on the wane, owing to the energy and combination of their free-soil opponents throughout the State. It was a plainly spoken and published question of slavery or anti-slavery.

Under our laws and usages, the people expressed themselves through their Representatives and Senators in the State legislature, and through a similar agency within the halls of Congress.

A large number of the pioneer leading citizens of Iowa declared that they had long been misrepresented by the then Representatives and the Honorable Senators Dodge and Jones, and that they desired to man the ship of state with a more trusty crew, and no longer sail her as a pirate craft under the black flag of slavery, but under the Stars and Stripes of freedom.

My diary says that this was the political situation when I made a landing at the Davenport levee in 1854, with a barge freighted with wheat from the town of Le Claire, when a delegation of Scott County citizens, headed by Professor Ripley of the Iowa College, stepped on board of the barge and informed me that the free-soil Whigs had nominated Sailor I as their State Senator; that I would not be permitted to decline, but that I must go to work with them and overcome the then Democratic majority of the district.

My opponent was the widely known and talented Hon. J. A. Birchard, a wealthy retired farmer of Pleasant Valley, Scott County, Iowa, who controlled the granger element of that day, and who had served a term in the lower House; a formidable opponent for a poor sailor to throw his glove at his feet. The Sailor's excess of ballots numbered 381.

Those pioneers who called on me and boarded my wheat barge had not conquered men, but they had done far more; they had conquered a wilderness, and I to their request responded "Amen!" We went to work with a will, and changed the com-

plexion of the legislature from black to white; but I soon found that reverse winds existed on the land as at sea; there was for many days a deadlock in the Senate. Sailor I considered it my duty to do that which others feared to do, take command and put the ship under sail. Trouble soon stepped on deck; three candidates for United States Senator were placed before the General Assembly to select one from; they were Mr. Augustus C. Dodge, Mr. Ebenezer Cook, and Mr. James Harlan. The votes that were cast and the days that passed were many, without a choice. Sailor I was instructed by a large delegation and a mammoth petition issued by my constituents to support my townsman Mr. Cook, and I was also brought before a large public meeting and urged and ordered, but I declined to withdraw my support from Mr. James Harlan whilst he was willing to stand his ground. Although at one period my townsman lacked but one vote of being elected United States Senator, on the first ballot Mr. Harlan received but four votes. Finally, through my obstinacy I gave Iowa and Congress one of their best Senators, and the first to make Iowa known throughout the Union and beyond, and in time all of my constituents said that I acted properly in disobeying their wishes. In after years the Hon. James Harlan, when on a visit to Davenport to talk to the people, said that Sailor I created a United States Senator.

My good friend and townsman, Mr. Cook, was tainted with pro-slavery, and my solemn vow made at the funeral of the mysterious girl on the north Atlantic's Bahamas was constantly before me, and held me in check to face the right at all hazard and regardless of favor or results.

Whilst the senatorial contest waged, the Dubuque "Tribune" published as follows:

"Mr. Fulton: We have read Mr. Fulton's defense to his constituents for supporting the regular anti-Nebraska nominee, published in the 'Gazette' of the 9th, with great pleasure and warm admiration. After Mr. Cook had fallen behind, and according to the rule previously established had been laid aside, a petition was gotten up in Davenport, instructing him to vote for Mr. Cook

for United States Senator. But he had the integrity to stand firm, and informs his constituents that he did not crave the position he at present occupies, and if they want him to do anything that he does not consider honorable he will willingly resign the station to more pliant hands. We have placed a white mark 'for-nent' the name of A. C. Fulton, Esq., of Scott."

And the Davenport "Gazette" said: "Mr. Fulton is a man of independent mind; once convinced that he is right and popular sentiment has little influence upon him." Both journals are now before me.

My diary says that thirty-five summers and thirty-five winters had passed when the rising generation desired to learn of the Kansas and Nebraska struggle and the part that Sailor I took in Freedom's cause; for this purpose a reporter of the Davenport "Democrat" called on me to collect facts respecting the days of 1854, and published as follows:

"AN OLD-TIME DEADLOCK.

*"It Lasted Five Days and Then A. C. Fulton Voted for Mr. Fisher
and Broke it."*

" 'Ah! distinctly I remember,' said A. C. Fulton to-day, dropping unconsciously into poetry and song! 'It was in the bleak December in the year of '54; thirty-five years ago, and more; that we had a deadlock in the Iowa legislature same as now. Thirty-five—no, let's see. I should have said January, '54. Well, anyhow there were fifteen anti-Nebraska Democrats on one side and fifteen Whigs on the other, of whom I was one. We sat there at Iowa City and glared at each other for five days, and then I bolted. I voted for Mr. Fisher of Dubuque for speaker of the senate. He was a double-dyed Democrat, the father of our present city attorney—and oh! didn't they roast me when I came home here. I tell you they went for me till my hair curled. There are kinks in it yet. But I didn't care. I got the machine to working by my own little vote, and I don't believe the State of

Iowa has ever been ashamed of the work that was done by that assembly.' ”

He was a very fair average reporter, for he got very near one-half of my talk to him printed correctly; but Sailor I have had a great respect for reporters since playing the reporter's part on Cuba's Island.

Time continued on its course, and on February 11, 1896, the Davenport “Daily Times” added a page to Iowa's history by publishing as follows:

“MADE THE LAWS.

“Pioneer Legislators Gather at Des Moines to Renew Old Friendships and Discuss the Days When They Played a Leading Part in Making History.

“Hon. A. C. Fulton left for Des Moines this morning to attend the meeting of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association of Iowa, which will be held at the capital to-morrow. The association is composed of members of the early legislatures, and it is safe to say that there will be few present who can point to earlier service as a State legislator than Davenport's representative at this gathering. Mr. Fulton came to Davenport in 1842, and was elected to the senate of the fifth general assembly from Scott County in 1854. The fifth general assembly convened at Iowa City on December 4, 1854, and adjourned to meet again on January 26, 1855. An extra session was also held, the legislature being convened again on July 2, 1856. Scott County's representatives in the lower branch of that assembly were Amos Witter and Andrew J. Hyde, the latter being a resident of Davenport at the present. Mr. Fulton was elected to the Iowa Senate by the anti-slavery Whigs by a large majority. There was a deadlock in the senate for one week and it was broken by the action of Mr. Fulton in voting for a Democrat as president of the senate. He showed considerable firmness at various times when important questions were pending in the senate, and this trait of

character was forcibly demonstrated when, against the almost unanimous petition and request of his constituents, he was instrumental in securing the election of Hon. James Harlan as United State Senator from Iowa. Mr. Fulton has a vivid remembrance of the important questions and measures that engrossed the public mind in the days of the early history of the State and his reminiscences are given in a very entertaining manner. Although advanced in years, he still takes an active interest in public questions, and will undoubtedly take a prominent part in the proceedings at the meeting of the Pioneer Lawmakers of the State. Mr. Rohlf's attended the preceding meeting of the Pioneer Lawmakers' Association, but, being slightly indisposed, will not be able to participate in the deliberations of the present session and meet old-time legislative friends.

"However, Mr. Fulton is a host in himself and will ably uphold Scott County end at the meeting which assembles at Des Moines to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A CONDENSED CHAPTER OF LOCAL EVENTS TAKEN FROM THE
DAVENPORT "REPUBLICAN" AND MY DIARY—THE CAPACITY
OF THE WILD MAN OF THE FOREST AND THE PLAINS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY of 1896 was close approaching, and the good editor of the Davenport "Daily Republican" requested Sailor I to jot him down from my diary a few of the occurrences in Davenport and Iowa's early days, to lay before the readers of the "Republican," which published as follows:

"FOUNDING AND BUILDING OF THE CITY OF DAVENPORT.

"Graphically Described by Hon. A. C. Fulton, the Oldest Resident Now Living Here—Personal Experiences and Adventures—How the First Saw Mill, Grist Mill, Masonic Hall, Hotel, Flatboat, Steamboat, Street Car Line, and Steam Railroad Were Built—A Chapter Out of a Full Life.

"Editor of the Davenport 'Republican':

"Good Sir: You request me to jot down some of the occurrences that took place in Territorial days. You say name citizens, factories, boats, mills, commerce, and passing events.

"I will take from my diary a few early occurrences. If all momentous acts were combined they would form an interesting volume, but I must confine myself to a single chapter of that volume of the past. To create active, moving life in a wilderness requires courage and untiring industry.

"To speak knowingly of the past, the speaker must be an actor present at the time. The hearsay forty count for less than the single one who took an active part. My one chapter will present

but a meager portion of the part I took upon the stage of active life during Territorial days, as many now present can witness.

“When each and every man writes and presents the part he took to build a world, the volume will be complete, but it will contain a vast number of the positive and impressive letter ‘I.’

“To save space, I will bring into my chapter most all of our active men of Territorial days.

“Creation of a State.

“It is not a small task to step in line and create a State. In 1803, under Thomas Jefferson’s administration, we purchased Louisiana territory, which embraced Iowa, from Napoleon Bonaparte, for the sum of fifteen million dollars. Iowa remained a portion of Louisiana Territory until 1834, when it was annexed to the Territory of Michigan. In 1837 it became a part of the Territory of Wisconsin, and in 1838 it was created a separate Territory under the name of Iowa Territory. Then on the 28th day of December, by a vote of its people, it became the twenty-ninth State of our confederacy.

“Iowa, in its Wisconsin days, formed but two counties.

“At one period the Mississippi was Uncle Sam’s western boundary. Out of our purchase of territory from Napoleon we carved the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dakota, Colorado, and Oregon.

“Davenport in Forty-two.

“I was on deck when the first Governors of these ten States were inaugurated, and here in Davenport in 1842 I fell into the line of the empire as it westward rolled. At that date Davenport was but a frontier hamlet. It was incorporated in 1838. Rudolph Bennett was its first mayor; A. C. Donalson, D. C. Eldridge, Thomas Dillon, John Forrest, and John Litch were trustees, or aldermen.

“When I arrived, in 1842, there was no factory save a small one to create fire water, down at the slough near the now lower

sawmill, and there was the sole engine in the village, used to grind mash; no steam ferry boat, only horse power engineered by an iron-framed veteran, John Wilson; and on the bluff, after you passed the Richard Smetham house, then the Judge Grant home at Tenth and Brady streets, no dwelling was to be seen on the prairie until you reached Hickory Grove, and but one house on the Dubuque road between the Judge Grant home and Allan's Grove.

"The main farming settlement was on the eastern road through Pleasant Valley on up to the Wapsipinicon river, and to intercept that trade I erected the two-story brick now standing in good condition on the northeast corner of Rock Island and Second streets, and now owned by H. Frahm. That building was built in a timothy field owned by the renowned Antoine Le Claire. It was the first building on the east side of that street. The well-known frontier brickmaker and bricklayer, Henry Leonard, long-time sheriff of Scott County, was the brickwork contractor, assisted by the well-known Joseph and Charles Hebert and Joseph Motie. The veteran stone mason and gardener, John Evens, living on East Sixteenth Street, did the stonework. At the same time with those contractors, on the same lot east of it, I erected a two-story brick warehouse, now demolished. I speak of those humble buildings for the purpose of naming their worthy architects, all of whom have departed from off the earth, save John Evens, and also to tell our now people that the upper story of that warehouse was the first Odd Fellows' hall in Iowa, and there the Hon. James Thorington, William Collins, and others met in session and they permitted the Freemasons of Scott County and their friends of other counties to there assemble and make it their first Masonic home.

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"Early Literary Society.

"Captain Hawley, Mr. Noble of Blue Grass, Rev. Z. Goldsmith of the Episcopal church, and other Masons did there convene. After their removal to better quarters this rough ware-

house was the first arena used by Davenport's Literary and Debating Society, whose skill and eloquence would have done credit to the American Senate or the British House of Lords, and they were applauded by the astonished natives.

"The first brick pavement put down in Davenport was at that corner. On Rock Island Street north of this once store are now standing three small dwellings that I erected in 1842. The Hon. John Davies was one of the practical carpenters. I erected them for my coopers, Messrs. Kroy, Kettering, and Guy. Mr. Guy was the grandfather of our now citizens of that name, and Mrs. Kroy, after more than fifty years, now owns the snug home, and on this tract of land I erected my cooper shop where the above three secured their homes without paying one cent, but through their work received several hundreds of dollars in addition.

"Great Pork-packing Plant.

"My pork-packing house was at the northeast corner of Perry and Front streets, where the Armour beef-packing house now stands.

"After I abandoned this packing house a portion of it was fitted up for the widely known editor, Alfred Sanders, and his printer associate, Levi Davis, as the home of the Davenport 'Weekly Gazette.' At this same period the firm of Burrows & Prettyman were in the pork-packing business, and packed about twice the number of hogs that I did. I have noticed the count of the pork output since Burrows & Prettyman and my days. In 1844 we packed a larger number of hogs than has ever been packed in Davenport during one season since that date. That year I made a contract with Lyon & Co. of Rock Island for pork and wheat, as they might procure it, and paid the firm \$4700 for those produces shipped to me by wagons and sleds over the ice bridges of the river. This western movement has not been repeated since 1844. At that day there was no Chicago or eastern outlet and market for pork, corn, and wheat. The early farmers had to put their corn into pork to get any money. Corn sold

from 18 cents up to 25 cents per bushel, and I have purchased thousands of bushels of good wheat below 35 cents per bushel, and lost money on some of it. Most of the time pork of first quality was sold at less than \$3 per hundred, dressed weight, previous to 1846. I have purchased hundreds of good and well-dressed hogs at \$2 per hundred, and further, eggs were sold at 5 cents per dozen, good butter at 8 and 10 cents per pound, quails at 37 cents per dozen; venison, antelope, buffalo, and bear meat was sold at 5 to 10 cents per pound. Wild and tame turkeys, wild geese and ducks at 5 to 8 cents per pound. Those were Territorial days.

“First Flour Mill.

“We had no mills in Davenport, and with thousands of bushels of wheat in store, we sometimes had not a barrel of flour for sale at any price, for frequently when the river’s ice was on the run, and the little mill in Pioneer Sears’ saw-mill loft at Moline could not be reached, a flour famine has taken place, and a baking of flour has been borrowed by Davenport’s upper ten. Many fine teams of horses and their whole outfit went to the river’s bottom when the ice was not secure; this loss on some was almost ruinous.

“We had at Rockingham, five miles below Davenport, one pair of three-foot burr millstones, also in a saw-mill loft; the sawing department was abandoned, but they were constantly breaking up or breaking down, and could not supply two counties.

“The embryo city of Rockingham was founded by the enterprising and never-tiring Samuel Sullivan, and it would this day be the county seat of Scott County, and have its city hall and a courthouse if we had not sent up to Dubuque and procured four sledloads of contraband voters to settle the long and hard-contested county-seat question. I saw that the flour famine had its remedy. I called, by publication, a citizens’ meeting at the post office in the basement of the Le Claire House, now the west end of the new Newcomb block, opened a book for subscriptions,

headed the list with one thousand dollars to build a merchants' flour mill, with not less than three pair of large French burr millstones, to be located on the river where we could ship by boat, and to cost not less than ten thousand dollars. After twelve o'clock at night the meager sum subscribed would not have purchased ground and built the boiler house.

"Difficulties of Enterprise.

"I had visited the best mills in Pennsylvania, noted down machinery and construction, and could speak and act knowingly. I then proposed to take the one-half interest in a good merchant mill if the town people would provide for the other half. The chairman, James Bowling, said that insured the erection of the mill. Adjourned, to meet the coming evening, to put money in trust and start the work. The morrow evening arrived but very little money came with it, and all was gloom. I immediately said to the meeting and to Mr. Le Claire, that if he would sell me 128 feet front on the river at Perry Street for the price he named, eight hundred dollars, that I alone would build the mill as spoken of, on which all with one voice cried, "You can't do it." I could but tell them that resolution was omnipotent.

"The next morning I took men onto my 160-acre timber tract in Illinois, back and above Moline, to cut big trees, to make timber and lumber for the mill. It was hastened under roof. Israel Hall, now in Davenport, put on the roof with oak shingles that I made out of Illinois logs, and the frontier bricklayer, D. C. Eldridge, who erected the first brick house ever built in Davenport, built the very superior smokestack; all the balance of the work was done by the day. After I had completed the building and a portion of the machinery was on hand, Messrs. Burrows, Prettyman & Green of New York, purchased it at first cost. My object was but to secure the mill. The greatest curiosity connected with Albion mills was that I did not have, as dozens now in Davenport can witness, any architect, superintendent, millwright, or engineer in sight, but when the new owners brought them on the ground, they pronounced all in good shape.

“The Second Flouring Mill.

“The Davenport men and the farmers said they were sorry I sold the mill, and they sent a committee to ask me to build the second mill. The committee was Dr. Witherwax, Charles Leslie, and James Bowling. I said, ‘Yes, get me the ground at the same rate west of the Albion mill.’ ‘When shall we tell the owner of the ground that you will commence the work?’ ‘Tell him on to-morrow morning at six o’clock.’ I within two hours engaged men to dig basements and foundations, and they were at work on the morrow. I again went to the woods to cut timber; I alone, without a single man, rafted the lumber from Le Claire and Moline, both pine and oak. I now give you and the world the names and sayings of many of the renowned pioneers of Davenport. Unknown to me and my workmen they prepared a splendid dinner,—beef, venison, ducks, quails, prairie chickens,—invaded the mill, spread out the work benches for tables, and here comes the result, taken from the Davenport ‘Gazette,’ as reported by Editor Alfred Sanders in his ‘Gazette’ of January 20, 1848, which is now on file in the city, as follows:

“ ‘Citizen Fulton Banqueted.

“ ‘Last Saturday was a busy and happy day for Davenport—one from which may be dated a new era in the history of our thriving town! Upon that day was first heard in Davenport the welcome note of steam as applied to manufacturing. Fulton’s steam mill was put in operation and found to succeed in every department. Five months and twenty-two days since, the foundation was dug to the mill, and two weeks later the carpenters’ work was commenced. At that time the brick were yet unmade, the timber growing in the forest, and the stone reposing in the quarry. Although absent a portion of the time and under contract to finish the extensive brick mill of Messrs. Burrows & Prettyman, adjoining, yet with an energy worthy of a descendant of Robert Fulton, A. C. Fulton has, within six months from the commencement, got his mill in successful operation,

“ ‘The building is 60 × 85 feet, four stories high, and built throughout in the most substantial manner. The boiler house is 50 × 27 feet.

“ ‘*All the Delicacies.*

“ ‘Much credit is due to the men who labored so assiduously with Mr. Fulton in hastening the completion of the mill. The millwright work was executed under the direction of Mr. W. J. Arner of St. Louis, the engine and boilers put up by Mr. Abner P. Cluff, and the stones dressed and put in operation by Mr. A. Nugent, the miller of the establishment. The machinery and castings were made at the Eagle foundry of Messrs. Garrison & Brother of St. Louis, and the millstones by G. & C. Todd of St. Louis.

“ ‘In honor to the enterprise exhibited by Mr. A. C. Fulton and the exertions of his men, the citizens determined on Saturday morning to give them a public dinner, and with a celerity scarcely excelled in the speedy completion of the mill, by three o'clock had every viand to tempt the palate arranged on a temporary table in the second story of the mill. Turkeys, chickens, hams, tongues, etc., and pies, cakes, biscuits made from the new flour, graced the table in abundance. Mr. Fulton and his workmen took their place at the table, when three cheers were given the foremen. Mr. Fulton followed in a brief address, stating the embarrassments under which he had labored, and over which he had triumphed; alluding particularly to the immense barrier to the prosperity of Davenport presented by the lower rapids, hoping that all would unite their exertions to have the impediments removed.

“ ‘So soon as he had concluded the citizens were requested to take their places at table, when the work of mastication began. Chickens disappeared as rapidly from the well-stored table as though Herr Alexander presided, and turkeys galvanized into new life walked off by piecemeal, while cakes, crackers, and biscuits, imbibing the electrical spirit, again passed quickly through the grinders! It was a joyous time and after between 200 and

300 persons had dined, more than "seven baskets full" were left.

"Some Clever Toasts."

"Judge Grant being called upon, gave a short speech. He stated that he had just arrived from Iowa City; previous to leaving that city a charter had been granted for the construction of a railroad from this point to Council Bluffs. Three cheers greeted this announcement. Mr. Hiram Price next addressed the assembly. In his remarks he stated that when the workmen first commenced the foundation of the mill, an old gentleman observed to him, "that he had always believed Mr. Fulton to be crazy, but now he knew it!" Mr. McCammon also addressed the people, when the following toasts were given, some of them accompanied by remarks and all followed by loud cheering. After which the citizens retired quietly to their homes well pleased with the afternoon's entertainment.

"By A. Sanders—A. C. Fulton and his men—May every revolution of the millstones add a dime to their wealth and a good deed to their lives.

"H. Price—The Mill and the Dinner, both got up on the electro-magnetic principle, characteristic of the American people—May we never lack for either.

"W. P. Campbell—Success to Fulton and his mill; the first propelled by enterprise, the last by steam—May they continue to go until the father of waters ceases to flow.

"V. M. Firor—A. C. Fulton—The propeller of enterprise and contemporary with steam in Davenport—May he never lack fuel for his own boiler; while with iron nostrils and leaden bowels, may he whiten the earth with the flour of his zeal.

"J. Grant—The big gentleman at the other end of the table (A. Le Claire, Esq.)—May his shadow never grow less.

"J. Pope—The Ætna Mill and its proprietor—May the former never repudiate for the want of wheat, nor the latter for the want of friends.

“ ‘ A. Sanders—Fulton’s Steam Mill—The nucleus of a manufacturing emporium.

“ ‘ J. Parker—The rival steam mills of Davenport—While we most cordially award all due honor and praise to A. C. Fulton, the enterprising originator of both mills and the successful builder of this mill, may the only rivalry that shall hereafter exist between them be, which shall manufacture the best flour and deal the most liberally with the citizens of Scott and adjoining counties.

“ ‘ W. S. Collins—A. C. Fulton, the pride of Scott County, the poor man’s friend, the sole cause of two steam mills in Davenport—May the tide of prosperity and the stream of fortune pour into his bosom till it shall overflow with joys unspeakable and full of glory.

“ ‘ H. S. Finley—May Mr. Fulton’s profits in making flour equal his enterprise in building mills.

“ ‘ V. M. Firor—Scott County, the mother of produce and supporter of toil; ’tis hoped that she will feed with a bountiful hand the sons of her soil.

“ ‘ J. L. Davies—John W. Arner, the millwright of this mill—The promptness, expedition, and correctness displayed by him in this machinery entitle him to the patronage of every builder.

“ ‘ W. P. Campbell—Abner P. Cluff, the engineer—May he, like his engine, ever keep up the steam of enterprise.

“ ‘ W. P. Campbell—Aaron S. Nugent, the miller—May he keep himself as white and fine as the flour he grinds.’

“ Surmounting Obstacles.

“ The years 1842 and 1843 were eventful and busy years for poor me, a world to be created, and money and material short. I had to rob the night to lengthen day. In 1842 I undertook to create a water power that I fancied would eclipse that of Lowell, by marine walls and canal on the Mississippi’s upper rapids. I made expensive surveys, took soundings, purchased a large extent of river front, also an island in the river and

canal way through farms, paying as high as one hundred dollars per acre, as the Scott County records will bear witness, and at this same date, 1842, I was jointly with Messrs. Bennett and Lambert engaged in damming the Wapsipinicon River near the Indian line of 1837, in Buchanan County. On my first visit in August, 1842, to the works, I found the population of the county to number eleven, women and self included,—a small number to dam a river, build a mill, and create a city,—but this is outside of my chapter, in your ‘Republican,’ of the history of Davenport, and I must let it pass into oblivion; as a recital of Buchanan County’s Oklahoma days would but harrow up and distress the feelings of your numerous readers it must be passed by.

“ *All Trade, No Money.*

“ In the thirties and the early days of the forties money was very scarce—it was trade all round, no money transactions, for money did not exist; a dollar was then as big as a car wheel. Some farmers with large cribs of corn, stacks of wheat and other grain could not procure money to pay their taxes, and some not even the money to pay their postage. But postage was not two cents then as now. For over twelve years in the ports of Charleston, Pensacola, and New Orleans I paid twenty-five cents’ postage on every letter I received, and twenty-five cents was paid by those I wrote to in the East and the West. There has been a change since Jackson was President.

“ *First Flatboat Built.*

“ In the fall of 1842 I built the first flatboat on the Mississippi above the Missouri River and freighted it with farm produce for the New Orleans market. The boat, cargo, and outfit cost me near \$2000. It proved a total loss. Our veteran pioneer, David McKown, was supercargo. I had just previously shipped a like cargo by a steamboat, and received a bill claiming thirteen dollars and some cents, as the produce did not pay freight and charges.

"The Albion mills whilst under repair were burned to the ground through a lighted candle being left in the bolting chest whilst the carpenters went to their dinner. The brick smoke-stack that D. C. Eldridge built alone remained, a towering monument to the enterprising Burrows & Prettyman's great loss. After standing nine years it was toppled over by gunpowder. Beneath the ground this day remain the ponderous foundations of the Albion mill. I sold the Ætna mill to Messrs. Burrows & Prettyman at less than cost. They overloaded the light upper story, or loft floor, and crashed thousands of bushels of wheat through its lower floors down into the basement. After the crash they sold the machinery to Davenport & Rogers to be used in Le Claire's first flour mill. Mr. Burrows frequently said that Fulton's Ætna mill could make a barrel of flour cheaper than any steam flour mill ever built, and he was an expert.

"I planned and fitted light and compact machinery, not spread all over the building to consume coal and labor. The simplicity of the machinery astonished the far-famed foundry men, Garri-son & Brother, of St. Louis. I was never afraid of my miller, engineer, or fireman stopping operations by a strike, for I could, and did, for days and nights, stand watch and perform my duty as engineer or miller, and I can this day perform those duties.

"Safe of a Soap Box.

"In estimating on the two mills I saw that I could make a large saving on the transportation of the vast amount of lumber to be used by rafting it from Mr. Sears' Moline water-power saw mill and Messrs. Davenport & Rogers' steam saw mill at Le Claire, where I had to procure it. The custom then was to haul it from these mills by team, and I knew I could make a large saving by rafting it myself, for my finances were at a very low ebb for mill-building, as Mr. Jacob Eldridge, who then edited the Dunn financial reports, can testify. When I entered on the herculean undertaking I had just \$60 in my safe soap box in my store, the most secure burglar-proof safe ever constructed.

"We had no banks at that day, save river banks and sand banks, not even an oyster bank.

"Adventure on a Raft.

"To name some of the old settlers of that period, I must mention an occurrence in my rafting experience, although it is awfully against poor me. One pleasant August morning, when the peep of day was wiping its half-opened eyes to rise from its couch, I set out on foot to reach Le Claire before all hands were engaged at work. I required no waste of money for a velocipede at that time—twelve miles was but a refresher to fit me for a day's work. I employed two men—funds would not permit a larger crew. We formed the bottom strings for a raft, and on the double-quick placed the lumber on them, then pinned the 31,000 feet of lumber on them. When the big task of 31,000 feet of lumber was placed in the raft by three of us, and our oars were rigged, the sun had bid this latitude 'good-night'; but a curtailed moon then stepped upon the ramparts of the sky to stand its watch—a pleasant night to float upon the rapidly moving water, but not a good night to sail. But when I proposed to my two men to ship with me, and offered double money (one of the men was a long-time river man), they in concert exclaimed, 'What do you take us for? You must be crazy.' The river man declared that he knew the rapids and that he would not ship at night and run the rapids for the gift of a steamboat. Especially on board of that raft, that I threw in a pile like cord-wood—no, not for Scott County. I then sent them for two other river men, who only said: 'What do you take us for?' I told them and the crowd that were gazing on me and the raft, that the raft would go to Davenport that night, and paid the men and went on board and ordered the line cast off. She glided off like a duck upon the placid waters of a lake.

"Runs the Rapids Alone.

"When I got to Spencer's Point two skiffs put out from shore with two men in each skiff; they were crossing the river to go to

Hampton, Ill., where they traded at a store. The foremost boatman shouted to the other, 'Goodness, there goes a big raft with a single man on it!' It was Mr. Fenno's voice; then the rear boatman, who was R. Spencer, shouted, 'I will bet my farm that is Fulton; he is the only man in the county that would do the act. He is crazy.' Then Captain Hawley, in the forward boat, 'There is not sufficient water in the river to drown him. I was told last fall when in New Orleans that he had been a common sailor.' Twice was I called 'crazy,' yet I safely landed that raft at Davenport. Being called 'crazy' twice that day, I began to think that I might be demented, so I met our Dr. Burrows and told him that I feared I was getting crazy. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'if that is your opinion, then you are right, beyond a doubt.'

"First Steam Mill in Muscatine County outside of the City.

"In 1856, in connection with Mr. N. Fejervary, I erected a first-class steam flour mill (my fourth mill) at Fulton, now Stockton, Muscatine County. We had to change the town's name, as the post-office department could not give two offices in a State the same name, and one Fulton office then existed. This mill we rented to Burrows & Prettyman. The distance to transport coal consumed a large portion of the profits. The lessees had not the Mississippi River to ship bran and shorts to Quincy and St. Louis distilleries, and the machinery was sold for a small sum—a heavy loss; but no doubt it would have been yet greater, perhaps with the loss of life, had we not laid the corner stone with prayer, Deacon and Judge William Burrows officiating.

"First Steamboat Launched in Iowa.

"I must tell the world about the first steamboat launched in Iowa. It was an extraordinary boat for its size. When the pioneer man of iron and energy, Captain Wilson, was running a horse boat ferry at Davenport, I, in connection with Aaron Remer, a young man long in my employ, built at the south junction of Main Street a steam ferryboat. The curiosity connected

with this steamboat was that no shipwright or engineer save myself ever entered or advised the work. True, I had early experience in sea-going vessels, in building, in sailing, in wrecking, and I was familiar with almost all kinds of construction, as I had and have built for self fifty buildings rating far above the average, thirty-nine of them in Scott and Muscatine counties, and I personally worked on all of them in every department; never employed architects one hour. When we commenced taking dimes, Captain John Wilson, who almost daily brought us before the magistrate's courts on charge of piracy, and invading his chartered rights. I shook off the annoyance by selling out my interest to Mr. Remer on time, and the time has not yet arrived. Captain Remer ran her a few trips up the Illinois River, and there fell in with our Captain Dalzell. The little boat exhibited its power by towing large barges over the rapids, and astonished Captain Dodge and others by passing them under way. Captain Remer sold the boat to Alexander Grant, a gentleman from Scotland, who chartered it to Burrows & Prettyman to tow wheat barges from Comanche. They ran her on the rocks of the rapids and completely wrecked the good and greatly admired steamboat.

“First Hotel in Davenport.”

“The first hotel established in Davenport was at the corner of Front and Ripley streets, presided over by Mr. Edward Powers, in 1836. It was built by Colonel George Davenport and Mr. A. Le Claire. Mr. W. Claussen has marred its parlor and dining room by storing lime and cement in them. The opposite corner was universally known as brimstone corner, on account of the wet goods there sold by the glass.

“Then in 1839 the foundation of the big Le Claire House was laid, and there the Prince De Joinville and suite quartered when visiting the new Western world in 1841.

“In 1845 I built the building now standing west of the Woolen mills on upper Front Street, known as Gould's furniture factory, for a sash, door, and blind factory, for a Mr. King, but he soon

went out of business; then in this building a Mr. Rowe, a resident of Pleasant Valley, Scott County, a connection of one of our well-known city attorneys, put in machinery and manufactured barrels by steam power, the first establishment of the kind west of Chicago.

“Davenport Becomes Metropolitan.

“The ‘Gazette’ of October 4, 1865, thirty years now past, says: ‘Mr. A. C. Fulton presented to the city council a petition to grant him the right to build a horse railroad on Third Street, and it was referred to the street committee.’ Then followed months of official imbecility, the council claiming that Fulton desired to take the streets from the people. I could but tell them that I desired to let them retain the streets, but if they chose they could ride over them cheaper, and with greater comfort in my cars; but they could not see until a small removal of officials was made. They said a street road was big property, but they refused to take stock when solicited. Then I had a long and tiresome work alone to collect the then vast sum necessary to construct the line, purchase horses, cars, and stable grounds; and I, at my own cost, had to journey to Philadelphia to secure Contractor Hathaway, who had just completed London’s first horse railway, and also to get financial aid.

“Time rolled on; it would not tarry; 1867 announced its presence, and the Davenport City Railway Company was organized, extending from the east to the west end of the city.

“The record says: ‘The first directors were A. C. Fulton, John L. Swits, Ira M. Gifford, Thomas Scott, Joseph Shields, Charles E. Putnam, B. B. Woodward, H. R. Claussen, and James Armstrong; A. C. Fulton, president.

“First Street Car Line.

“Many interesting pages could be written on this mule railroad. The original charter said: ‘Commencing at the east end of the city, and running to the west end.’ As we had not immediate

money for the entire length of the line, we concluded to construct one section and put it in operation. An easy, get-along alderman interested West, had a change made in the charter at a council meeting to read, 'The work to commence at the west end and run to the east end of the city.' I commenced to put down ties at the east end of the city, when a western breeze came at me with great velocity, and informed me that the road would be forfeited unless I commenced at the west end. I informed the committee that I had commenced at the west end as the amended charter required, that I had there planted my first stake of the work, and continued the survey, staking the levels on to the east end, and I was now putting down the ties and iron at the east end. The city attorney said that settled it.

"I must mention two edifices that I erected in early days. The stone that is now in Mr. G. Nutting's mansion was in 1853 taken part out of the rock beneath the surface of Prospect Park, and a portion from the river bank south of the park, and a limekiln was constructed on the building lot in the hollow and the lime produced from limestone taken out of the park grounds; the wood to burn it was cut in the woods within four blocks of the building.

"When I built Mt. Ida, I made the bricks out of the clay of the basement and burned them with wood cut in the woods within three blocks of the building—some on the adjoining block. One midnight I visited the brick kiln and found the two firemen asleep and no whisky left in the jug, and the fire down and the bricks greatly injured to this day.

"How the Rock Island Road Was Made.

"The most important portion of Iowa's history is her railroads, as each and every road is equal to a river that never freezes or is affected by a dry season. With this thought in mind, I, in December, 1842, and January, 1843, took soundings of the Mississippi River at the once Indian ford, immediately below the city waterworks, to ascertain if the river could be bridged. I noted the depth of the water, the nature of the bottom and the shore banks, made an examination of the land east to Chicago and west

to Cedar River, and in 1845 published my report in a Philadelphia journal, which is now before me. I also called a meeting of the citizens of Davenport by publication, to meet me in the old schoolhouse on Harrison Street above Fourth Street, and hear me talk bridge and railroad. At the day of my talk there was not a cable's length of railroad west of the Allegheny Mountains. Johnstown was railroad's western limit at that day. Mr. Jacob Eldridge, now on Brady Street, was one of my audience. In 1847, with the assistance of Mr. Van Deveer of Rock Island, I drew up a charter for a road eastward from Rock Island. The Illinois legislature granted our request. Time rolled on. I drew up a subscription list, solicited stock, got a few shares here and there, called meetings in every grove and at every schoolhouse. One meeting I must name, at Blue Grass. I requested Hon. Hiram Price to go with me; he was a good talker and we got thirteen shares taken. I considered this very fair, but on our journey home in the dark I ran into a deep washout and dumped our since congressman onto the ground, upon which he said I was an awful driver, that he would not make another journey with me for the State of Iowa. He dusted himself and got into the buggy cautiously and did not say much on the balance of the journey home.

“ A Breach of Faith.

“ I also held many—a great many—meetings to procure stock in Illinois. I now have the lists of stock; and Iowa furnished more money for that Illinois railroad than did Illinois; yet President Cable has injured Davenport and the road he represents to a vast amount by moving the shops his company built here and every department to his town, and violating solemn pledges publicly declared. An investigation by men of ability and unbiased minds will exhibit the unnatural freak, with dollars to attract it. I claim the right to speak, for I furnished three hundred dollars from my light purse to purchase ground for those abandoned works, and others furnished many hundreds of dollars more. When I call to mind the vast sum that this road re-

ceived through its grant of land, and the long and constant work I performed, as hundreds know, to secure that land, it causes me to complain. I drew up petitions asking Congress for each alternate section of land between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and for days and weeks I journeyed, exposed to storms and privations, to secure the land, holding meetings in every town and every schoolhouse, and constantly forwarding petitions to Hon. S. Leffler, member of congress. I paid for my team and all my expenses—never asked or received one dollar. Not that alone, but my twenty-eight shares of railroad stock, as some others, went to the eastern winds. Now come those to reap who never sowed.

“ Respectfully yours,

“ A. C. FULTON.

“ Davenport, December 31, 1895.

“ [NOTE: Hon. A. C. Fulton has written historical articles for New Orleans ‘ Bulletin,’ Louisiana ‘ Advertiser,’ Philadelphia ‘ Ledger,’ New York ‘ Ledger,’ Chicago ‘ Times,’ ‘ News,’ and ‘ Inter-Ocean ’; scores of articles for the Iowa ‘ Register,’ Davenport ‘ Gazette,’ ‘ Democrat,’ and ‘ Tribune.’ In the thirties he was interested in the establishment of the ‘ True American,’ in New Orleans. His descriptive letters of travel in Canada, Cuba, and Mexico are marvels of information and condensed history. —EDITOR.] ”

If space had permitted Sailor I had many local events to place on the New Year’s record of the Davenport “ Republican ”; not for the people of this year, 1896, but for the distant coming generations. One of those within the many spoken of, I would have said, that on reaching the hunting grounds of the Sacs and Foxes, and their Pottowottomie allies, I here found the most remarkable man west of the Father of Waters; he was a half-breed Pottowottomie Indian, Mr. Antoine Le Claire; he spoke French and English fluently, as well as his own and several Indian dialects.

He had on many occasions been United States interpreter. He was taught in many branches of learning by a French missionary priest, and later he entered an English school through the influence of Governor Clark of Missouri; he was the white man's peer in all that makes a man.

When the Sacs and Foxes parted with their first Iowa lands, and established the treaty line of 1832, he was Uncle Sam's interpreter. In that treaty one of the stipulations exacted by the Indian Chief Keokuk, who was the dusky Cromwell of his day, was that Antoine Le Claire should have a tract of land one mile square at the foot, and a tract one mile square at the head of the upper rapid of the Mississippi River; on both of those tracts Mr. Le Claire laid off a town, which made him a wealthy man. He was sober and possessed no vices, but he was too liberal and kind; he went security and indorsed for the white man, to his great injury. The county records witnessed and published history records and preserves the evidence of his useful and active life. Black Hawk, the warrior and diplomat, and Keokuk, the renowned orator who rose from the ranks to be a power of strength, and Antoine Le Claire, were giants in their day; seldom have three greater pale-faced men lived and communed together in the walks of life, and been more noted in history than the trio here placed on my record. To recite Chief Black Hawk's strategy and bravery in protecting his Rock River home when attacked by West Point generals, and thrice his number of well armed and drilled whites, would require a large volume, if written and pictured up to life as acted.

But the most galling and unkindest cut of all, came when the subordinate and plebeian Keokuk, whom he despised, was placed by the arbitrary white man over him, through Keokuk's diplomacy, as the head of his nation, to reduce him, a more than Hercules, to the lower ranks.

Keokuk (Watchful Fox) rose from obscurity by force of talents; he was an orator without a rival within the Indian nations of his day, and like Tecumseh, it would have been difficult to find his superior in the white man's ranks. He was the white

man's constant and reliable friend, and saved the scalps of many whites who possessed no compassion for the poor Indian. His well-timed words sparkled with brilliant light and power, conclusive evidence that they issued from a powerful and pure fountain. His vivid talent was evident in every sentence and in every word. He possessed an oratory power that a Gladstone might envy; brave and generous in every act and walk of his eventful life; in person muscular and active; an athlete with a graceful form and fine features, and possessing the ability to control and govern the wildest of creation's man.

When I made my journey of exploration in 1838, through the wild West, and arrived at St. Louis, Mo., this renowned Indian chief, Keokuk, the father of one of Iowa's cities, was there on official business with Uncle Sam. I was invited, and when I approached Chief Keokuk, he openly asked one of the officials if I was a brave. After being satisfied on that point, he extended to me his dusky but tapering fingered and delicate hand, with the dignity of a General Scott, and when it reached my rough hand the tapering fingers closed in gentle clasp, and lingered as though he was absorbing greatness through the grasp. And whilst I retained and felt the pressure of the hand of the greatest living monarch of the forest and the plain, my thoughts with the velocity of the lightning's flash rushed me back to my Mississippi canebrake couch, and my forecastle home, with my ration of hard tack, pork, and beans, tossed before me on the forward deck.

The Pottowottomie, Antoine Le Claire, was one of my earliest associates in business transactions on the frontier; I had extensive dealings with him; as a record I desire to name one of them: I purchased from him an extensive tract of land, what is known as East Davenport, embracing the now Democrat Farm, the waterworks and sawmill property, and extending north to Oakdale Cemetery. East Davenport at an early day was an independent city, with its city council, but the city proper had borrowed three hundred thousand dollars, and wasted full one-half of it, and in 1857 annexed East Davenport through an act of the

legislature, to aid in paying the interest on the large sum of money already consumed, an unrighteous act!

Antoine Le Claire was born December 15, 1797, at St. Joseph, Mich.; his father was a Canadian Frenchman; his mother a granddaughter of a Pottowottomie chief. At that period the red man was the possessor of the vast northwest; but few whites mingled with them; they were the monarchs of all they surveyed. In 1814 Le Claire pushed westward to the Mississippi River, and Colonel George Davenport told me that he first sighted him when a boy, paddling a canoe on Rock River, near where Peoria now stands, with another Indian boy, both wrapped in their Indian blankets.

Mr. George Davenport was born in 1783; when in his seventeenth year he went to sea, and was a sailor during four years; then he enlisted in Pennsylvania as a soldier. He landed on the island of Rock Island on the tenth day of May, 1816, as the army sutler; Colonel Lawrence in command of the troops, who immediately went to work cutting timber on the island to build a fort for their protection against the Sacs and Foxes, and their allies the Pottowottomies, who had been goaded by the white settlers to frenzy; even their growing corn having been plowed up by the white invaders.

This fort was called Fort Armstrong, named after General Armstrong; then, in 1832, came the Asiatic cholera, to carry to their graves one-half of the garrison's forces.

In 1830 Mr. George Davenport journeyed to the capital at Washington, to endeavor to induce the Government through the President and Secretary of War, to deal friendly with Black Hawk and his tribe, and appropriate a few thousand dollars to pay for their lands, damage, and friendship, but President Jackson treated Mr. Davenport with haughty contempt, and he returned to the frontier disgusted.

Then came the noted battle of the Bad Ax; no, not a battle, but a massacre, where hundreds of women and little children were shot to death in their camp and on their retreat, and other hundreds perished from cold, starvation, and drowning in the streams

that they attempted to swim or ford in their flight from rifle balls; yet, in concert with England and the Hessians, we with horror cry, Turkish Armenia!

In time, when the city of Davenport, Ia., was founded, it was named Davenport in honor of Mr. George Davenport, for his worth and business energy.

Mr. George Davenport the sailor, soldier, and the frontier adventurer, was stricken down by the hands of assassins and robbers, when alone in his own house on Rock Island, on the Fourth of July, 1845, when in his sixty-second year of age.

In 1820 Mr. Le Claire married the daughter of the chief Acoqua (The Kettle) at Peoria, Ill. Sailor I, at balls of the upper ten, have danced French cotillions with Mr. Le Claire's Indian squaw, a lady of talent and refinement that would have graced more palatial quarters than the Western frontier furnished.

Mr. Le Claire was Iowa's first justice of the peace, his jurisdiction extended from Dubuque to Burlington. He was also Davenport's first postmaster in 1833. His acts of worth are recorded on the national archives, and within the hearts of many.

In 1858 Mr. Antoine Le Claire had the distinguished honor of being elected as the first president of the Scott County Iowa Pioneer Association. Then, in 1897, Sailor I was elected to the same honorable office by the veterans who subdued a vast wilderness.

Sailor I do verily believe that the Indian Antoine Le Claire and his good and noble wife gave more time and more money in building up the Catholic churches of Iowa than any ten whites in the State; they, besides giving large sums of money, from time to time, gave to the church society of Davenport an entire block of ground in the center of the city of Davenport, containing four acres less half of the streets, and at their own cost erected a stone church on the four acres, on one front of which ground thirteen stores, built by the tenants, now stand, and pay a large ground rent and all taxes, and three other stores built by the income of the property pay large rents to the Catholics of the diocese.

The second four-acre block on the bluff, with a brick church built on it, was given to a congregation; the gift of paying property will support those churches to the end of time. Within the grounds of this last gift the noble twain were laid to rest after death by their friends and kin, but heartless pale-face strangers came on the scene and unceremoniously tossed the good and great from out of their sacred chosen tombs, to place their remains within a third-class lot of an extensive cemetery on the wide prairie that the Indian had given to the pale-face congregation; a tract of land sufficient in extent to entomb five thousand; but it matters not; they were but Indians, and Indians cannot be wronged in life or death.

When they rested in their chosen tombs, hundreds who passed the sacred spot offered up unfeigned prayers to the great Supreme for the worthy twain. How is it now, where once stood that humble monument in the churchyard corner? Naught but vacancy exists to distress the eye.

The remains of the worthy natives should without grudge be returned to their desired tombs. Sailor I feel it a duty to aid in that direction. I stepped off the church ground as I had done when an invader and a spy in Cuba, and found the once location of the tomb to be over one hundred feet from any and all buildings; if there was no room, then demolish or move a church and give them back their tomb; kind Heaven would smile upon and applaud the act.

Good reader, you say that an appeal should be made to the home clergy or Cardinal Satolli, to right the great wrong; I answer, it would be just as efficient to attempt to whistle down a Kansas cyclone.

When off watch I must personally go to headquarters and knock at the gates of the Vatican, or forward this, my appeal, to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., or his successor, to right the great wrong.

And when within the Vatican, I will with hope and unfeigned meekness say, Please, please, give Antoine Le Claire, under whose tawny Indian skin rested a heart and soul of pure whiteness, back his tomb.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A LARGE SLICE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY IN A NUT-SHELL, DATING FROM THE WORLD'S CREATION DOWN TO THE YEAR 1897, TAKEN FROM MY DIARY.

TO the intelligent, active, and observing mind the history of a people, even the obscure and barbarous, cannot be unfolded in vain; their origin, social relations, and government teach a lesson in human nature. A life destitute of thought and useful action is as the furrowed path of a ship at sea; the water closes over it, leaving no trace of its once existence.

Poor Sailor I swept the dust of ages from sacred and profane, ecclesiastical and civil history, and traced the lines of Herodotus, the father of profane history, whose works run back to the year 703 B. C., and the Old and the New Testaments, presented me with ecclesiastical history, from all of which, if space permitted, the most instructive and interesting volume ever written could be produced, Holy Writ alone excepted. The work would embrace the primitive state of man and society, his gradual advance toward civilization, and a world of interesting wonders that would astonish a vast majority of the world's inhabitants.

Our world was created 4004 years before the birth of Christ. Grandfather Adam died 3074 years B. C., in his 930th year of age, which exhibits the fact that the world and Adam were both created the same year. In the spring months of the second year, after Adam and Eve were expelled from Eden, Cain was born; this is the length of years by Hebrew and Christian count, but the Chinese and my African prince, Slashed-cheek John, place more than thrice that number of years as the time of man's appearance and continued existence, and the age of this, our world.

Noah and his family, who shipped on board of the ark, consisted of eight persons; the ark was a three-decker with bulk-heads, and floated on the raging waters for the period of eight months, when it was anchored on twin-topped Mount Ararat, in Armenia, where she rode at anchor for four months, when Noah stepped on shore to build up a new world.

The deluge took place 2347 years B. C. Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by Heaven's fire 1897 years B. C., just the same number of years that have now passed since the birth of Christ. Moses, the leader of the Jews, was born in Egypt 1572 years B. C., and he was eighty-one years of age when he brought the Israelites out of Egypt, in 1491 B. C.

In 1184 B. C. Troy was taken by the Greeks and burned. The Assyrian and Egyptian kingdoms were founded 2216 B. C. Athens was founded by Cecrops in 1556 B. C. The outbreak of the Trojan war was 1193 B. C. Sparta was founded 1102 B. C. Solomon's Temple was dedicated 1003 B. C. In 753 B. C. Rome's foundation was laid by Romulus. Socrates was born 468 B. C. Plato was born 429 B. C. Cicero was born 106 B. C.

The African Hannibal defeated the Romans in many hard and well-fought battles on their own territory in 218 B. C. Persia was one of the great empires of antiquity; it was originally known as Shem; this great empire was founded by Cyrus the Great. It comprised Persia, Media, Babylonia, Syria, and Asia Minor, and his son Cambyzes added Egypt. This conquest of Egypt by Cambyzes took place 524 years B. C.

Those early Persians took a great interest and pride in literature and in educating their people in letters and in the useful arts; they taught the conquered Egyptians the arts and sciences, as well as letters, and gave to Egypt its early civilization, which, as is well known, attracted the attention of such men as Homer, Plato, and Lycurgus of Greece, and Egypt gave a Cleopatra to the world. Egypt was wrested from Persia by Alexander the Great.

During the dawning greatness of Persia and Egypt, when they were building ships, mansions, palaces, temples, and great cities,

the ancestors of England's kings, queens, and lords were located in the latitude of Norway, and quartered in caverns of the earth, and running around more than half naked, pinched by cold and hunger, and living on berries of the forests, rats, snails, roots, and occasionally, through good luck, the blubber of a walrus or a whale of the Northern Ocean, and they sacrificed human victims to please their gods.

Ages, many ages passed, and they entered into agriculture and built houses and sailing vessels, and transported grain, hides, and other produce to the Hollanders and the Danes, who at that period had possession of the north one-half of now Germany.

At this period the Britons of the North, all told, numbered some ten thousand persons, and when some of them were on a voyage they discovered the island, now England, which they thoroughly investigated and found it to be a fertile land in a much milder climate than their northern home, and also peopled by some ten or twelve thousand light-complexioned and light-haired people, who received and treated them with great kindness, and who urged them to remain in their land, but they had to decline the kind offer. Those navigators, on reaching their homes, made their discovery and kind treatment known to their people, upon which the whole nation or tribe resolved to build more vessels and sail to the land of fertility and light-haired men.

The vessels were built, stores secured, and a prosperous voyage followed, and they landed in England unarmed and as welcome friends, as the light-haired natives greatly required their aid to check the Irish and Scotch, who were constantly making raids onto their island.

Those two nations or tribes mingled in marriage and as one people during four centuries; they had increased in wealth and numbers, and were making fair progress in civilization when Julius Cæsar, some fifty-five years B. C., invaded the island with a well-trained army of over ten thousand strong. He was met by stern and persevering opposition, and did not conquer the islanders until he returned to Italy and increased his army, and

Mohammed I.,	852
Almondhir,	886
Abdalla,	888
Abderahman III.,	912
Alhakem II.,	961
Hixem II.,	976
Syleyman,	1012
Ali,	1015
Abderahman IV.,	1017
Alcassim,	1018
Abderahman V.,	1023
Mohammed II.,	1024
Hixem III.,	1026

July 5, 1811, at Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, a junta of leading citizens formally proclaimed the independence of Venezuela; then soon follows the revolution which gave her independence.

The streets of London were first lighted by private lanterns in 1414. Those private lanterns gave light to London during the forty-five years' reign of Queen Elizabeth, and were burning on the night of March 24, 1603, when she died. In 1744 public lamps were put up; in 1820 gas was substituted for oil.

In February, 1848, the well-known American chemist, Mr. Milton Sanders, a native of Ohio, visited London, and proposed to light up that city with our now electric light. As a test of its efficiency he exhibited his light by lighting up a large hall on a magnificent scale.

In 1501 African slavery was authorized by King Henry VII. of Spain, in Spain's South American and in all her colonies in the New World. Spanish vessels seized on Indians in Hayti, Cuba, and Florida and shipped them to Spain as slaves; but they preferred death to slavery.

The slavery line run between Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and Virginia, was commenced in December, 1785. It extended 244 miles due west.

In 1533 Henry VIII. was made the head of the English church.

Delegates representing twelve colonies, called the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. The action there taken was the origin of the American Union.

During the year 1700 the growth of cotton was introduced into South Carolina, and in 1701 rice was cultivated.

The United States House of Representatives alone possesses the power of introducing bills for the levying of taxes; all laws applying to taxes have to originate in the House.

William Shakspeare was born in England in 1564; died in 1617, aged 53 years.

THE SLOPE OR FALL OF RIVERS.

Those flowing into the Mississippi from the east average three inches per mile, those from the west average six inches per mile.

The average descent of the Missouri after it has left the mountain is one foot per mile. The Des Moines from its source to the Mississippi is seven inches per mile.

The Ohio in its length is five inches per mile. The Mississippi from the Ohio to the Gulf has a fall of but $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the mile.

William Penn died in England in 1718, when the commonwealth of Pennsylvania purchased from his heirs all his claims to that State for \$580,000.

Enough of this; it is a conundrum to more than one-half of the world.

The desire of Sailor I is to place on record facts and occurrences of the long past, as well as those of the present world and day, for future generations. An interesting subject and task that has been greatly neglected by able writers and orators, numbering thousands, who have exhausted their ink and vocabulary in creating and building up imaginary wonders and greatness, when the substantial and far more wonderful reality stood before them neglected and unseen.

The task of too many writers and speakers has been to build

up, or daub up, those whom they found already built up and towering far above the masses of mankind.

Plutarch's task was to add height to the towering Greeks and Romans. Homer's task was to crown his imaginary deities. Hippocrates approached reality. Washington Irving's task was to create monstrosities. Dickens threw together many volumes of fiction, leaving his talents indebted to the world for facts. Cooper and others created phantom ships and puppet sailors, to reap a harvest of dimes through their exhibit, when the far more startling reality sailed before them, waiting for a master pen to picture their thrilling adventures on the ocean's billows. Harriet Beecher Stowe's task was to create imaginary wrongs to the African, when facts existed that would eclipse her wonderful imagination.

Sailor I found a poor, lonely wild girl, a native of a desolate island, reared and educated with the wild beasts and Indians of that island, and found a negro on a slaveship doomed to a life of slavery, and also found the cannibals of the Hawaii Islands, and have here placed their extraordinary merits before the world, together with the past and the present situation of millions of people and occurrences of the long past, resurrected from beneath the dust of ages.

To build a stanch and seaworthy ship when the timber, cordage, and iron of the world are placed before you is a task of skill and greatness. But when the task is to build a like ship from the wreckage of wood, iron, and cordage, cast upon the seashore, then comes the tug of war.

The past to many is a veiled obscurity, but man should not pass his life as does the brute that lives but to batten on the moor, and knows not of the changes of the moon. God and nature designed and bid man to advance and become something more.

I now drop down through time and space as does the meteor from the worlds of stars above, to the now nineteenth century.

There is to self, and should be to others, an interest in the past, especially in the actions, thoughts, and sayings of the wise,

the good and great, within whose well-timed words freedom and greatness dwell.

Good reader, I have now before me the Ulster County "Gazette," which says, "Published at Kingston, Ulster County, by Samuel Freer and Son, Saturday, January 4, 1800. Volume II., No. 88."

I have almost daily, when on shore, ever since James Monroe was President, read one or more journals daily, and noted many of their items on my diary, and very few of the large number surpass in interest this little 18 × 24-inch "Gazette" of 1800. Its business department is also well-rigged. I must take from this ancient journal and place on my record for future generations, some of the notices of that day, together with sketches of European news, "A Day in Our Congress," "The Burial of Our Washington," and "Verses Written by a Young Lady," all as follows:

By virtue of a writ of *fiery facias*, issued out of the court of Common Pleas, for County of Ulster, directed and delivered to me, I have levied and taken the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of George Merrick, which I shall expose to sale, as the law directs, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of January next, at the house of said Merrick, in the town of Colchester, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

PETER TEN BROECK, Sheriff.

Dated December 14th, 1799.

FOR SALE.

The one half of a SAW MILL, with a convenient place for building, lying in the town of Rochester. By the Mill is an inexhaustible quantity of PINWOOD.—And ALSO

A STOUT, HEALTHY, ACTIVE, NEGRO WENCH.

Any person inclined to purchase, may know the particulars by applying to JOHN SCHOONMAKER, Jun., at Rochester.
November 13, 1799.

WRITING, WRAPPING and BONNET PAPER, for sale at the Printing Office. October 12, 1799.

LATEST FOREIGN.

Received by the British Packet Princess Charlotte, from Falmouth.

Letter from his Royal Highness the Archduke Charles.

“Head Quarters, Denaberchinger, Oct 7.

“The unfortunate occurrences in Switzerland being already sufficiently known, I shall confine myself at present merely to giving the outline of them, and state the events which have taken place since.

“On the 25th ult. the Russian corps under the command of Lieutenant General Korsakoff, on the Limmar, and the column of Field Marshal Lieut. Horze, on the Linth, near Uznach, were defeated by the enemy. The former corps retreated by way of Eglisan, to the right bank of the Rhine, and the column of Field Marshal Lieut. Horze, on the 26th by St. Gall into the district of Voralberg.

“Field Marshal Prince Suwarrow, was at Useren and General Auffenberg, at Steig, on the 25th.


“On the 26th, Field Marshall Lieut. Linken defeated the enemy, and took prisoners two battalions of 1300 men, with the whole of the Staff and other officers, and two stands of colours. On the 28th he advanced to Glaros; but not being able to open a communication either to the right or to the left he saw himself under the necessity to withdraw to the Grison country on the 29th.

“Field Marshal Suwarrow, and the brigade of General Auffenberg having advanced as far as Switz on the 18th arrived at Glarus on the 1st of October, but not being able to effect a junction with any other corps, Field Marshall Suwarrow was obliged to march to the Grison country.

“Field Marshal Suwarrow has, however, according to a circular letter which has been received this morning, defeated the enemy near Glarus and taken 1000 prisoners. At the same time, the column of the Imperial Russian General Rosenberg, made 1000 of the enemy prisoners near Mutton, and took several pieces of cannon; the enemy's loss in killed and wounded on this occasion, was likewise very considerable. (Signed)

“CHARLES ARCHDUKE.”

KINGSTON, JANUARY 4, 1800.

 The limits of our paper are too narrow this week for the great variety of foreign news received by the last mails—We shall however, lay before our readers short but comprehensive Summary.

French official accounts under the Bernbearh of October 8, state that on the 4th, the Austro-Russians were defeated with the loss of several thousand killed, wounded, and taken.

On the 5th the Austro-Russians were defeated at Glarus, with the loss of 1200 prisoners, besides a great number of killed.

At this place there were 1400 Russians wounded, and 600 at Mutton.

The French Army of the Rhine about the 8th of October, defeated the Austrians with the loss of 3000 killed and wounded.—Their loss, 1000.

Two Spanish frigates bound from the Havanna, having on board upwards of three millions and a half of dollars, besides Merchandise, were taken on the 16th of October, by four British Frigates, and safely carried into Plymouth.

PARIS, OCT. 13.

Massena has demanded a contribution of 800,000 livres from the town of Zurich, one half payable in twenty-four hours, and the other in four days; a contribution of 400,000 livres has been

imposed upon St. Gall.—The inhabitants of the Canton of Zurich are required to declare all the money merchandise and effects which they may have belonging to the Austrians and Russians.

Oct. 14. Buonaparte and Berthier are in France, at the very moment when the fame of their triumphs arrived at Paris, they disembarked at Frejus. It appears that he was afraid of being taken by the English had he attempted to land at Toulon, and in consequence preferred landing at Frejus. The frigate in which he came was escorted by two vessels.

On reaching the shore Buonaparte and all those who accompanied him, fell down and kissed the land of liberty.

Buonaparte and Berthier have not arrived alone from the banks of the Nile; they were accompanied by Generals Lasles, Mormons, Murat, Andicosse and citizens Mons and Bertholet. They have left the army in Egypt in a most satisfactory state. Moreau is in Paris.

AMERICAN CONGRESS.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10.

The hour having arrived which the President appointed, Mr. SPEAKER, attended by the members present, proceeded to the President's house to present him their address in answer to his speech on the opening of the present session; and having returned the President's reply thereto was read as follows:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

THIS very respectful address from the representatives of the people of the United States, at their first assembly of the fresh election, under the strong impression of the public opinion and national sense, at this interesting and singular crisis of our public affairs, has excited my sensibility and receives my sincere and grateful acknowledgments.

As long as we can maintain with harmony and affection the honor of our country, consistently with its peace, externally and

internally, while that is attainable, or in war, when that becomes necessary,—assert its real independence and sovereignty, and support the constitutional energies and dignity of its government—we may be perfectly sure under the smiles of Divine Providence, that we shall effectually promote and extend our national interests and happiness.

The applause of the Senate and House of Representatives, so justly bestowed upon the volunteers and militia, for their zealous and active co-operation with the judicial power, which has restored order and submission to the laws, as it comes with peculiar weight from the Legislature, cannot fail to have an extensive and permanent effect, for the support of government upon all those ingenuous minds, who receive delight from the approving and animating voice of their country.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States, }
Dec. 10, 1799. }

And then the House adjourned till to-morrow morning, 11 o'clock.

Mr. Josiah Parker and Mr. Robert Page, from Virginia, appeared on Monday, were qualified and took their seats.

Mr. Speaker, on Monday laid before the House, a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, inclosing a statement of his accounts for the year '99. Ordered to lie on the table.

Messrs. Harper, Griswold, Otis, Gallahan, Powell, John Brown, Stone, Nott and Platt, were appointed a standing committee of Ways and Means.

Messrs. Harper, C. Goodrich, Bayard, Marshall and Sewall, were appointed a committee, in pursuance of a resolution passed on Monday, relative to the revision and amendment of the judiciary system.

SENATE.

This day at 12 o'clock, the Senate in body waited on the President of the United States with the following address, in answer to his speech to both Houses:

TO THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

ACCEPT, Sir, the respectful acknowledgment of the Senate of the United States, for your speech delivered to both Houses of Congress at the opening of the present session.

While we devoutly join you in offering our thanks to Almighty God for the return of health to our cities, and for the general prosperity of our country; we cannot refrain from lamenting that the arts and calumnies of factious and designing men, have excited open rebellion a second time in Pennsylvania, and thereby compelled the employment of a military force to aid the civil authority in the execution of the laws. We rejoice that your vigilance, energy and well timed exertions, have crushed so daring an opposition, and prevented the spreading of such treasonable combinations. The promptitude and zeal displayed by the troops called to suppress this insurrection deserves our highest commendation and praise, and affords a pleasing proof of the spirit and alacrity with which our fellow citizens are ready to maintain the authority of our excellent government.

Knowing as we do, that the United States are sincerely anxious for a fair and liberal execution of the treaty of amity, commerce and navigation entered into with Great Britain; we learn with regret, that the progress of adjustment has been interrupted by a difference of opinion among the commissioners. We hope, however, that the justice, the moderation, and the obvious interest of both parties will lead to satisfactory explanations, and that the business will then go forward to an amicable close of all the differences and demands between the two countries.

We are fully persuaded that the Legislature of the United States will cheerfully enable you to realize your insurances of performing on our part, all engagements with punctuality and the most scrupulous good faith.

When we reflect upon the late uncertainty of the result of the late mission to France; and upon the uncommon nature, extent and aspect of the war now raging in Europe; which affects materially our relations with the powers at war, and which has changed the condition of these colonies our neighborhood, we are of opinion with you, that it would be neither wise or safe to relax our measures of defence or to lessen any of our preparations to repel aggression.

Our enquiries and attention should be carefully directed to the various other important subjects which you have recommended to our consideration; and from our experience of your past administration we anticipate with the highest confidence your strenuous co-operation in all measures which have a tendency to promote and extend our national interest and happiness.

To which the President made the following

REPLY.

Gentlemen of the Senate.

I thank you for this address. I wish you all possible success and satisfaction in your deliberations on the means, which have a tendency to promote and extend our national interest and happiness and I assure you that in all our measures directed to those great objects you may at all times rely with the highest confidence on my cordial co-operation.

The praise of the Senate so judiciously conferred on the promptitude and zeal of the troops, called to suppress the insurrection, as it falls from so high authority, must make a deep impression, both as a terror to the disobedient and an encouragement to such as do well.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States, }
Dec. 10, 1799. }

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.

George Town; Dec. 20.

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the Great—the Father of his Country and the Friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves—the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas! the august inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul was *gone*. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting? how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty *Portico*, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form! There those who paid the last sad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin, was inscribed *SURGE AD JUDICIUM*—about the middle of the coffin, *GLORIA DEO*—and on the silver plate,

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Departed this life, on the 14th December,

1799, Æt. 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was removed—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe,

The procession was formed & moved on in the following order:

Cavalry,	}	With arms reversed.
Infantry,		
Guard,		
Music,		
Clergy,		

The General's horse with his saddle, holsters and pistols.

Cols,	Pall Bearers.	{	CORPSE.	}	Pall Bearers.	Cols,
Sims,						Gilpin,
Ramsay,						Marsteller,
Payne,						Little.
Mourners,						
Masonic Brethren,						
Citizens.						

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the bank of the Potomac, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers, and the Citizens, descended to the Vault, and the funeral service of the Church was performed.—The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges by the infantry—the cavalry, and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the Vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed Hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the SON OF GLORY was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over DEATH! The unclouded brightness of his Glory will illuminate the future ages!

CONGRESS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THURSDAY, December 22.

Mr. Goode from Virginia was qualified and took his seat in the House.

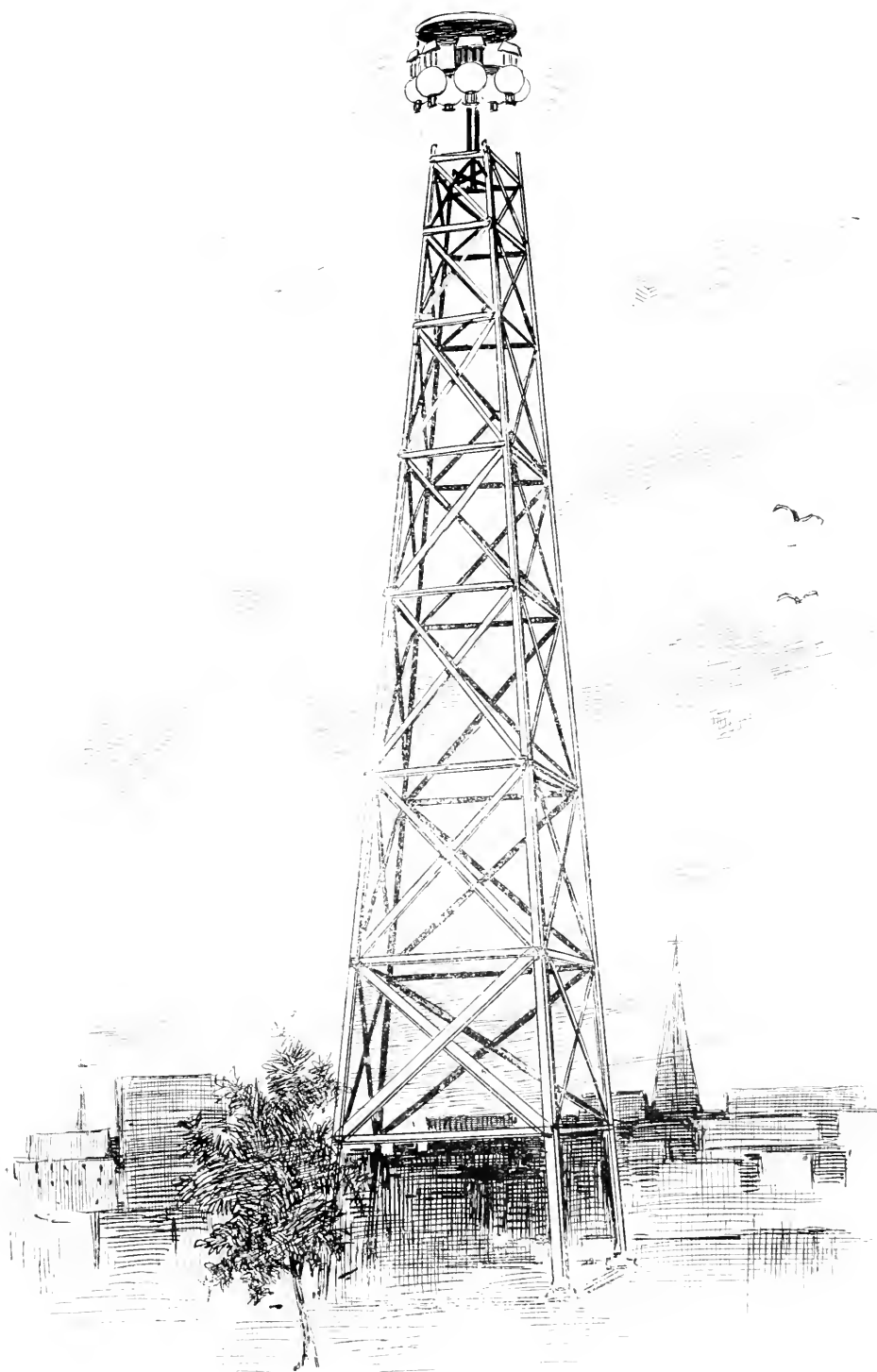
Mr. Marshal with deep sorrow on his countenance, and in a low, pathetic tone of voice, rose and addressed the House as follows:

The melancholy event which was yesterday announced without doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more! The hero, the sage and the patriot of America—the man on whom in all times of danger, every eye was turned and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an afflicted people.

If, sir, it had not been usual, openly to testify respect for the memory of those whom Heaven has selected as its instruments for dispensing good to man; yet such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents which have marked the life of him whose loss we all deplore, that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings, would call with one voice for a public manifestation of that sorrow which is so deep and universal.

More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide spreading empire, and to give to the western world its independence and its freedom. Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him convert the sword into the ploughshare and voluntarily sink the soldier in the citizen.

When the debility of our federal system had become manifest and the bonds which connected the parts of this vast continent were dissolving, we have seen him the chief of those



A DAVENPORT ELECTRIC-LIGHT TOWER.

patriots who formed for us a constitution, which by preserving the Union will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings our revolution had promised to bestow.

In obedience to the general voice of his country, calling on him to preside over a great people, we have seen him once more quit the retirement he loved, and in a season more stormy and tempestuous than war itself with calm and wise determination pursue the true interests of the nation and contribute, more than any other could contribute to the establishment of that system of policy which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honor, and our independence. Having been twice unanimously chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we see him at a time when his re-election with the universal suffrage could not have been doubted affording the world a rare instance of moderation, by withdrawing from his high station to the peaceful walks of private life.

However public confidence may change and the public affections fluctuate with respect to others, yet with respect to him they have, in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend. Let the grand Council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels.

For this purpose, I hold in my hand some resolutions which I will take the liberty to offer to the House.

“ Resolved, That this House will wait on the President of the United States, in condolence of this mournful event.

“ Resolved, That the speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session.

“ Resolved, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

“Resolved That this House when it adjourns do adjourn to Monday.”

These resolutions were unanimously agreed to. Sixteen members were appointed on the third resolution.

Generals Marshal and Smith were appointed to wait on the President to know at what time it would be convenient to receive the House.

Generals Marshal and Smith having waited on the President with the first resolution, reported, that the President would be ready to receive them at one o'clock this day. The House accordingly waited on him.

The Speaker addressed the President in the following words:

Sir: The House of Representatives, penetrated with a sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the nation, by the death of that great and good man, the illustrious and beloved Washington, wait on you, sir, to express their condolence on this melancholy and distressing event.

To which the President made the following answer:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

I receive with great respect and affection the condolence of the House of Representatives on the melancholy and afflicting event in the death of the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced. I sympathize with you, with the nation and with good men through the world, in this irreparable loss sustained by us all.

JOHN ADAMS.

A message was received from the Senate informing the House that they had agreed to the appointment of a joint committee to consider a suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and that they had appointed seven members to join a committee for that purpose. Ad'd till Monday.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Senate of the United States respectfully take leave, Sir, to express to you their deep regret for the loss their country has sustained in the death of General George Washington. This event, so distressing to all our fellow citizens, must be peculiarly heavy to you who have long been associated with him in deeds of patriotism. Permit us, Sir, to mingle our tears with yours; on this occasion it is manly to weep. To lose such a man at such a crisis is no common calamity to the world; our country mourns her Father. The Almighty disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest Benefactor and ornament. It becomes us to submit with reverence to him, who "maketh darkness his Pavilion."

With patriotic pride we review the life of our Washington, and compare with him those of other countries who have been pre-eminent in fame. Ancient and modern fames are diminished before him. Greatness and guilt have too often been allied, but his fame is whiter than it is brilliant. The destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of his virtue. It reprov'd the intemperance of their ambition and darkened the splendor of victory. The scenes closed, and we are no longer anxious lest misfortune should sully his glory; he has travelled on to the end of his journey, and carried with him an increasing weight of honor; he has deposited it safely, where misfortune cannot tarnish it—where malice cannot blast it. Favored of Heaven, he departed without exhibiting the weakness of humanity; magnanimous in death, the darkness of the grave could not obscure his brightness.

Such was the man whom we deplore. Thanks to God, his glory is consummated; Washington yet lives upon earth in his spotless example—his spirit is in Heaven.

Let his countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic General, the patriotic Statesman, and the virtuous sage; let them teach their children never to forget that the fruits of his labors, and his example are their inheritance.

PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

Gentlemen of the Senate:

I receive with the most respectful and affectionate sentiments of this impressive address, the obliging expressions of your regret, for the loss our country has sustained in the death of our most esteemed, beloved and admired citizen.

In the multitude of my thoughts and recollections on this melancholy event, you will permit me only to say, that I have seen him in the days of adversity, in some of the scenes of the deepest and most trying perplexities; I have also attended him in the highest elevation and most prosperous felicity with uniform admiration of his wisdom, moderation and constancy.

Among all our original associates, in the memorable League of the Continent in 1774, which first expressed the sovereign will of a Free Nation in America, he was the only one remaining in the General Government. Although with a constitution more enfeebled than his, at an age when he thought it necessary to prepare for retirement, I feel myself alone, bereaved of my last brother; yet I derive strong consolation from the unanimous disposition which appears in all ages and classes, to mingle their sorrow with mine, on this common calamity to the world.

The life of our Washington cannot suffer by comparison with those of other countries who have been most celebrated and exalted by Fame. The attributes and decorations of Royalty, could only have served to eclipse the majesty of those virtues, which made him, from being a modest citizen, a more resplendent luminary. Misfortune, had he lived, could hereafter have sullied his glory only with those superficial minds, who, believing that characters and actions are marked by success alone, rarely deserve to enjoy it. Malice could never blast his honor, and Envy made him a singular exception to her universal rule. For himself he had lived enough, to life and glory. For his fellow citizens, if their prayers could have been answered he would have been immortal. For me his departure is a most unfortunate

moment. Trusting, however, in the wise and righteous dominions of Providence over passions of men, and the results of their councils and actions, as well as over their lives, nothing remains for me but humble resignation.

His example is now complete, and it will teach wisdom and virtue to Magistrates, citizens and men, not only in the present age, but in future generations, as long as our history shall be read. If a Trajan found a Pliny, a Marcus Aurelius can never want biographers, eulogists or historians.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States, }
Dec. 22, 1799. }

For the Ulster County Gazette.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

WHAT means that solemn dirge that strikes my ear?
What means those mournful sounds—why shines the tear?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah!—why those sighs that do my fancy sate!

Where'er I turn the general gloom appears,
Those mourning badges fill my soul with fears;
Hark!—Yonder rueful noise!—'tis done!—'tis done!—
The silent tomb invades our WASHINGTON!—

Must virtues exalted, yield their breath?
Must bright perfection find relief in death?
Must mortal greatness fall?—a glorious name!—
What then is riches, honour and true fame?

The august chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—Let the muse commend;
Columbia's glory and Mount Vernon's pride
There lies enshrin'd with numbers at his side!

There let the sigh respondent from the breast,
Heave in rich numbers!—let the glowing zest,
Of tears refulgent beam with grateful love;
And the sable mourning our affliction prove.

Weep!—kindred mortals—weep!—no more you'll find,
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind;
Rejoicing Angels, hail the heavenly sage!
Celestial Spirits greet the wonder of the AGE!—

Thus published the Ulster County "Gazette," on January 4, 1800.

It will be observed that this ancient journal speaks of Napoleon and his wars of that period, with the allied powers, in 1804. Four years after the date and publication of this American journal, Pope Pius VII. journeyed to Paris to crown Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor, and Josephine Beauharnais Empress of France. Within the second four years the emperor divorced the good Josephine to marry Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, in four months thereafter. Yes, Pope Pius did journey to Paris to see Napoleon crown himself. What a great influence power and greatness have over man, whether the man be Pope, king, or peasant!

The ancestors of Germany's now proud kings did, in Germany's Catholic days, journey to Rome to beg the Pope to crown them King of Germany; but they have been ordered back to their homes to mend their ways, and return at a future season to receive an answer to their prayers, to be again refused whilst on their bended knees, and again ordered to tramp back to their country and their homes uncrowned, to call again.

In August, 1802, Napoleon had been declared Consul of France for life; but his ambition would not permit him to rest short of the top of the ladder of fame and power.

This is not the romance of romance, but plain, unvarnished historical facts, taken from an ancient American journal, pub-

lished when Adams was President, and twelve years before George III. attempted through invasion and arms to be our king, and applied the torch to the congressional halls at Washington, where the above proceedings took place, and reduced the halls to ashes.

My diary says that the second rebellion that is here lamented by the American Congress on December 10, 1799, was a renewal of the whisky war, in which the Pennsylvania Dutch whisky distillers defied the law and shot down all officers of the law who dared to even approach their distilleries, or burn their houses and barns, or shoot down any citizen who would give them food or shelter.

The first law taxing whisky was passed in 1791; the Dutch distillers rebelled against this law, and armed themselves, and hoisted the German flag over their distilleries, and Washington sent troops and subdued the rebels, just as President Cleveland subdued the rebels in Illinois. Personal liberty was their cry; liberty to ruin.

The first settlement of Dutch and Germans in Western Pennsylvania was made in 1781, and the first whisky war took place in 1794; most all of the whisky distilleries of that early day were small and chiefly constructed with cheap outfit, but very numerous, and ninety-five per cent. of them were owned by the Dutch and Germans; they became the haunts of the vile and dangerous, and then, as now, the Dutch had a disposition to flock together. At first their number was few, but an increase took place from within and from without. The closing of the Revolutionary War added greatly and rapidly to their numbers, and worked a great change in their lives and actions, a change that was noted and commented on far and near.

My diary says that some of those Germans were deserters from the English army, most of them about the close of the war, and some of them at the close of the war, and yet other Hessians returned from their German homes to America, after their discharge from the ranks; it was then said that England aided some to leave England for America to avoid supporting them; from

what they had seen whilst in the English ranks, they thought well of America as a home.

Sailor I worked in the fields with several Hessians, and personally noted their acts and history voluntarily given, which embraced both the whisky war and the Revolutionary War, with many heart-chilling horrors of cruelty and death.

Sailor I can speak knowingly of the long past as well as of the present hour, for far more than the length of years by Holy Writ allowed to sink poor mortal man sits lightly on my brow.

I lived and passed through more than fourteen years of the reign of Czar Alexander I. of Russia through the cessation caused by Constantine; the entire reign of Nicholas I.; the reign of Alexander II.; the reign of Alexander III., and I am now counting off and placing on my diary the years of Russia's sixth ruler of my day, Nicholas II.

I lived and passed through more than a decade of the reign of Napoleon I. of France; passed through the entire reign of Louis XVIII., the reign of Charles X., the reign of King Louis Phillipe, the reign of Napoleon III., and have witnessed twenty-six years of the French Republic.

I passed through a decade of the reign of George III. of England, through the reign of George IV., the reign of William IV., and sixty years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

I passed through a decade of the reign of Kamehameha I. of the kingdom of Hawaii; passed through the entire reign of Kamehameha II., the reign of Kamehameha III., the reign of Kamehameha IV., the reign of Kamehameha V.; through the reign of King Lunalilo, the reign of his majesty, King David Kalakaua; passed through the regency of two of Hawaii's queens; passed through the reign and the dethronement of Queen Lydia Liliuakalani, to give place to President Dole's Hawaiian Republic, in July, 1894, which I am now yearly entering on my over-seventy-years' diary. And may the energetic President's sunset be remote!

Yes, in my day have three queens reigned in Hawaii, and seven dusky monarchs have there wielded their scepter, and have

been placed within the royal mausoleum, with great sorrow to Sailor I.

I have tipped my hat to General Lafayette, and to Mexico's first President, and Emperor Iturbide, and I was highly favored during the first administration of James Madison. Death may call him who wears a diadem and spare the man of the humble walks of life.

The Fulton tradition and family genealogy says that in 1646 Joseph and Robert Fulton were in Cromwell's army. Oliver Cromwell was born in April, 1599. In manhood he rose to station, and in 1647 with his army invaded and subdued Ireland's island.

The Fultons being kindred to his mother, who had educated him in his youth, he offered them valuable stolen lands in Ireland, as he had done to others of his troops. But they would not accept the gift, but purchased lands, and settled and married natives of the island, and there passed their days, and died in Ireland.

A character of note did say, "When that rash humor which my mother gave me makes me forgetful." And a mother may have transmitted executive ability and ambition to her posterity.

Three of the descendants of those Fultons came to the city of Philadelphia in 1747, and in time settled in Northern Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania, not many miles asunder.

In 1653 Cromwell was clothed by the English Parliament with supreme power as Lord Protector of the realm; he died in September, 1658. His son Richard, who lacked executive ability, was appointed Protector, but within one year retired to obscurity as a pensioner of the government, and died in 1712.

But enough of the long ago.

I do not here record to please or to displease, but to present facts for distant coming ages; to do otherwise would curtail the truth, and be a wrong; facts that I can substantiate, the right never requests that a pall be spread over it, but wrong skulks to shelter. It is absolutely necessary to name observations and

occurrences, especially such as are connected with or have a bearing on a life's voyage; to do less would leave a blank.

I deal with nations and communities and their representatives; individual acts have no place on my record; local history, to inform a coming people of the past, possesses a value that at a distant period will attract the attention of the observing, and will be appreciated. As an individual, all I ever asked for was sailors' rights and honesty, and when refused I used my best endeavors to maintain my rights regardless of strength or numbers.

When all was calm prosperity and fair sailing, foreigners flocked onto the Black Hawk hunting grounds, and as is well known to every citizen, as soon as they gained strength through numbers, they claimed and took possession of all public money, and disbursed the same, and claimed and took possession of all offices without regard to their ability. They filled every charitable institution of State and county with their paupers, as the records of those institutions bear witness. The records of the past and the present, since they gained the ascendancy, evidence a shameful discrimination in assessments of property against Americans, and when they act as appraisers of property to be condemned for public purpose, depending on owners, they deal in confiscation, and the magnitude of the sums of money paid to appraisers astonishes the taxpayers.

It is well known to every citizen possessing knowledge of passing events before them, events which are recorded within the city archives, that the Americans under a frontage tax and law curbed and macadamized their streets at a vast cost, under which tax some property was lost to its owners; when the foreigners gained the ascendancy, they with their aldermen met in caucus at Lahrman's Hall and concocted to force those same Americans, through taxes on themselves, to place miles of grading, curbing, and macadam within the foreign quarter. The foreigners were aided in their unrighteous acts—acts that drove hundreds of Americans from the city and county to show their worth and ability in more congenial quarters.

Those foreigners at a courthouse public-school meeting, re-

quested one teacher of German at the public cost, pledging the assembly never to increase the number; the request was granted by a small majority of the meeting, but as soon as they gained the power by the aid of American politicians and local pensioners, notwithstanding their solemn pledge, they increased the number in the small school district to fourteen.

Time has proven the operation to be a worthless waste, except to keep up a clan, as the second and the third generation are less American and more Dutch than their Holstein fathers and mothers. This is a fair sample of many communities. Those open claims and seized-on exclusive privileges, disgusted hundreds of Americans within many cities of this Union.

Sailor I will not strike my colors or retreat from the Black Hawk hunting ground whilst a single shot remains in my locker.

Injustice reigned supreme, especially in taxation and expenditures, and Sailor I, who suffered under the great wrongs, but could not with hopes of success attack the combination in front, or with any hope of relief by appeal to manly right and justice, consequently I resolved to mend a small portion of the great wrong, at a point where no great wrong existed, but where there was ample ground for action.

I had some acre land seven blocks north of the court house near the center of the city; I refused to pay the taxes on it, having had to pay unjust taxes on much more valuable property. The acre property was advertised by the city marshal to be sold for delinquent taxes. Sailor I, as in New Orleans, personally drew up papers praying the court for an injunction to stay the sale, and notwithstanding the efforts of a good and far-famed city attorney, my prayer was granted. Then in time came this injunction proceedings before the second court under my prayer, to make the injunction perpetual, and as it was a question of exempting property from taxation, the entire bar was unfriendly to me, an intruder, and to my action of curtailing the tax list, and they bestowed their sympathy and knowledge on my opponent and against me. The city attorney demurred to my petition and whole proceedings, but after long talk, the court decided that

I had all in proper trim and shipshape, and ordered sail set for the legal voyage and combat.

At the onset the entire bar with one voice declared that Fulton had not a shadow of a case, and at the close of the evidence, my opponent informed the court that both the law and the evidence were overwhelmingly against me; I then well knew that my sole reliance and hope rested in my pleadings, and I used my best endeavors to cause my pleadings to fill the lacking of the law and evidence, and two lower courts sustained the injunction, decreeing it to be perpetual, after which the city carried the case into the deep waters of the Supreme Court, where my opponents brought into action all their power in law and trained eloquence, but Sailor I had a say. There was a very large sum at stake, created by a regiment of witnesses and generalship, and exertion was essential; the court took time to render its decree, but when rendered it sustained the decrees of the lower courts, making the injunction perpetual.

The Iowa Supreme Court Reports, vol. xvii, at page 404, now before me, says, "Fulton *versus* the City of Davenport, *et al.*; Fulton *pro se.*" In after years I divided this property and requested the assessor to place it on the tax lists.

Respecting taxation the Davenport "Gazette" of November 13, 1884, and now before me, published as follows:

"A QUESTION OF TAXATION.

"Recovery of City Taxes Paid on Farming Lands—The First Suit of a Similar Character.

"In the Burlington 'Hawkeye' of a recent date appears the following:

"A case of utmost importance, that of William Tubbesing *vs.* the City of Burlington, foreclosure of taxes, was decided yesterday. The plaintiff is the owner of lands within the city, used for farming purposes, and has brought suit to recover city taxes paid on the lands. A judgment was given for plaintiff for all

taxes except 1877-78. A large number of similar cases against the city are depending upon the one in question, and if Judge Phelps' decision is sustained by the Supreme Court the city will be compelled to refund nearly nine thousand dollars of taxes collected on city property used for farming purposes. The loss incurred thereby must be balanced by a special tax levy.'

"The first acre-land suit involving the same question was decided by the Supreme Court of Iowa, on December 6, 1864. It was an appeal from the Scott district court, and entitled, '*Fulton vs. the City of Davenport.*' The question then presented for determination was, how far a corporative town or city may tax the real property situated within its boundary limits for general municipal purposes.

"On the trial of this cause, the parties to the suit entered into an agreement, admitting the allegations of the petition, excepting those relating to the fact, as to whether the said real estate is or was properly assessed as city property, and liable to a city tax for year 1862, and whether the same is essentially farming lands, and not by law liable to be assessed as city property.

"It was shown that the land had been for eleven years used for farming and agricultural purposes, and had never been laid off into city or town lots; or having a road or street or opening touching it, etc. The decision, which was rendered by Judge Lowe, was very lengthy and exhaustive, and in it he said: 'When the proprietors of undedicated town property, being locally within the corporate limits, hold such close proximity to the settled and improved parts of the town, that the corporate authorities cannot open and improve its streets and alleys, and extend to the inhabitants thereof its usual police regulations and advantages, without incidentally benefiting such proprietors in their personal privileges and accommodations, or in the enhancement of their property, then the power to tax the same arises; but in its exercise great care and circumspection should be observed, lest, perchance, injustice and oppression may ensue. Now applying this rule to the property involved in this controversy, in the light of the facts and circumstances above reported to us by the referee,

we cannot be at a loss where to place this property and to hold at once, that locally it occupies no such attitude toward the improved parts of the town, that it can legally be taxed for municipal objects, and the judgment below, therefore, will be affirmed.'

"It was decided also, that where a city or town is erected into a road or school district corresponding territorially with the limits of the new extension, that all the property therein, without distinction, was taxable.

"A. C. Fulton, Esq., was the owner of the property involved. He acted as his own counsel, both before the district court and Supreme Court."

To obtain the situation of an American city for the information of coming generations I visited all of Davenport's public buildings and public offices and placed the situation in my diary.

I found the city collector and the county collector of taxes, and all their deputies, the county recorder and the city treasurer and their deputies, to be Germans; found the secretary of the school board and its treasurer, the city electrician, the overseer of the poor, the county treasurer, and the sealer of weights and measures, to be Germans. Visited the condemners of sewer right of way, found them to be three very independent and overbearing Germans. Found the easy-go-slow superintendent of the public building and the postmaster, both of whom supplanted quick, energetic Americans, to be Germans. Found the Mayor of the city, who was not on the tax list, and a majority of the city council, to be Germans.

An examination of the Mayor's lists of committees clearly and plainly discloses the fact that they were based on German nationality, not on fitness, ability, and worth. Those lists clearly witness that the brains and worth are universally attached to minor, or the tail end of his committees.

Found the city and county assessors and a majority of the city and county boards of tax equalization to be Germans appointed for a purpose, and who had sworn to do justice in assessing and

equalizing taxation. The books of tax records, now safely resting in their iron vaults, witnesses of the great wrongs.

A soon coming law requires each person to make return of the value of their possessions for taxation under oath. Taking the long practiced wrong and injustice as a criterion, vast rolls of pure white paper will be dinged and blackened by deliberate perjury.

Had not the ill-treated Americans, who are taxed to support German officers and German institutions, framed and formed the assessors' plats and books, and the books and system of each of the many departments, not a man of the vast German force could originate and properly run his office.

My diary says I was a member of the Davenport City Council when the Milton Sanders electric light had become the light of some cities. The Davenport City Council proposed to adopt that light, but Sailor I was greatly surprised when the Germans in the council insisted on erecting iron towers throughout the city to elevate the lights skyward, at a vast outlay, and I begged the majority of that council not to waste money, running up into many thousands of dollars, much of it to be paid by poor men; not to light and benefit the city's streets and walks, but to light distant hills and the sky; but to talk to Germans, as all well know, is to talk in vain.

A Mr. Ballou, reporter for the Davenport "Democrat," published that Sailor I debated and condemned the tower system as an expensive and worthless folly, which report of the "Democrat" is now before me, and with the exception of a few unimportant errors, is correct, and reads as follows:

"STREET LIGHTING.

"An Interesting Report on the Subject—The Edison Proposition—Gas and Naphtha vs. Electricity—The Cost of Each of the Systems—The Tower Lights—The Old Way the Best Yet.

"At the meeting of the city council on the 2d of January the committee on gas were instructed to make investigation as to the

expediency of introducing the electric light for street illumination where the naphtha lamps are used. Alderman Fulton, chairman of the gas committee, performed the duty, and presented a report on Wednesday evening last which interested the council very much. The report not only covered the ground desired by the council, but went into the subject at large pretty thoroughly.

“ The Edison Proposition.

“ First, Mr. Fulton stated that the only person near at hand that he could find who was interested in electric-light business was Mr. A. S. Kissell, superintendent of the Western Edison Electric Light Company for Iowa. Mr. Kissell was of the opinion that it would be too expensive to establish plants to supply the place of our scattered gasoline lamps, but when the whole field, or one-half mile square of it can be supplied, and a few private lamps thrown in, two 16-candle burners at the crossings of the streets could be furnished at about \$24 yearly for each street connection, and it is believed the arrangement would afford sufficient light for each block.

“ The report stated if this can be accomplished it will be a great saving to the city, as it will throw out 20 of the now double gas lamps from the corners of streets, and also throw out 29 center lamps or half-block gas lamps, which, at the present price of \$36 per lamp, will be a saving of \$1764. This deduction of 49 lamps will leave 171 lamps, which, if reduced in price from \$36 to \$24 per lamp, will make a further saving of \$2052, or a total saving of \$3816. An increase of the 162 gasoline lamps from the present price of \$21 to \$24 per lamp, will add a cost of \$648, which, deducted from the \$3816, will make a total net saving of \$3168 per year.

“ Alderman Fulton then spoke of the system of

“ Tower Illumination.

“ He had made visits to the electric-light towers in Rock Island at night and in the daytime. They have ten towers with

lights in operation, and two more are soon to be added. The city is to pay \$720 per tower yearly, making \$8640 on the twelve towers. Short, hasty visits are not sufficient to judge of the merits of the work, but he was satisfied that a large portion of the light, on account of its great height, is carried from earth to ether and the realms above, leaving darkness to streets two to five blocks distant, especially when the streets are lined with brick walls. To benefit those streets, even in a measure, a further extension upwards will become necessary. The tower light is more efficient in the outside or rural districts. He had learned through the journals that the tower system has been abandoned in Naples and Milan in Italy, and Wabash, Ind.

"Then Alderman Fulton stated that 'a person, even after a partial examination, should form some opinion as to the merits of the different systems of street illumination.'

"A Proposition.

"From an interview with the Davenport Electric Light Company, he believed they would be willing to place two burners at the junction of two streets for one year at the same cost of gas, to wit: \$6 per month for the two corners. This would give the city and people an opportunity to judge of its merits. If the experiment should prove satisfactory, our street lighting will cost us \$486 less than Rock Island's, though we have much more territory to cover, and nearly twice as many inhabitants to be benefited."

The towers were erected, and the people for some years paid a vast sum of money, not for light, for no light was given to them, and the costly towers were toppled down as worthless. Sailor I was disgusted at the ignorant act, and resigned my seat in the council, and journeyed to Mexico, but I was not relieved from paying a large sum for darkness and folly.

My diary, and also the official records, witness that since the combination of the more than A. P. A. and Know-nothing foreigners seized the offices and stole a march on the sleeping

Americans, and rushed in their German teachers with their vast array of contingencies, sundries, and incidentals, including over fifty thousand dollars taken from a small district to erect the extra extent of costly school buildings, the support of this foreign institution has cost the people of Davenport a much larger sum of money than did their outlay in railroads and all their public buildings, and the well-known worthless waste continues to keep up a Germany in Davenport, Chicago, and in all other German quarters, where the poor man's home and the widow's cow are taxed as well as the rich man's mansion, and without a doubt this constant continued German tax has brought to sale and loss many a poor man's home; it has been the last straw that broke the camel's back.

But mark! very soon will Nemesis be on their tracks to scatter the unjust clan as does the wind scatter the dust of the earth, notwithstanding their now exclusive privileges over Americans and all other nationalities of foreigners in this land of America who work to educate and feed them.

Those facts, with many hundreds of other occurrences, did Sailor I place on my diary during a life's voyage, for coming generations.

If this situation, system, and acts are right, proper, and beneficial, and for the public good, then the world should applaud and approve the acts and the advancement over our obtuse fathers' days, and every and all communities should hasten to adopt them in every particular, and if all communities have no Germans to govern and teach them, it is their duty to hastily import them for the public good; but if wrong, tyrannical, vicious, and oppressive, and counter to the public prosperity and general good, then should the finger of contempt and scorn be pointed at the evil-doers and their posterity down to the third generation.

It is a great hardship and a wrong to be compelled by foreigners to work for and support an un-American, unrighteous, and worthless foreign institution through taxation, a tax more odious and more galling than the British Tea Tax sought to be placed on

Americans, the return for which some worthless Americans look for foreign votes; votes that, if not forbidden, will in time be the coffin of our republic and liberty.

Many unbalanced-minded Americans aid the Germans in the great wrong through ignorance; they should know that the multiplicity of languages was not bestowed on man by the great Supreme as a blessing, but a curse, and the undertaking has proven to be a success.

In all ages the abuse of the taxing power has been the prolific cause of revolutions, and it is the duty of this government and people to grasp the monster, whenever it shows its venomous head, with hands of steel.

In 1881 an Iowa journal, a journal of admitted ability, and now before me, published as follows:

“THE TAXING POWER.

“There is no power intrusted to our law-makers that is so much prostituted as the taxing power. In all ages and in all countries the abuse of this power has been one of the most prolific causes of revolution, and it is to-day one of the greatest dangers that threaten our form of government. From the time that our forefathers protested against taxation without representation, the American people have denounced the plan of taxing the many for the benefit of the few. That this is done when the citizens of Scott County are taxed to support a language which is so remote from the English, there can be no question. It is unnecessary for us to expatiate on the evils arising from the teaching of German.”

During the Herr Most trials a New York journal published as follows:

“THE IGNORANT INTRUDERS.

“The anarchist trials at Chicago, and the Most trials in New York, exhibit unparalleled ignorance and impudence, which should be rebuked by every American citizen.”

I here submit one of hundreds of similar written and spoken absurdities and evidences of the ignorance that prevails amongst those unwelcome intruders who claim the right and ability to amend our laws, to obliterate our institutions, and to supplant our usages through unrighteous combination. At the Herr Most trial one of the Most witnesses, Emile Kosse, testified that he did not know whether the United States was conducted as a republic or a monarchy.

Foreigners and the American Flag.

The State of Illinois to teach and plant patriotism in the breasts of the youth of the State, passed a law requiring the American flag to be placed near or over all schoolhouses; the Germans set up a howl of indignation, and in a contemptuous manner set the law at defiance, as is well known to thousands. They considered themselves more competent to teach and govern than the native bearers of the Stars and Stripes, yet they did not, could not govern within their own country, but they here club together for office and endeavor to control, and become rabid when a law passed for the good of the American people does not suit their foreign whims. They objected to let the flag of the country that gave them protection, bread, and wealth, to wave over their schoolhouses that sheltered their offspring; a flag that gave them wealth and homes that they would never have possessed in their Germany. The Stars and Stripes, beneath its folds a nation rose, to give them a home; through toilsome marches, through cold and heat, through starvation and ghastly wounds and untimely graves; yet they combine and plot, and work against America, her flag, her laws and usages.

To fully understand this German war against the State of Illinois, a war of infamy, I kindly invite the interested American reader to examine the columns of the Chicago "Tribune" of September 3, 1895, and several of previous and of later dates. The "Tribune" is a journal of acknowledged worth and ability. This journal says that the German Lutherans refused to obey a law of the great State of Illinois,

On August 14, 1895, the Chicago "Tribune," which is now before me, published as follows:

"DO AS THEY PLEASE.

"Lutherans Will Not Hoist the Flag at All Times—They Are Patriotic and Love the Stars and Stripes, but They do not Intend to Place It at the Head of Their Schoolhouses at All Times as Provided by the New Law—The Convention will Take Action during Its Present Session at Schaumburg.

"German Lutheran ministers of the Northern district of Illinois are in triennial session at Schaumburg. The session is presided over by Professor Theodore Brahm of Addison, Dupage County, Illinois, and will continue until Thursday. The proceedings yesterday were of a routine nature, and uninteresting to the general public.

"Before the session closes there will be a strong expression in the form of a resolution against the school flag law passed by the recent legislature. There are thirty German Lutheran congregations in Chicago, and more than one hundred teachers are engaged in the denominational schools. In speaking of the attitude of the conference Herman F. L. Reimer of the Immanuel school, Marshall Avenue and Twelfth Street, said:

"I think the State ought to have had sense enough to keep its hands off our schools. We have told the authorities what we would do, and after a time they will learn we mean what we say. We have a flag on our school and will hoist it when we feel like it and at no other time. Let them pass laws for the public schools if they like, but they must not meddle with us. I personally put up the flagpole on our schoolhouse, and I always raise the flag on the Fourth of July and Washington's birthday. We teach patriotism and love of country, but will not be dictated to. The committee organized four years ago to fight the Edwards compulsory attendance law is still in existence and is ready to take up this fight. The denomination is a unit on this question. This flag law is an entering wedge, and would result in State con-

trol of private schools. The first thing we know they would pass a law to compel us to teach nothing but the English language. We teach that now, and German as well.

“ ‘ It is only a short time ago they were actually discussing the propriety of having a picture of the American flag printed in every book used in the schools. What nonsense! We teach religion in our schools. Think of a picture of a flag in every Bible! We pay our taxes toward the support of the public schools, but intend to conduct our private schools without State interference.’ ”

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend! More hideous when harbored within the breast of man than the serpent of the sea.

Pauperism and Insanity.

Iowa, as a grain- and food-producing State, stands fully equal to any State in this vast Union, and Scott County stands at the head of the productive counties of Iowa, consequently there is no valid reason or excuse for the existence of the extent of want and poverty that my diary and the official reports exhibit. All should be able to procure independent bread.

Good reader, I here plainly place on record a few out of a vast number of official reports of an average exhibit of foreign pauperism and insanity that has to be supported by the labor and industry of others, and it is almost universally well known that the shiftless, the old, and the insane have been dumped down here in Davenport, by friends and kindred, for they could not have here planted themselves; such instances have been published in the journals, and some are now well known.

The following lists from the insane asylum, and from the overseer of the county poor exhibit the situation, and this county of Scott is but a very small portion of the State, as there are ninety-nine counties in the State of Iowa.

To substantiate my diary's record, I will here copy from official journals now before me, to a small extent.

("Democrat," February 2, 1882.)

COUNTY RELIEF—INTERESTING FIGURES.

The official report of J. G. Tuerk, overseer of the poor, for the month of January, was presented to the Board of Supervisors this morning, and shows some strange figures.

Mr. Tuerk reports 138 applicants for relief from the poor fund last month; of these 27 were Irish, 69 were Germans, 33 were Americans, 3 were English, 2 were Swede, 1 was Bohemian, and 10 were colored.

The monthly report of Overseer Tuerk for the month of November, 1882, shows that 23 Irish, 37 Germans, 15 Americans, 2 English, 2 Swede, 1 Bohemian, 8 colored, and 1 Dane received aid.

The monthly report of Overseer Tuerk for the month of December, 1882, shows that the following expenses were incurred:

Groceries,	\$106.75
Dry goods,	5.20
Meat,	10.00
Transportation,	20.60
Milk,	1.50
Rent,	104.00
Relief in money,	38.00
Expenses for insane,	36.00
Caring for paupers,	177.90
Bill of hospital for insane,	612.50
Paupers in hospital,	171.00
Transient for patients in hospital,	96.00
Transportation of goods of Mrs. Mary Hibbard, deceased,	6.35
Transportation of child of Mrs. Miller,	1.25

During the month 168 persons applied at the office of the overseer and received aid, 46 of whom were Irish, 84 Germans, 23 Americans, 4 English, 8 Swedes, 1 Bohemian, and 2 Africans.

February 3, 1891—The County Poor.

Overseer Able presented his report for January to the Board of Supervisors yesterday. According to it there were 126 applicants for aid, 38 Americans, 46 Germans, 27 Irish, 8 Scandinavians, 1 Bohemian, 6 colored.

The county furnished 605 bushels of coal, 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ barrels of flour, 250 pounds of corn meal, \$92.40 worth of groceries, \$1 worth of milk, \$2.25 worth of shoes; \$20 for burial, \$35.32 for transportation. Medical assistance was furnished 44 patients, 2 were sent to the poorhouse, and 3 to Mercy Hospital. The county paid \$108 for relief, \$117 for rent, \$7.62 for board and lodging, and \$19 for the care of the insane. Mercy Hospital's bill for the month was \$821.33, of which \$306 was for the care of the 58 male patients, \$385 for the 22 female patients, and \$128 for the care of 53 sick persons..

(Davenport "Democrat," Wednesday, September 4, 1895.)

THE COUNTY'S POOR.

The report of Overseer John Schmidt for the month of August shows that the total number of applicants for aid was 152, of which 33 were Americans, 67 Germans, 30 Irish, 14 Scandinavians, 2 Bohemians, and 6 colored.

The total number of loads of wood furnished was 22; flour, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ barrels; corn meal, 125 pounds; groceries, \$122.25 worth; sick relief, \$33; milk, \$3.50; shoes, \$9.30; burial expenses, \$7.50; transportation, \$50.40; medical assistance, patients 53, sent to poorhouse 4, to hospital 2. The amount of rents paid was \$128; relief in money, \$140.50; for cure of insane, \$29; for board and lodging, \$47.04. Amount paid Mercy Hospital was \$1010.96, of which \$458.46 went to the insane department and \$552.50 to the transient department.

REPORT OF THE FIFTIES.

Annual Report of Committee on Poor and Poorhouse.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Scott County, Ia.:

Gentlemen: As chairman of the committee on poor and poorhouse for the past year I present herewith a statement of the results of the farm for the year just closed. We are providing for at the present time as paupers 19 persons, 3 of which are females. There have been 51 persons entered on the register during the year, of the following nationalities, to wit:

Germans,	23
Bohemian,	2
English,	2
Americans,	5
Danish,	1
Norwegian,	1
Irish,	14
Colored,	1

There have been three deaths during the year, 2 Germans, and 1 Dane.

JOHN S. ACKLEY.

We omit the lengthy report of the farm and its products.

June, 1896.

The County Poor.

The report of Overseer of the Poor John Schmidt, for the month of June, shows that the total number of applicants for aid from the county was 172, of which 36 were Americans, 90 Germans, 31 Irish, 9 Scandinavians, 2 Bohemians, and 4 colored. The amount of wood supplied was 33 cords; flour, 9½ barrels; corn meal, 75 pounds; expended for groceries, \$139.25; milk, \$1; shoes, \$1.25; clothing, \$5; coffins, \$40; transportation, \$23.52; medical assistance was furnished to 52 persons; number sent to poorhouse, 2; amount paid for soldiers' relief, \$124; rents paid

during the month, \$147; relief in money paid, \$165.50; for care of insane, \$15; for board and lodging, \$68. The total amount paid the insane department of Mercy Hospital was \$2978.50; transient departments, \$155.52; amount paid St. Luke's, \$18.

Full one-half of those registered as Americans are not Americans, only in name; they are as much German as if they were born in Holstein or Berlin; they have not been reared and educated as Americans, but Germans, but no doubt they, like their fathers and mothers, require charity food and to escape labor. This same fact exists in the insane hospitals and in all other charitable institutions.

Those numerous reports must be correct, for the Germans who issue them have farmed this office for many, a great many years; some of them have grown gray-headed in this office, and some have died. The United States is truly the pauper's Mecca and the loafer's Paradise.

Insane Report.

The biennial report of the Iowa Hospital for the Insane for the fiscal years 1894 and 1895 reports that 53 Germans have been admitted during the past twenty-four months, and that the total number of Germans that have been admitted to the hospital number 843, a vast number to be run in for the workers to support. Taking the population, this report exhibits more than four Germans to each American.

It is well known that the insane paupers and loafers have been and are now being run into America, to enter our charitable institutions, and to hold office under pay, for Americans to educate in foreign languages and support through hard work and energy.

From what I have observed and know, over three thousand foreigners journey to America annually with a view of getting into office; they are generally needy, shiftless men. Their kin and friends who get into office here immediately write back home of their big pay and ease, and hundreds then say that they are the

writer's superior, and that they must journey to America and claim office, and they come for office. One instance of the kind I must place on my record.

A gentleman from Ireland, residing in Davenport's first ward, was elected city alderman; he wrote back home that he was an alderman of the great city of Davenport, and sat next to the Lord Mayor, and wore a plug hat and carried his cane; this letter brought two of his neighbors that, I personally knew of, who wanted office.

A Davenport journal publishes as follows:

“ PAUPER IMMIGRANTS.

“ The large number of pauper immigrants from Germany who are arriving in this country demands that something should be done to keep such people at home. Of the 42 Germans who received assistance from Scott County last month, two-thirds were recent arrivals sent here by the authorities of their native towns, or cities, to be got rid of. The people of this county are taxed enough to support the poor who have acquired residence here from the Old World to be cared for. They are having the same experience in Clinton County.”

The Clinton County “ Herald ” says: “ The Board of Supervisors of this county have grown a trifle indignant over the discovery that the German authorities are shipping paupers to this country, and that within a short time several of these undesirable immigrants have settled in this vicinity at the eve of winter, with no adequate means of support. At the present session of the Board three cases have come to notice where German immigrants recently arrived have applied for public aid, and two of the instances were men fifty-seven and sixty-seven years of age respectively, who had been only six weeks in this country, and who were sent here penniless by the authorities of a village near Hamburg. The board says, they will cordially welcome all self-supporting immigrants, from whatever clime or country, but they do not want to spend the substance of frugal and industrious Iowans on the aged pauper population of Europe.”

The Germans, by the aid of other foreigners, and a few lukewarm and unappreciating Americans, who were content with the sweepings from the well-supplied public crib, took possession of every station, and dictated with an unjust and iron hand and an ignorant bravado that Sailor I could not rest content under, and I was compelled by the Goddess of Liberty to speak to our home community.

Those Germans have openly on the political stand declared that church members were unfitted for offices of trust. All sailors protect the Bethlehem from ruthless hands, and I will not act the part of a sneaking coward.

The fastidious may call this trivial and local. Such persons should be informed that the vast world is formed by small, trivial particles.

To show their abhorrence of the imposition, a St. Louis journal of note and standing, now before me, in 1883 published as follows:

"Our judgment is that our public schools are attempting to carry too much, and on this account they are not accomplishing what they ought to accomplish for the masses of the people." "So far as we know, the Germans are the only people who have attempted to defy the object of our school system by forcing their great cumbrous language into the schools at public expense. Our normal schools, sustained at a great expense for the education of our young people as teachers, are about a failure, as no matter what may be the accomplishments of applicants they stand no chance before a board of German directors. He must be a German or a Germanized American, from some State that has truckled to this demon of discord, or he cannot succeed."

Yes, and here in Davenport each school director must be a German, or a Germanized American; as was witnessed at a late delegate meeting, at which the Americans begged the privilege of selecting one of the directors, but were refused. Personal liberty revolted at such a request and it was not granted.

To systemize their cherished schemes they, the Germans, sup-

port traveling organizers and speakers. Those speakers addressed the Germans of Davenport, in August, 1881. Mr. H. Schuricht of Chicago, at that meeting, said that the German language should be maintained in this country as long as the Germans continued to immigrate to America. Another speaker complained that Detroit, which he said had a population of one-third Germans, had only one teacher in German. Another speaker claimed that the Constitution of the United States should be amended, requiring German to be taught in all public schools of the country.

Many have so long worn shackles that they look on them as ornaments.

In a protracted pen-and-ink war with Germany's champion, lawyer H. R. Claussen, respecting this momentous question of oppressively taxing Americans to teach well-known clannish foreigners, Sailor I wrote to the press the best I could as follows. Yet the press was not, dared not, be my friend. And I also appealed to the State and national councils, but appealed in vain. Yet I have not, will not, surrender to wrong and oppression whilst a shot remains in my locker.

“ THE PARLIAMENT.

“ Is It Know-nothingism?—A. C. Fulton's Reply to H. R. Claussen.

“ Editor of the ‘ Gazette ’:

“ I understand that one of the objects of a journal is to point out wrongs, to enlighten, and to aid in ameliorating the condition of the people. Mr. H. R. Claussen lays before your readers a statement of the dense population of Switzerland, Germany, and other European countries, as if it was a benefit and a blessing. He points out the capacity of this Union to support a larger population per square mile. But he neglects to mention the important fact that this vast European population is not prosperous or contented with mere numbers, but are daily being shipped to this country by their governments and friends, as well as through their own resources.

“The inference of Mr. Claussen’s weak argument is that it would be beneficial to fill up, as soon as possible, all vacant space, lands, asylums, and poorhouses of this Union with Europeans, or rather with Germans, as the whole tenor of his argument plainly bears witness. I include asylums, as the ‘Gazette’ reported a few days ago that persons of foreign birth composed sixteen per cent. of the population of Iowa, and comprised thirty-two per cent. of the inmates of the Independence Insane Asylum.

“Mr. Claussen points to Henry Villard, Carl Schurz, and other foreigners as men of enterprise and worth. This I admit. But, singular it would be if, amongst the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who seek our shores, there should be no men of note. Mr. Claussen, with sympathy, and at great length, boasts of Mr. Villard’s great exertions and success in a blind pool operation, and the value and extent of his railroads. Mr. Jay Gould has also several railroads, but receives little credit for possessing them.

“General Siegel is also a foreigner of merit, and, like Mr. Claussen, a German advocate. He appeared in Davenport as a foreign Know-nothing, and for hours at the German theater advised and urged all Germans to adhere, to combine, that by so doing they could accomplish what the Goths and Normans accomplished when they settled in Eastern Europe; introduce their language, control, and, in time, govern this country. And the masses of the Germans of this and of other cities are strenuously adhering to the Siegel doctrine, even down to the third generation. Many of the rising generation through education and the influence of their surroundings are as thoroughly German as if they resided in Schleswig-Holstein.

“All Americans well know that this Germanizing undertaking will result in naught, notwithstanding the Claussen and Siegel wishes and the untiring labor of the traveling German Salvation Army. Yet its tendency is injurious to the general good.

“Mr. Claussen charges me with native prejudice, and in connection claims, as he says, the right to teach pupils of German descent the language of their parents, which Mr. Claussen well knows is a great wrong and hardship on those who have to pay,

and yet cannot have their children taught the language of their parents. It is also a great hardship on the Catholics, who relieve our schools and schoolhouses, which they largely helped to erect, by teaching in their own schools many hundreds of their children. Yet they, under our laws, are entitled to their religion and forms, and should and must be protected against useless taxation and oppression. The results of their schools are a credit to this city. Their directors know that eighty per cent. of the children of this country have to leave school between the ages of fourteen and sixteen to go to work; many of their own children do so to help their fathers pay the taxes levied on their homes to pay eleven German teachers and their large contingencies. Shame, shame, where is thy blush?

“The Catholics give an old-time American education—spelling, reading, writing, definitions, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. Their rich go up to the academies and pay. No waste, in their schools, of school days in a vain endeavor to master Latin or German. What is the result? Go to the mills, shops, factories, and printing offices and you will see; or ask, who of the rising generation are entering into business and building homes, and you will again see.

“In respect to my running as school director, I never proposed to run. No tickets were printed, and none voted until midday. Yet, in two wards I defeated the German candidates by nearly two votes to one.

“My Know-nothingism is for this grand republic, and we have many Germans, Swedes, Irish, Scotch, and English possessing the same feeling.

“Journals state that Mr. Claussen’s personal-liberty Germany prohibits the teaching of the French language even in pay schools; and, in the French districts of Alsace and Lorraine, the use of the German language by the municipal authorities is made compulsory, while French clubs have been suppressed. A poor show is this for the language of our parents, unless the parents are Germans.

“Mr. Claussen and the school board well know that teaching

the masses German has proven an expensive folly. They should know that an American is as competent to understand broken or poor English from a German, as is a German to understand broken or poor German from an American.

"Mr. Claussen says the Germans in taking the sole charge of all public funds during many years, have taken good care of them (yes, they have), as all vouchers will show. They received and safely hold seventy per cent. of all funds and disburse these to contractors and officials, and have divided the balance evenly with the Americans and other nationalities, all of which is very kind in the Germans.

"I shall at some future time show to Mr. Claussen, and the world, German Know-nothingism in all its black deformity.

"A. C. FULTON.

"Davenport, Ia., September 22, 1883."

The whirligig of time revolved and 1897 came around, and the honest German city treasurer above spoken of defaulted and acknowledged that he had appropriated to his own use some eight thousand dollars of the hard-working people's money and used it as his own, in addition to the large sums that had been paid to him during many years as the city treasurer, and experts reported under oath that he had not confessed to all of his great wrongs and robberies by over five thousand dollars, as evidence of which the Davenport "Republican" on the 16th day of September, 1897, publishes as follows:

"TREASURY DEFICIT.

"Shortage of Ex-Treasurer Reick Over \$13,000—The Committee Reports.

"The report of Alderman Bawden of the finance committee, made at the city council last night, shows the shortage of ex-Treasurer Reick to be \$13,663.78, more than twice what it was first thought to be. By the report of the accountant, from which Mr. Bawden read, ex-Clerk Martin was shown to be short in his

accounts \$663.11. The total shortage in the paving fund and the sewer fund will amount to over \$60,000."

All of this great injustice to the hard-working, innocent taxpayers growing out of the greed and inaptitude of a combination who have long imposed their unwelcome authority and ignorance on a community to the great injury of the general good.

This act of a vast robbery places a damper on the above boasted and published honesty.

This sly seizure of tax money by its treasurer should be called and written a mere bagatelle when compared with the long and now continued gigantic fraud and wrong, consuming hundreds of thousands of hard-earned dollars.

The foreign editor cries, Know-nothing. Sailor I also cry, Know-nothing! Foreign Know-nothing!

There is a wide difference, an expansive latitude in respect to, and in the design, and the result of the acts of the two classes of Know-nothings, affecting America's good; designs as widely diverging as the two ports for departed spirits.

Thousands of good and worthy citizens can testify that for near one-third of a century a foreign clan and combination has existed and has wrung dollars from the hard hands of toil, for a vile and worthless purpose.

The Prince of Darkness could not conceive nor perpetrate a blacker act; they all in subtile concert move to wrong and rob the poor. All well know that a majority of the school boards for a great many years have been searched for and elected not for the general good but for one single purpose, a foreign Know-nothing purpose. Good friends, I do not wish to stir you up against your school boards, they do but work to order. I discourse to be understood.

As is well known in many quarters they openly boast of their acts and express their desires; but it is to be hoped that they do but triumph for a season longer.

The masses possess gentle hearts, unswayed by passion even when hundreds of them grieve and suffer through want of food

and tax money to save them from being thrust from their homes through tax sales, created through unrighteous and injudicious laws.

Our leaders, officials, journals, and lawmakers must have inherited from their distant ancestors a large quantity of cowardice, for it does not exist in America's pure atmosphere. I do hope your pent-up souls will not in time rebel and censure you for your neglect and this cowardice, that is even now extending to your children, whom you drill and teach to be submissive cowards.

I greatly sorrow for your sad condition, so meekly borne, and the word, vengeance, never uttered.

Herein no swelling act for self but meekness, not for recompense but as in duty bound.

I do but record the great wrong for the public good. Through long precedent from sire to son the clan consider it a right divine.

Good citizens, I do not wish to stir your hearts to rage or violence, but you have been long and greatly wronged by openly boasting and declaring to be foreigners, and their purpose, innovation. Kind Heaven! aid the arm that hurls defiance at oppression and wrong.

All well know that they with dogged persistence delight to undo, if possible, everything American, without regard to wrong or betterment; even to robbing the descendants of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson, of their language. A foul and fiendish act deliberately plotted and enforced. An unnatural and blighting graft to place on America's flourishing tree.

I have seen many poor families part from their hard-earned, tax-sold homes with tears of sorrow, a tax increased from year to year for uncalled-for and worthless purposes. Brutes may gloat on distress with pleasure but a righteous heart, never.

God's bread has long been and is now daily taken from the mouths of children to be bestowed on a vast army of well-fed, incompetent, and over-paid officials, and vile and worthless purposes.

All possessing ordinary brains well know those cruel and unrighteous facts, and thousands know I truly speak and therefore do no man a wrong.

But those acts are so monstrous when placed on pure white paper that credence stands aghast. Communities are enslaved and its proper name is cruelty.

Many thousands of Americans have and many other thousands will cringe but meekly submit to unjust and well-known to be wrong and worthless taxation, and many other great wrongs, wrongs imposed on them by foreigners.

Singular that the masses in many quarters have so long and meekly submitted to an oppressive wrong.

But, by the waters of the ocean, by the burning tapers of the sky, by the Goddess Diana, never Sailor I, no, never!

To aid in carrying on this illicit traffic the proceeds of the school lands are freely appropriated and wasted.

My diary says that the first grant of public land, the sixteenth section of 640 acres of each township of land, was donated to the State of Ohio by the Continental Congress, on May 20, 1785. Section Three of that act reads as follows: "Religion, Morality, and Knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of Education shall forever be encouraged." This act says that the grant of land is for the maintenance of Common, or Public Schools, and no other purpose. This act was extended in 1803 to all public-land States, which in time included Iowa. The proceeds of this gift of land, to support common schools and no other purpose, is this day, in 1898, being extensively used to teach a foreign language in violation of law. A language, that had it been named to be propagated, that Congress of 1785 would never, never have bestowed one single acre to a State that would so basely use it. Every man possessing ordinary intellect well knows this fact.

The following States received grants of land, numbering acres, and in the years, as here given, for common, or free schools, and no other purpose.

	ACRES.	DATE.
Ohio,	704,488	March, 1803
Mississippi,	837,584	March, 1803
Louisiana,	786,044	April, 1806
Indiana,	650,317	April, 1816
Illinois,	985,066	April, 1818
Alabama,	902,774	March, 1819
Missouri,	1,199,139	March, 1820
Arkansas,	886,460	June, 1836
Michigan,	1,167,379	February, 1843
Florida,	908,503	March, 1845
Iowa,	905,144	March, 1845
Wisconsin,	958,649	August, 1846

Wisconsin is the last exhibit on my diary of the donation of Public Lands to the States.

After this extraordinary exhibit the reader may be led to suppose that Iowa is a second Germany. Very far from its even approaching that deplorable situation. The Iowa Census of 1895 gives the State a population of 1,727,521, of whom but 132,347 are Germans. And the Census of the United States for 1890 places the population of the Union at 62,622,250, of whom but 2,784,894 are Germans. The Irish number 1,871,509; the Scandinavians number 933,249; the English, 909,092; the Scotch, 242,231; and those from British America number 980,939.

Astonishing as it may appear to you, good reader, thousands of those persons named, as well as other thousands of Americans, under our unrighteous laws, are compelled to labor and procure money to erect buildings and employ teachers, to teach the foreign German language, in the land of Washington, once the land of Justice and American Liberty.

Upon the world's vast sea of storms and calms, the Ship of Truth and Justice frequently collides with the Ship of Policy and Wrong, but the Ship of Truth and Justice is never wrecked, whilst that of Policy and Wrong, with its piratical crew, is engulfed beneath the boisterous waves of an angry sea.

When I sail to the port from whence no sailor ever returns, I cannot regret that I plead for the poor man's home. How will it be with the directly, or indirectly, paid, cold-blooded advocate of Wrong and Robbery?

In the night's long and silent hours of darkness, will the man of selfish wrong enjoy sweet repose? Or will a guilty conscience place tormenting and distressing specters before his perturbed and doubting soul? Ah, there is the rub! A trembling soul encased in a casket of flesh and blood, crouching from the poisonous and feared fangs of wrong.

Half a century ago this was an American nation. No Herr Most, no Chicago Haymarket bomb-throwers, no strikes to cause distress of the poor and discourage the men in active life, no Davenport German press to be supported in an official capacity to the extent of thousands, procured through the taxation of the homes of both the poor and the rich, and command the Iowa press to obey its orders. No array of teachers to play teach German, at the cost of hundreds of hard-working and frugal Americans and the people of many nations. No dishonest tax assessments to wrong and distress hundreds, and disgrace the tax lists. No clans to claim exclusive privileges over all other nationalities, at the cost of all others, without any compensation.

Let us calmly examine the cause and the growth of this situation, which grew out of the unhealthy immigration, a flow too extensive to teach and Americanize.

During the ten years from 1810 to 1820 only 47,200 foreigners entered the United States. During the ten years between 1820 and 1830 only 142,900 foreigners entered the United States. Those, from necessity or choice, soon became Americanized, as is well known to thousands, not remaining to be marked by and through every action and act as foreigners, down to the third generation. Between 1830 and 1840 the number reached 560,000. From 1840 to 1850 the flow reached 1,685,100.

The war period greatly decreased immigration. But from 1866 to 1870, 1,487,230 foreign immigrants reached our shores. Between 1870 and 1875, 1,726,790 arrived. Between 1875 and

1880, 1,085,392 arrived. Between 1880 and 1885, 2,975,682 entered the Union, a large majority of them undesirable as citizens, and a great injury to this Republic.

Then, as all at this day well know, the flow increased and those foreigners claimed exclusive privileges and support, and condemned Americans, their laws and usages.

CHAPTER XL.

A LESSON OF THE PAST—DANGEROUS BREAKERS IN SIGHT BEFORE US.

ALTHOUGH the occurrence took place in the thirties, yet it is indelibly stamped on my memory that our wise captain of the good ship "Franklin," when on the Caribbean Sea, and when that ship was in great peril, he ordered all hands on deck, and said, "Mr. Mate and sailors, attention! Our cargo is valuable, and no insurance on it, and I, with others, will suffer a great loss; but self-preservation is nature's first law; bear a hand lively, and heave every pound of the cargo overboard," and the cargo dropped within the ocean's depth, and thirty-three lives were saved.

Wisdom says, "Check the foreign hordes that are daily and hourly walking the ship's gang plank to make a landing on our shores, and save the ship of state. Call all hands on deck, and place every foreign nation without discrimination on the Chinese bill, to remain in the future at their native homes; for without a doubt, self-preservation is nature's first law."

China was the first, the only nation that possessed the right by solemn treaty to make their homes in North America, but Sand-Lot Kearney said, "Stop the flow of celestials into the good land I have found," and the flow was stopped. The Chinese have shown themselves in America to be a useful and a law-abiding people. True, they kill some missionaries in China Land. I have shown where European nations have done the same, more extensively. The Chinese number few criminals and no paupers, and in intellect they are superior to the average foreigners who seek our shores. I have known many and know

their capacity. Most all can read and write. I have had two as my teachers, and their capacity to convey knowledge is wonderful, although my teachers were but common Chinese.

If America has the right to make her own laws without the permission, or dictation, of foreigners, within or without this American Union, then there is not the least difficulty in checking the disease that is now rapidly sapping the vitality of this Republic.

The *modus operandi* can be drafted in a very few lines. Let our Government decree that not more than one single thousand of the citizens of any nation be permitted to immigrate to the United States annually, making no discrimination in the nations of the world. The Chinese and Africans to be given equal privileges with the Europeans. They would be less objectionable than the anarchist Germans.

The immigrants composing this one thousand, to personally appear before the American Consul, or a commissioner appointed, and receive a certificate permitting him, or her, to enter the United States as a settler, and if found to be a suitable citizen, then to be granted the right to vote for any and all offices of the Republic, after a constant residence in the United States during eleven years. This permitted one thousand is not to embrace merchants operating in their calling, or scientific and other visitors. Some must be expected to run the blockade.

If we were at this day to embark in a foreign war, our efficiency and strength, per capita, would be reduced far below our efficiency and strength in the war with England, in 1812, on account of the large number of foreigners that we number in our population, and who do not, and cannot possess a love, or an interest, in a strange people and a strange land, that they visited to pick up dollars. This is not a cheerful thought, but it is the truth.

My diary says that war was declared against England in 1812 by a vote of 70 to 48, in the House of Representatives, and 19 to 13 in the Senate. Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were the most noted war advocates, and President Madison signed the war declaration June 18, 1812.

Peace was declared between England and America by a treaty

at Ghent, in Belgium, on the 24th day of December, 1815, by commissioners of the two nations.

SAD EXPERIENCE.

All who kept a diary well know that in September, 1847, at Cherubusco, Mexico, that foreign soldiers and their foreign officers, who had been trained in arms by Uncle Sam's experts, deserted when in the face of the enemy, and to use the words of the court-martial, after deserting to the enemy, they fought longest and hardest against the colors which they had sworn to defend; they were well trained in arms, and sent many of our faithful American soldiers to their death.

Twenty-nine soldiers of the many who went over to the enemy, and one officer, were taken prisoners, and sixteen were executed, by hanging, at San Angel, on the 10th of September, 1847. The officers and the men that had deserted the American ranks previous to any combat, were not executed, but lashed, branded, and drummed out of camp.

Of the whole number tried 6 were deserters from the Third Infantry, 3 from the Fifth Infantry, 2 from the Second Infantry, 4 from the Seventh Infantry, 6 from the Fourth Artillery, 5 from the Third Artillery, 1 from the First Artillery, 2 from the Second Dragoons. A dangerous element to shape the destiny of this republican nation.

To record a life's voyage, each and every scene and occurrence that comes prominently before the world is a part and a portion of the voyage. After Sailor I defeated, and in a measure exhibited the injustice in taxation through the courts, there was a perceptible ebbing of the tidal wave of wrong for a season, but in time the scattered elements of that wrong united to sweep all justice before its destructive and blighting course, leaving want and desolation in its wake, and Sailor I was compelled by the beckoning hand and tearful eyes of justice, to tell the world of the many cruel wrongs placed upon a people under the guise of law, which I did on the 10th of January, 1897, through the col-

umns of the Davenport "Republican," a journal of influence and ability, and which exhibit of wrong and robbery reads as follows:

"OUR CITY'S PROSPERITY.

"A. C. Fulton Gives His Views of Municipal Matters—Communication Appaling to the Business Men's Association—Comments on the Present City Tax System.

"Editor of the 'Republican':

"If the Business Men's Association desired to aid in the city's prosperity, they can do so by using their influence in checking the heavy outlays in times of depression.

"The long lists of delinquent taxes plainly tell us of over-taxation. Homes of poor men have been knocked down at auction, and many mothers and their children have put themselves on short allowance of food to save their homes from sale, and the imprudent and uncalled-for expenditures are now distressing the men that through a life of saving and toil undertook to secure funds to support them in old age and aid others.

"It is well known that at this moment the majority of more than one taxing power is training their brains to create office and extend the outlay of the people's money. They speak of creating new officers when the vast city hall is filled with over-paid officials. Please examine the pay rolls.

"Every man that can count well knows that the taxpayers are paying a rent of \$500 per month, or \$6000 yearly for the use of that city hall, as the over \$100,000 put into its construction would have paid that amount of our city debt, and have stopped the payment of \$6000 yearly interest. Good reader, can you count?

"The vast army of tax makers are now talking of a new jail, swimming baths, and of building and of tearing down school-houses. Let all those who do not like our present cozy jail, keep out of it. We have the water of a pure river to bathe in, and cheap baths: we want no impure slops in limited quantities from a factory at a vast and perpetual cost.

"As respects the school tax; if the first, second, and third generation of Germans will make an advance in greatness and become Americans, then the twelve German schoolrooms that in capacity equal two of our school buildings, and which the Germans have long controlled and occupied, will supply all present wants, and experience plainly tells us that this act would be a great benefit to a coming people. I was informed some years back, by a school teacher and a school director, that this foreign branch was a worthless waste and an injury; that very few who passed their time in those German schoolrooms ever entered the high school, especially the German pupils, and that those who did enter the high school departed from that institution lacking. If this department has been a success, and beneficial, its early and later product can be placed before the Business Men's Association, and if the Business Men's Association will use figures, they will discover that the people's outlay of tax money for this foreign language department, with its schoolhouses and its many contingencies during over a quarter of a century, far exceeds the sum that we have paid from the treasury for all our railroads, parks, and public buildings combined. Search for beneficial results, and you will search in vain, a blank alone exists.

"It is well known that galling wrongs drove many of our best American citizens from this beautiful city that they loved, to make names of fame and worth in less oppressive and more congenial quarters, and their vacated space has been filled up with strangers, some looking for work, and others looking for something to eat, and many others looking for office, but those facts are well known to all.

"On account of the now situation, I and hundreds of others solemnly protest against, and will vote and work against the levy of any and all taxes under the long-existing, discriminating, and unjust tax assessments, as the tax lists plainly witness.

"The Business Men's Association well know that taking our early advance over all other cities in Territorial days, our grain market, pork-packing, flour and sawmills, steam and horse railroads, gaslight, county and river bridges, and vast river naviga-

tion we at this day, 1897, should number a population of not less than sixty thousand exempt from poverty.

"As evidence of our deplorable situation, I present the Business Men's Association the report of Mr. John Schmidt, overseer of the poor, for the month of November, 1896, which report is on file in the auditor's office, and which gives the nationality and numbers of the poor that the county aided, as follows: Number of Germans, 107; Americans, 57; Irish, 43; Scandinavians, 2; Blacks, 8. That during the month the following amounts were paid to the above people: To the Germans, \$140.50; Americans, \$25.10; Irish, \$12.50; Scandinavians, \$6; blacks, \$4. The stores furnished were as follows: Coal, 920 bushels; flour 11½ barrels; groceries, \$155.50; milk, \$1; shoes, \$11.60; dry goods, \$14.25; burials, \$57.50; transportation, \$44.35; medicine, 54 cents. Sent to poorhouse, 3; sent to hospital, 1; soldiers' relief, \$105; rent paid during the month, \$188; care of insane, \$5; board and lodging, \$85.50; insane department, \$1002.50; care of sick, \$196.10. Rent paid during the month: Germans, \$84.50; Irish, \$33.50; Americans, \$17.10; Scandinavians, \$7; Bohemians, \$4; colored, \$9.50.

"Report of John Schmidt for December, 1896: Nationality of poor aided: Germans, 109; Americans, 63; Irish, 41; Scandinavians, 15; Bohemians, 2; colored, 12.

"Long and hard working I was mulet in the sum of over \$4500 taxes for hastily voted and partially botched street and alley brick pavement, as the tax books bear witness; this pavement required over \$400 more to replace the destroyed sidewalks. At this day one-fourth of the expensive street pavement is cut to pieces through the ignorant act of permitting knife-blade loaded wheels to cut them up.

"Brick roadways have been used in Holland for a half century, and all wheels for carrying burdens have to be four inches in width, or pay double license, and their loads restricted. On the cobblestone streets of Vera Cruz, all wheels for carrying burdens have to be four inches in width; I have viewed this wise precaution. The citizens who pay the bulk of the Davenport taxes

would have saved money by furnishing wide tires for every team in the city; with the exception of the ice wagons and a few others, the so-called tires are a sham, but in 1895 the council majority in caucus said a wide-tire demand would curtail their votes. I should not thus complain when the useful, enterprising, and sedate Mr. Oliver Sampson, a man of more worth to the world than the tax-voting, salary-increasing, and office-making majority of the city council; he was, through grief for the loss of the labor of his life through unwise taxation, officially sent to an untimely grave, as hundreds well know.

" Now comes a food inspector at a large salary; a contention as to capacity took place. Mayor Vollmer took the floor and told the council in English that the applicant could talk high and low German, a panacea to put angel's wings on a Satan, and this increase of officers, when I can prove and have seen gray-haired women with trembling hands raking food from the slop barrels of the alleys, and I, through the curse of imprudent and uncalled-for taxation could but tender a meager sum to want and poverty. Will this hastily created food inspector examine the healthy condition of those slop barrels? O shame, where is thy blush, or is shame ever harbored in cheeks of brass? It is well known to the thinking portion of this community that official acts have led to distress, poverty, and death.

" The citizens of Davenport must take back the power that they many years back bestowed to be shamefully abused.

" A chapter on the work of men in Territorial days would be interesting, when the task of laying the foundation of empire in a wilderness was the stake, not paying office and arbitrary power. Then, not now, all the acts and forms before us were created and put into active working form and life. The truth is that this small community has been and is now too much governed to permit prosperity; a change is called for, and every intelligent man and woman in this community well knows this fact. Old Sailor I cannot, will not, calmly stand by and see the hand of wrong grappling the throat of justice.

" Yours with respect,

" Davenport, January 9, 1896."

" A. C. FULTON.

The Davenport "Democrat" of May 18, 1898, exhibits the open extent of foreign demands on Americans, by publishing that the Freie Deutsche Schulverein refused to sell property for public-school purposes, unless the German language should always be taught in the school at the cost of the whole people.

Sailor I have ever looked upon modern prophets with doubt, and little did I think that I would ever enter that mystic sea. Very true, long before the revolution of 1776 its coming was predicted, and long before the late Rebellion many far-seeing and thoughtful persons predicted that the institution of slavery would result in disaster to, if not in the destruction of, this Union.

As this, my record, will most likely endure for many centuries, unless some convulsion of nature should shatter the heavens above, or the centers beneath the earth, as its race is against time, therefore I place a prediction within its pages respecting the distant future of this American Republic.

In time the prudence, economy, labor, and wisdom of our fathers will be supplanted by ease, ignorance, and extravagance, the seeds of which are now being sown broadcast in every quarter, and are bending and binding the backs of the toilers, and the frugal, and enterprising down and beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of the office-holder and tax-consumer and their satellites.

I predict that our next great national trouble will grow out of wrongs created through our enormous and increasing army of officials, and the desire to possess power over man, together with uncalled-for taxation in all its forms, to support extravagance and wrong, or in other words, one-third of the Nation directly, or indirectly, claiming and receiving their support through the bone, muscle, and brains of the other two-thirds.

Look at the small territory of New York City, where hundreds of thousands of dollars are paid out for the right and privilege to farm the tax levies and collections; to wrong and rob the enterprising and working community; to feed and fatten gluttons, dishonest vagabonds, and runagates.

Our lawmakers and tax-creators at this day, 1898, in the vari-

ous departments, counting the legislative bodies of our States and Territories, numbering forty-eight, together with our National Congress, the county, municipal, and school departments, who possess the power to create office and to levy taxes, and who the people support, outnumbering those possessing the same power in England, Spain, Austria, Germany, Italy, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, all combined.

Office-farming and politics in the United States will become a profession. Bribery and corruption will exist in all political parties. They will abide in our legislative halls, in our county, city, and school offices, and even the judicial bench will part with its integrity. Merit and honesty will be at a discount, whilst dishonesty and low cunning will command a premium.

Many millions who will live and fatten on their country's ruin will be struggling for party supremacy and spoils. Selfishness will rule the day.

The love of country will not exist, but will be forgotten in the strife for party and the spoils. No longer will there exist a nation of patriots striving for national honor and greatness, and even the tombs of the departed great will lose their sanctity. Truth will no longer possess value; mercy and honor will be unknown; ears will be deaf to the cry of shame; no word of praise or noble act will exist to mark upon a monument; wrong and destruction will stalk abroad and no mercy will be shown to tears or prayers, and greed will disrobe the Goddess of Liberty.

This is the exquisite synoptic of the events of the distant future. The quintessence of elegant misery; a forlorn situation.

To give all causes for the coming disaster would occupy too much space; but I will give the reader a faint idea of the future. This Republic will become the pauper's refuge and the office-holder's Paradise. There will be a *Crédit Mobilier* in every State, county, and city. We will have twenty thousand New York Tweeds, and fifty thousand John Kellys, with greater and lesser kind, numbering many millions to devastate and blight the land. This vast body will act in perfect harmony, as they will be united by the cohesive power of public plunder. The press will

become venal and espouse the cause of wrong. Right and justice will be but a mockery. An empty Presidential chair will be prayed for. Then will an American Cromwell rise to defy and overthrow imbecility, wrong, and robbery. Beyond this my vision does not, cannot penetrate.

Sailor I, in 1881, briefly published this coming disaster to our Union in the Chicago "Times"; since that date the destructive blight in progress has far outstripped and exceeded my prediction in its baneful and desolating progress.

In 1894, a once student of far-famed Mt. Ida, and also a local of the Davenport "Democrat-Gazette," requested Sailor I to jot down a sketch of the birth and life of that institution, which I did, and after publication, gave it a space within my diary as follows:

"LOCAL HISTORY.

"The Veteran Resident A. C. Fulton Writes Again—A Historical Spot in East Davenport—First a College—Then Metamorphosed into Barracks—Afterwards a Retreat for the Unfortunate—Now a Palatial Residence.

"To the Editor of the 'Democrat':

"Mt. Ida, the home of A. J. Preston, possesses a history worthy perhaps of being passed down the corridors of time. The land was entered in 1838 by Peter Perry, who was a giant in his day. A member of the Canadian parliament and a refugee, of whom I purchased it in 1852.

"In 1854 an eastern teacher, Thayer H. Coddling, who possessed more hopes and experience than money, journeyed west to establish a college, and who claimed that Iowa was destined to be the seat of this Government and Davenport the metropolis of the State, and that Mt. Ida was the Mecca that he sought. He admitted that his purse contained less than one thousand dollars, a small sum for the vast undertaking.

"I thought the institution at that period would be beneficial to the city, and on September 26, 1854, deeded Mr. Coddling the

entire block No. 7 for four thousand dollars—see record, Book M, page 122. Not one dollar was paid down by Mr. Coddling and never was—see mortgage, Book D, page 611.

“Davenport did not possess one-third of the brick necessary for the large structure, and then late in the season funds ran short at the very birth of the institution. On the day of consultation, September 28, 1854, where Mt. Ida now stands, I said: Mr. Coddling, we have to excavate a basement for the college, the clay is of first quality for brickmaking, and I have here in sight in this piece of woods, forty-five cords of good dry oak wood to burn them with. We will here on this ground make the brick and we will now this minute stake off the college building and call it Mt. Ida. Mr. Coddling responded amen, and on the morrow a large force was put to work and Mt. Ida erected. A Mr. Took united with Mr. Coddling and a valuable institution of learning was for a time conducted. Debts matured and trouble arrived promptly on time and closed Mt. Ida.

“I fitted up the institution to be soon continued, when 1862 and our Rebellion came, and Davenport was the main supply and transporting point for the State.

“The 28th Iowa regiment appeared at night-fall, no quarters, save Mt. Ida. Might, as well as patriotism, said step in and stack your arms. Goodness! my goodness! If you desire to see the result of a cyclone, quarter a regiment of recruits in your papered and well-furnished dwelling or college—locks broken to enter rooms. School furniture thrown out and a load of straw thrown in, doors ripped off their hinges, and locks and knobs broken off, out of the way to sleep on, boot prints on the paper of the walls, tobacco cuds stuck to the walls and ceilings by the best pitchers. Outsheds and window stoops were burned for fuel, shade trees cut for poles to carry water on when the cisterns were exhausted. A sick soldier was left in the hospital room with a careless home-guard for me to see or to bury. Oh, my! oh, my! I felt that Uncle Sam or the State of Iowa should bear a portion of the burden, and I prepared a bill of \$988 damages to be presented to the State legislature by Hon. Thomas J. Saunders, but he thought

it would be a bad precedent, and it was not presented, and I now have the original document before me with the seal and signature of the Hon. John C. Bills attached.

" In 1865 a large number of citizens desired to establish a home for the friendless, to be called the Christian Home, and as all were to aid in the good work, I consented to sell Mt. Ida and grounds for the small sum of \$4200, and in October of that year I deeded the association the property and placed the \$200 purchase money on their subscription list. (See record, Book S, page 251.)

" Soon the promised supporters and outside lady managers became dissatisfied with the local superintendents and resolved to end the home's existence. Well-dressed and well-fed, but marble-hearted, females assembled within a palatial mansion and all save one resolved to evict the superintendents, women, and children of the home through starvation.

" Gaunt, hollow-eyed starvation that very moment stood at Mt. Ida's door, but an ever just and watchful Providence immediately intervened and sent bedding for the new arrivals, and food in abundance for weeks and until outside homes were procured for the last inmate of the wrecked Mt. Ida Home.

" Astonishing as it should appear, I never received directly or indirectly from Mt. Ida and its extensive grounds but four thousand dollars.

" The county records state that A. J. Preston paid twenty-one thousand dollars for the property; purchased it in two parts, first deed dated 1868. I looked for pay through the satisfaction of aiding in securing a sure and lasting home for the destitute.

" Yours,

" A. C. FULTON.

" Davenport, July 29."

In May, 1897, the good and talented Editor of the " Outlook," Mr. Charles Eugene Banks, requested Sailor I to give him a short sketch of the past and the present of his city home. And as in duty bound I complied as best I could from my diary.

" THE FOUNDING OF EAST DAVENPORT.

" *By A. C. Fulton.*

" Editor Banks of the ' Outlook ':

" Good Sir: As requested, I furnish you from my diary a brief sketch of East Davenport's creation from its wilderness days, its march through the Territorial period down to a modern city, which may be of interest to the thoughtful in the distant future if not to the present world.

" The old city west of Harrison Street has been written up annually during many years and those named who owned the territory, platted and built within its limits; but interesting and beautiful East Davenport, that monopolizes a vast extent of the river and the island view, is never mentioned in historic journals, yet it possesses a territorial history and footprints on its sands of time.

" My great objection to talking or writing respecting the past scenes of life, in more than one of Iowa's counties and several States of our Union and beyond, is that I am compelled to name self; yet when I cannot name self then I know but very little respecting the subject or the occurrences; but when I have been an actor and taken my part I have a correct knowledge of the parts taken by others in the same cast.

" During the winter of 1842 several hundred Sac and Fox Indians camped in the contracted valley between the present Catholic Bishop's mansion and St. Katharine's Hall. On the third of the following April one of the tribe that I had aided during the winter informed me that they would that day break camp to journey to their more permanent home near the Wapsipinicon River, just west of the Indian line of 1837. I had a great desire to witness the departure of the Indians, as I felt it to be the last departure of the red man of the forest and the plain from this his home for many centuries, and at the same time I desired to reconnoiter the adjacent territory of now East Davenport, both of

which I did with great interest. The most noted feature of the act of breaking camp and packing up was the silent and systematic action of the whole tribe. No seventy-four-gun ship command and bluster, but all in silent concert moving as does a printing press, and as his Eastern kin, the Arab, silently stole away.

"To again attempt as near as possible to witness the scenes of 1843, I on yesterday stood on a pinnacle looking down on this Indian camping ground of 1842. But alas! the domes of three colleges and the mansions of two bishops were in sight, and the spires of ten churches pointed toward the blue sky, whilst in the front and on both the flanks of my position street-cars, propelled by the power of electricity, coursed before me and two long trains of passenger and freight cars shook the earth as they speeded past in the rear.

"Facts may eclipse fiction's wildest imagination.

"Goodness! what a change of scenes on life's stage during the short period of fifty-five years! On that day, April the third, 1843, after being the lone pale-face witness of the retreating red man, I extended my journey to what was known in Territorial days as Stubbs' Eddy. This is the horseshoe bend formed by the rising bluff land where now stands Lindsay & Phelps' saw-mill and stores and dwellings. My visit was then to purchase this valley from Mr. Stubbs and others and convert it into a mill pond by placing a straight dam along the river front, elevated above the river's high water, with automatic flood-gates to guard against land freshets, the dam's surface to be sixty-six feet in width, to be used as a wagon road in the place of Uncle Sam's winding Territorial Road of that day, which road was the first ever established in Scott County. I had previously, in 1842, as our county records witness, purchased a river island below Sycamore Chain, then known as Fulton's Island, and also purchased a vast extent of river front and canal ground, and expended a large sum of money in surveys and taking soundings, with then the intention of creating the river-rapids water-power, which was to terminate at the vast mill pond of the eddy and which pond would add over one-third to its capacity.

"To prepare for this gigantic undertaking by a single arm I purchased, as the Rock Island records witness, one hundred and sixty acres of good oak timber land some three miles above Moline, to have it sawed at Mr. Sears' then new saw-mill. In time I used a vast quantity of this timber sawed by Mr. Sears, and some of it hewn, in building two steam flour-mills on the river block at the foot of Brady and Perry streets. I personally and alone, on account of lack of funds, rafted this lumber from the Moline saw-mill to the landing at my mill block. One of those mills was burned down whilst owned by Burrows & Prettyman; the other was torn down and its machinery moved to a mill in Le Claire, to give place for the Packet Company's buildings.

Within this East Davenport horseshoe bend rose in solitude a sand and earth mound of a sugar-loaf shape. Grass and dwarf hazel bushes lined its regular and artistically formed sides. I had more than once explored the Mississippi from its many mouths at the Gulf to its contracted limits beyond the Falls of St. Anthony, and the East Davenport sugar loaf mound was then to me and now is the greatest curiosity that I noted. Not many years since Lindsay & Phelps removed this mound's remaining height of some twenty feet to place an uninteresting pile of lumber on its resting place of many thousands of years, where the whirling waters had formed it. This mound was not the only wonder of East Davenport, for its south base was burrowed into and a one-roomed habitation was almost concealed in the excavation, and within which for many years before and thereafter resided, as a hermit, Mr. James R. Stubbs, one of West Point's early graduates, a learned man of extraordinary ability. On rough shelves overhead rested rare scientific and other works of ancient authors. Mr. Stubbs was Scott County's second magistrate whilst he resided at his hermit home (Mr. Antoine Le Claire being the first). He held his court in the rear of Mr. James A. Telfair's saddlery shop on Main Street below Second Street. Mr. Stubbs was one of the class of men that carry their library and intelligence into the wilderness; one of the class that the intelligent world respects

and reverences, whether an inhabitant of an East Davenport sand mound or a palace. Mr. Stubbs was delighted to find a learned person who would seat himself on one of his split-timber stools and who took an interest in philosophy and astronomy; then the hermit would carry his guest into the ethereal world and name the fixed stars and explain the transit of Venus.

"As all well know, the ancients placed this class of men in the ranks of the gods. But Mr. Stubbs was earthly, for the County Records, Book A, page 310, says that the United States on July 6, 1840, sold to James R. Stubbs eighty acres of land, which is in our East Davenport, and north of his mound home.

"The old city had its historic brimstone corner and the new city had its philosopher's cavern home, and both possessed their attractions and had their votaries; and as all well know, the same star of wilderness days now in 1897 continues to dictate and control within its sphere.

"To do justice to hermit Stubbs' great ability as a scholar would require pages, not columns, of your 'Outlook,' and would require greater ability to produce the pages than Sailor I possess.

"The mound property, with other land extending to the west line of the water works property, was purchased from Uncle Sam by Andrew J. Hyde on July 6, 1840. Then, as per stipulation, it passed into the hands of James R. Stubbs, George L. Davenport, and William R. Shoemaker. Mr. Shoemaker was an under-officer on the island. The two latter parties sold their portion to Mr. A. Le Claire in 1842, and at this day Book G of Records, at page 310, says, A. Le Claire on March 12, 1848, sold 160 acres of this land to A. C. Fulton. Within this purchase to Fulton are located the Cable saw-mill property, the water works, and the Democrat Farm, together with hundreds of dwellings extending beyond Locust Street. The whole 160 acres was in its wilderness state—not a mark of civilization save the wagon tracks on the Territorial Road. I immediately and personally dug holes in its sward of ages, and planted some fruit trees and grape vines on the north side of the present Richardson's dwellings and built a tenement house near my Eldorado Spring, which house and

two acres of ground became the property of a slave woman who had a history. This spring the hermit and philosopher, Mr. Stubbs, greatly appreciated, as also did two lone deer that the settlers would not molest and which were frequently seen on the sides and summits of the East Davenport hills.

“The lands on the river front, west of the township line and west of the water works, and which extended westward to Le Claire’s Reserve and north to Locust Street, were taken up by a Mr. Ben. Buck, who built a squatter’s claim house of a very fair quality upon it, just west of the present woolen mills and on or near the south side of what is now Front Street. This one-roomed house was the first built in East Davenport, as it was commenced, as Mr. George L. Davenport stated, but a few days after the Indian treaty, at which it was stipulated to give Mr. Le Claire one mile square of land. This tract of land, the county records say, was sold by the United States to Peter Perry in May, 1840. Mr. Perry had been a member of the Canadian Parliament, but fled to Iowa as a refugee during the Canadian rebellion—an occurrence well known to you all.

“Scott County’s record, Book 1, page 623, says that Peter Perry of Canada, on the 21st day of June, 1852, sold this 201 acres of land to A. C. Fulton. I immediately, by permission of the County Court, Judge William Burrows presiding, moved the tortuous Territorial Road from the river’s bank and placed it where it now is with its brick-paved surface. But the tree-grubbing, rock-quarrying, and earth-moving, under the close supervision of the Court, cost me \$684. At the same time I erected what is now Mr. Nutting’s mansion, and three small brick dwellings on the bluff. I burned the lime for those buildings with wood cut on the ground and stone from what is now Prospect Park. Then came my erection of the first steam sash, blind, and door factory in the State, now known as the Gould Furniture Factory, and the erection of the far-famed Mt. Ida followed, previous to the stone mansion at Front Street and Bridge Avenue. The bricks in Mt. Ida were dug from its basement and burned with wood that surrounded it. My goodness! what work to make

a world! Yet I have not told one-third of my part, in which I would have to say I erected thirty-nine buildings in three of Iowa's counties, and eleven in New Orleans for self, taking them together, rating over the average.

"Although the acknowledgment is awfully galling, yet, in the interest of local if not national history, I have to nerve myself and say that store-keeping, farming, and milling lost money by day and night and creditors from several States came down on me like a mountain avalanche, flanked by a phalanx of attorneys; and as numbers of our ancient citizens know, poor I had to paddle my own legal canoe, and also to give a number of the attorneys lessons in law, free of charge.

"I had to sell *Ætna Mills* and valuable grounds and my *East Davenport* 160 acres, the *Illinois* 160 acres, 71 acres in the west of the city, two farms in *Ohio* of 320 acres, and a stock of goods in *Galena, Ill.*, also a stock of goods in *Davenport*; and after all proceeds were paid over I was yet largely in debt and could not have purchased a barrel of sea biscuit or a bushel of beans in the markets of the world. But I did not 'turn in,' but went aloft to duty, paid off every dollar of my debts with interest, and continued world-building.

"On that ever-to-be-remembered third day of April, 1843, when I visited the Indian camp to witness their final departure, in sadness, from their long and once sacred home where the spirits of their fathers rested, and I also conferred with the philosophic *Stubbs* at his mound abode, I on my journey to my *Davenport* home approached the long deserted *Ben. Buck* land claim one-roomed house and found it occupied by a family. But oh, my! what a sight of distress, want, and misery presented itself before me! On a rough, uncomfortable bed in one corner of the small room lay a distressed-looking and very sick mother, hardly able to totter across the room when she arose from her couch of poverty. On a dingy straw tick with a tattered bedspread in the opposite corner, on the rough split-log floor, lay a flaxen-haired and blue-eyed little girl, just three years of age, whose sunken eyes and pale, wan face spoke of dissolution. No money, no food

was within the wretched home save about one peck of small wilted potatoes and a hard piece of old-looking corn bread. The woman said they had first come from Indiana, then from Illinois, and had taken shelter in the lone house six days previously when broken down through want and fatigue; that her husband had gone up the river to Pleasant Valley to look for work and food, and that she looked for his return on the coming day.

The little innocent did not speak, but its mother thirsted for water. I took a leaky wooden bucket without any handle, tightened its slack hoops, and went to the river and got a bucket of pure water. I then marched on the double-quick to the then small city, purchased an abundance of the most suitable food that I could think of, and some matches and tallow candles to give light, got a horse and buggy, and hastened to the sick. The little child refused all food or drink and its mother could take but very little, yet, I thought, with great benefit.

"My ancient and ever friend Nerioid whispered me to linger for a period on watch, and as the bright April sun was just bidding the world good-night the little innocent cast its eyes toward its sick mother, gave a gasp and winged itself to heaven. This was the first pale-face death and funeral that took place east of Rock Island Street, within the now city limits. I placed the tattered bedspread and the little body on a rough bench, and with sadness went to my home, and on the morrow procured its grave, coffin, and suitable apparel, which Mrs. Fulton put in form. We got a carriage and a Miss Sophia Fisher, whose Philadelphia parent, Samuel Fisher, erected and resided in the attractive mansion on our Brady Street which was not very long since demolished to make room for the present Davis Block, and journeyed to the wretched abode. The two ladies dressed the blue-eyed departed and placed it in its narrow home. Its sick mother could not leave her humble home and we performed the final sad act.

"The cheeks of the three strange mourners were pallid and tears of sorrow flowed from their eyes when the little innocent, cold in death, reached the dark and damp bottom of its un-

timely grave, and silent prayers were offered up to the great Supreme.

" Singular would it be if in the estimation of the spirits of the good and great, that the simplicity of the life and the solemnity of the funeral of this half-starved child of Iowa's rugged frontier should eclipse that of those who receive towering monuments and of those who wear a diadem.

" Yours,

" A. C. FULTON.

" Davenport, Ia., May 12, 1897."

Amongst my great trials and hardships during a life's voyage I would have to wait for 1830, or some other date to swing around, and whilst at sea in a ship's dim fore-castle, rewrite a burlesque Connecticut blue-law code, to be handed, when reaching shore, to a reporter of the New Orleans " Bulletin," to be published in that journal, and soon thereafter to be republished in connection with other matter in a bound volume, with ancient type, and dated back to Puritan days (by a firm that did not exist at the date of the volume), as the genuine blue laws: to cause all the world and their wives to exclaim, awful Puritans!

In time thereafter a journal, which is now before me, in connection with other matter, publishes as follows:

" The ' Blue Laws ' of the New Haven colony, so called because they were printed on blue paper, were not the blue laws you think they were. A few years ago A. C. Fulton of this city published what he called the ' Blue Laws ' of Connecticut, and though pure fiction, they were spread all over the country as real laws. By this you have been misled. You have not read the true laws. While they required strict observance of the Sabbath, they were not otherwise oppressive."

In this, as in almost every instance, when I use a published article, I hand the publisher the original article, to set his type from. Some articles Sailor I value too highly to trust them out of my locker. As in the distant future I may require them to

prove that which the ordinary man on shore will pronounce an impossibility.

To place a life's voyage on my record, it is necessary to take the following lines from the columns of the Davenport (Ia.) weekly "Outlook" of October 31, 1896, a historical, literary, and dramatic journal of note and ability, edited by Charles Eugene Banks.

"If your heart be in the promise your hand will be in the performance.

"To give even a hint of the life work of a man who has spent nearly seventy years of active life west of the Alleghenies and to help to make history that covers the most wonderful years of the wonderful New World require more pages than are comprised in this publication. Ambrose C. Fulton was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Farmer boy, sailor, merchant, theatrical manager, editor before, and when he was twenty-four years old he had become a large property-owner in the city of New Orleans. It was a company raised by him that opposed the Mexicans in Texas in 1835, captured the town of San Antonio, and caused the withdrawal of the Mexican troops from the State, which act eventually gave us Texas and California, and changed the destiny of the Union. In 1842 Mr. Fulton came to Davenport, then little more than a village, and since that time until very recently he has been active in so many enterprises here that the history of Davenport could not be written without frequent allusion to his name. He built the first Davenport merchant flouring mill, the first steam flour mill, called the first meeting to take steps toward building the first railroad, and spent much time and money pushing it westward through the State. He has acquired considerable property but has made many liberal donations. Four different churches were deeded choice building lots through Mr. Fulton's generosity. His knowledge of the country about New Orleans was utilized by the Government during the war, and the many maps drawn by him were very useful to the Govern-

ment. He has borne civic honors modestly and his wisdom may be found in many of the State's most useful laws.

"The picture we give of Mr. Fulton was taken some time ago when he was in his seventy-fifth year, but he is still quite strong, and the fire that drove him on to conquer wildernesses is far from burning low in his veins. He does a great deal of work every day, the most valuable being that on his memoirs of the West during the last eighty years. Hardly a phase of our advancement but he has had some connection with it, or personal knowledge of it. Always a keen observer, he has a store of information that will prove invaluable to the world, and he gives several hours every day to putting it to paper. He has, like General Grant, the most wonderful style for getting events into a small compass. A five-thousand-word sketch, written for the 'Republican's' Annual, last December, is the most condensed bit of interesting history I ever read. Future historians will set him down as the most lively figure in the struggle that has made the Tri-Cities great. For over fifty years he has resided here, and no man can lay a finger on a dishonest act of his. All his affairs, both public and private, have been conducted in such a manner as to win him the respect of the community. Truthful, honest, earnest, with a will that knew no earthly law superior to itself, he has fought his way through life, a faithful citizen, a zealous officer, a patriot always; he has a storehouse of memories richer than the mines of Ophir, and the knowledge of having faced a thousand unpleasant duties, to overcome all in the end, to cheer the sundown of his days."

In 1897 a touch of the yellow fever appeared in New Orleans and other localities. The occurrence and its results were published in many journals. To compare the situation with the scourge of 1832, the Chicago "Tribune," on October 25, 1897, published as follows, which I enter on my record as an occurrence during a life's voyage.

"THE YELLOW FEVER AND CHOLERA OF THE THIRTIES.

"DAVENPORT, LA., October 22.

"Editor of the 'Tribune':

"Your journal daily reports a few deaths in New Orleans. Then on October 12 it says: 'It begins to look now as if from thirty to forty cases and from four to six deaths will be daily reported until Jack Frost puts in an appearance.'

"My goodness! A mere bagatelle. Someone should interview a few of the old residents of New Orleans of the '30s, and also resurrect some of the journals of that day, whose chiefs then fled from the stricken city, leaving their subordinates in command. The census of 1830 gives the City of New Orleans a population of 48,680. The yellow fever deaths report in 1832, which was immediately followed by Asia's cholera, places the victims at 10,000, which was over one-fifth of the population.

"At one period the living could not bury the dead, and many corpses lay over night in the Potter's Field and in the graveyards unburied, many of them wrapped in blankets, as coffins or boxes could not be procured.

"Hundreds were buried in bulk in an endless excavated ditch that was always kept open. They were placed two in depth and lime thrown on them. This ditch was the then swamp, back of the Catholic graveyard, at the foot of Customhouse Street.

"The risk of attack and death was against the unacclimated. For instance, a Mr. Cameron of Lancaster, Pa., a contractor, shipped to New Orleans during the previous fall some 180 canal diggers, mostly Irish, as a portion of his forces, to excavate a sailing vessel canal known as the New Basin Canal, between the city and Lake Pontchartrain. This cypress-swamp canal was a forerunner sample of the M. de Lesseps Panama Canal in deaths and money outlay, as the combined attack of yellow fever and cholera placed over 200 of Mr. Cameron's workmen in untimely graves.

"Four of us in a boarding house on Canal, near Rampart Street, were taken down in quick succession and three died. I

was in good trim to stand a siege, as I had but recently parted from the pure ocean breeze. Whilst convalescent I saw drays and furniture wagons passing my window carrying corpses to the burial grounds, some of them having two, wrapped in blankets. And the death wagon daily patrolled the levee to pick up the stranger dead.

"At that day the many miles of shipping levee, with its vast bulk of cotton, tobacco, hemp, and every description of produce and the goods of many nations, had its permanent and its transient population numbering many.

"A. C. FULTON."

The headwaters of the Mississippi River at Lake Itasca are 1550 feet above the sea's surface.

The headwaters of the Missouri are 6000 feet above the sea's level.

The Ohio River at Pittsburg is 700 feet above the sea.

Chicago stands 590 feet above the sea.

New York is 22 feet above the sea.

The river at New Orleans is but 11 feet above the sea.

Omaha, Neb., stands 960 feet above the sea.

Egypt's greatest pyramid at El Gizeh has a base of 740 feet square, and a height of 450 feet.

The Sphinx is a human-headed lion, 188 feet in length.

The Cincinnati Suspension Bridge has a span of 1057 feet stretched 102 feet above low water.

The Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls has a span of 821 feet, elevated 245 feet above the river.

The Fribourg (Switzerland) suspension bridge has a span of 870 feet elevated 175 feet above the river.

The first known suspension bridge was built at a very early day by the Chinese.

The now-existing London "Times" was first issued in 1785.

The first American newspaper was published in Boston in 1690.

In 1832 Mr. Morse, an American, exhibited the utility of the

magnetic telegraph, and in 1844 put a line in operation between Baltimore and the Washington Capital, a distance of 40 miles.

The sun is 870,000 miles in diameter, and the moon is 2160 miles in diameter, and is located 238,650 miles distant from the earth.

Sailor I had but little money to expend, but I did work long and hard, unrequited, but with efficiency, whilst many who had money reaped where they had not sown, and placed their money in their graves.

Now the river's bridging and the depot and warehouses of the Land Grant M. & M. Railroad stands on our Fifth Street, and the depots and the warehouses of the Davenport and St. Paul, and the D. I. & D. Railroad stands on our river front. Their commerce extending to every State in the Union, and electricity has relieved the poor mules of my street-car line work.

The good and just Davenport "Times," of November 4, 1897, gives credit for a trifling part of my toil as follows:

" NOT A NEW PROJECT.

"The Crescent Bridge Merely a Development of an Old Idea—Hon. A. C. Fulton Proposed a Bridge at the Western Extremity of the City Some Sixteen or Eighteen Years Ago—An Old-time Letter Quoted.

"The Crescent Bridge is not the product of a day. Our citizens are fully aware of this fact. After a series of tergiversation and dilatoriness the work upon the piers of the structure has been initiated. Promoter Blair took years—two, at any rate—to effect this, and our own people feel satisfied with pardoning the past if the future will show the fruition of that estimable gentleman's promises.

"But the Crescent Bridge is not new. The surveys and soundings which have already been taken for the structure and were accepted by the government, are not the first ones made for a bridge at that point.

"About a dozen or fourteen years ago, A. C. Fulton asked J. M. Eldridge to make a motion in the old Board of Trade, the predecessor of the Business Men's Association, that a committee be appointed to organize, to build, and to operate a railroad bridge and to make the necessary preliminary soundings and surveys.

"The motion was made and Mr. Fulton seconded it in a speech covering a project for the construction of a railroad from Pittsburgh and along the line now occupied by the B. C. R. & N. Railway in this city, thence to Sioux City. But Mr. Fulton was not the well-groomed, well-nourished Frank P. Blair, who is somewhat of a hypnotist. The enterprising pioneer was fully a dozen years too early for the success of the scheme. The idea was almost hooted at by the business men at that time—the same gentlemen who, a decade later, pledged their association to the tune of ten thousand dollars for the assistance of the self-same scheme promoted and advocated by Mr. Blair.

"In order to kill the project Mr. Fulton was rather insultingly appointed a committee of one to look into the matter. Nothing daunted, our citizen heartily entered into the task, at about the same location now cumbered with the Rock Island shore abutment of the Crescent Bridge.

"In writing to the old 'Gazette' some dozen years ago, Mr. Fulton elaborates upon his preliminary work, and by quoting him in full the 'Times' will violate no confidence. His letter is as follows:

"Editor of the 'Gazette':

"Our city and county are not fully developed, and to develop them we must have more railroads.

"Every twenty-five miles of territory in width will support a railroad and pay a fair dividend if water is kept out of its stock. In canvassing the matter we must aim at an eastern connection. I will give my own individual and original idea, and no doubt someone can improve on it. My idea would be to work up a line between Davenport and Pittsburgh, and thence westward



GENERAL WEYLER OF CUBA.

through Tipton and Marion and Cedar Rapids and Sioux City. We must traverse territory unoccupied by railroads except to cross and tap them where it will pay.'

" [That Mr. Fulton was right, there is no question at this time. The spur of the Rock Island Railroad, called the B. C. R. & N., built since then, and leading to Marion and Cedar Rapids, etc., proves that Mr. Fulton's idea was the one thing needed to insure sufficient shipping facilities. The claim of Mr. Blair, that the new Crescent Bridge will tap the lines on the east, connecting with the coal fields of the Keystone State, as also the metropolis of the Knickerbocker State, is also a good rebuttal evidence on the behalf of plaintiff Fulton, in the case of A. C. Fulton, *vs.* Public Opinion, a decade and several years ago.—ED.]

" ' In order to effect this, the Davenport, Sioux City and Pittsburgh line will find itself obliged to cross the Mississippi River at this point, and that point in the western end of the city. In order to ascertain the practicability of this bridging at the point mentioned, I proceeded to plat the several islands and take their bearings and make soundings in the river, until high water stopped my operations. I procured proper sounding rods, chartered a boat and crew, and with an instrument kindly furnished by Surveyor Tom Murray, I entered upon the work by driving an abutment stake on the southern verge of Hall's island over which we erected a staff and nailed the American Flag. . . . From this stake we took a bearing south nineteen degrees west, to the Rock Island shore, where we also planted a stake, having reconnoitered the territory eastward as far as Milan. The river soundings were also found to be favorable—more so, in fact, than we anticipated. Basing our measurements at low water, we found—with the exception of the channel which is located near the Rock Island shore and some 250 feet in width, with about 10 feet of water—that the remainder of the distance has a depth varying from 3 up to 7 feet; add to these feet the stage of water at the present time and it will give you the total depth of the river at the bridge location at the present day. We also found rock bottom to prevail at nearly every portion of the distance. . . .

" ' Davenport must keep pace with other cities and States by both water and railroad facilities, and I am satisfied that the Hennepin canal and the Sioux City & Pittsburgh Railroad will create a grand revolution throughout the entire northwest. While the General Government will construct the former the people of the cities, villages, and towns, and the farming community can and should construct the latter, which will add fully twenty-five per cent. to the value of their possessions, as well as a large sum through the facilities of communication and cheap transportation.

" ' A. C. FULTON.'

" To give form and life to this momentous undertaking Mr. Fulton drew up a charter naming the following incorporators: A. F. Williams, James Thompson, J. J. Thompson, W. C. Wadsworth, T. W. McClelland, H. M. Martin, Nicholas Kuhn, Sr., D. N. Richardson, Jacob N. Eldridge, George French, A. Burdick, Julius Schuett, A. J. Hirschl, J. R. Nutting, S. P. Bryant, T. D. Eagal, A. C. Fulton.

" Mr. Fulton duly recorded this charter at the State capitol at his own expense, and more than one incorporator living in the present day will be astonished to learn that he once filled such an important position.

" Without a shadow of doubt, had Mr. Fulton departed this world prior to 1881 no B. C. R. & N. Railroad would ever have entered this city, neither would the Crescent Bridge be now a dawning possibility.

" Mr. Fulton furnished two thousand dollars to give our recent railway acquisition life, and such an amount would gladly be given toward the beneficent completion of his old-time and beloved project, that of bridging the Father of Waters at the western extremity of this city."

This report of the Davenport "Times," refers to the last of the Mississippi's bridges.

The year 1897 came around and a citizen of San Antonio, Tex., wrote Sailor I for information of early days within that State;

which information, when written, was requested by a reporter of the Davenport "Republican," and I have to record it as an incident during a life's voyage.

" THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

" A. C. Fulton, Probably the Last of the Gallant Texan Army—Some Interesting Facts About the Texan War of Independence—A Letter of Inquiry.

" It is not generally known to our citizens that A. C. Fulton of this city was one of the gallant band of volunteers that went from New Orleans to Texas in 1835 to assist the gallant Texans in their fight for independence. Mr. Fulton took part in the campaign of that year, assisting in driving the Mexican army from Texas soil, and then returned to New Orleans, slightly wounded.

" It is probable that Mr. Fulton is the last survivor of that gallant struggle to throw off the yoke of an oppressor, and this fact is borne out by the receiving of a letter, a few days since, from a business man of Texas, asking if Mr. Fulton could give any information concerning veterans of that war or their heirs. The fact that a native-born Texan, who was living at the scene of the stirring times of that day, and among men who should know the early history of the State, bears out the belief that Mr. Fulton must be the last survivor of the war. A 'Republican' reporter in conversation with Mr. Fulton learned of this letter, and succeeded in persuading that gentleman to allow his answer to be published, as it is full of interesting historical information. The answer reads as follows:

" " DAVENPORT, IA., November 6, 1897.

" " Mr. J. C. Hatch:

" " Good Sir: Your letter of inquiry respecting the names of soldiers engaged in the Texas Revolution of 1835 and 1836, the State they came from, and their residence, if living, and their heirs if dead, and other questions was received on time; but I

was not in shape to write you, nor am I in proper trim to now write you. My eyes and my hand have failed since the thirties.

“ ‘ I cannot name a single living volunteer, and know of no soldier’s heirs. I can give the names of many dead, but all of those, so far as I know, were young men without any property in Texas or elsewhere. For instance, Wilson and Anderson, Christian names unknown to me, the first of the volunteers and the only two to fall at the battle of the Mission, one from Louisiana and one from Mississippi.

“ ‘ Most all I personally knew were the volunteers from the United States—those of 1835, whom I aided to muster in at New Orleans, yet I could not give the names or States of one-tenth of them.

“ ‘ Within the past thirty years I have visited Texas, Mexico, and all the Southern States, save one, and advertised in New Orleans journals for the location of some of the Texas Volunteers of 1835 and found none.

“ ‘ Since 1842 I have sighted but two of those volunteers of 1835. One was Captain Thomas W. Ward, the other Private John Pierce, who I sighted in 1881 in Cuba. Mr. Pierce had resided in Cuba for twenty years and was one of the number pacified by General Weyler.

“ ‘ After the campaign of 1835 I returned to New Orleans slightly wounded and was not in the campaign of 1836.

“ ‘ After the surrender of General Cos, at the Alamo, December 11, 1835, and all Mexican forces had retreated from the State of Texas, the general opinion was that no further armed action would be taken to subdue Texas.

“ ‘ At this battle most all of the slain were United States volunteers. The survivors, having but little money and no homes to retreat to for shelter, quartered at Golidad and the Alamo. Those within the Alamo to be put to death on March 6, 1836, by Santa Anna, and a majority of those at Golidad shot to death by General Urrea on the 27th of the same month, after they had surrendered and given up their arms. Those massacres greatly reduced the numbers of our volunteers.

“ ‘ Then came the bold expedition under Colonel Johnson and Major R. Morris of New Orleans, for the capture of Matamoras, in which expedition two-thirds of them lost their lives. Then in 1841 the remnant of my once companions formed an expedition for the subjection of New Mexico. Many lost their lives through hardships in their mountain march, and the balance were betrayed and captured at San Miguel and most of them put to death by Armijo, governor of New Mexico, who was the General Weyler of his day; leaving, so far as I know, not one single volunteer soldier to report to you.

“ ‘ Very respectfully,

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.’ ”

At a very early day, when daily journals, periodicals, and books did not lay around by the thousands, as they now do in 1897, I fell in with the published Declaration of Independence. Its genius and wisdom immediately attracted my attention, and I considered it a valuable prize to capture and place within my diary, and it is my duty to here record it for coming generations, as its few pages are of greater value than thrice the number that Sailor I could produce and present to the coming reader. It will consume but little ink, and why not record it for distant ages?

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved the Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and Waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have

been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK.

New Hampshire—Josiah Bartlett, Wm. Whipple, Matthew Thornton.

Massachusetts Bay—Saml. Adams, John Adams, Robt. Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry.

Rhode Island—Step. Hopkins, William Ellery.

Connecticut—Roger Sherman, Sam'el Huntington, Wm. Williams, Oliver Wolcott.

New York—Wm. Floyd, Phil. Livingston, Frans. Lewis, Lewis Morris.

New Jersey—Richd. Stockton, Jno. Witherspoon, Fras. Hopkinson, John Hart, Abra. Clark.

Pennsylvania—Robt. Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benja. Franklin, John Morton, Geo. Clymer, Jas. Smith, Geo. Taylor, James Wilson, Geo. Ross.

Delaware—Cæsar Rodney, Geo. Read, Tho. M'Kean.

Maryland—Samuel Chase, Wm. Paca, Thos. Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Virginia—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Th. Jefferson, Benja. Harrison, Thos. Nelson, jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton.

North Carolina—Wm. Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn.

South Carolina—Edward Rutledge, Thos. Heyward, Junr., Thomas Lynch, Junr., Arthur Middleton.

Georgia—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, Geo. Walton.

The pioneer members of the Iowa Legislatures formed an association of which the judges of the upper courts are members.

The object is social reunion, and the forming of the legal history and occurrences of pioneer days. The sessions are held biennially at the State capital.

The first session of the association took place at the State capital in February, 1886.

A committee of members select, previous to each session, some of the members to talk or write up their pioneer days. Sailor I, with others, was selected to talk or write to the sixth biennial session. Upon which request I, with fear and doubt of capacity, wrote the august assembly as follows; which as a portion of a life's voyage I am compelled to place upon my record.

“ PIONEER HISTORY.

“Interesting Sketch of Early Days Written by Hon. A. C. Fulton for Pioneer Lawmakers—Forthcoming Historical Work.

“ Learning that our citizen, Hon. A. C. Fulton, had furnished to the Pioneer Lawmakers a sketch of early days, the ‘ Republican ’ requested a copy, which follows:

“ ‘ DAVENPORT, IA., January 7, 1898.

“ ‘ To Colonel John Scott, President, and the Honorable Members of the Pioneer Lawmakers’ Association of Iowa:

“ ‘ Gentlemen: A journal now before me informs me that I and others are requested to verbally or through writing lay before the sixth session of the Association our acts and recollections of Iowa pioneer days.

“ ‘ During our sessions of ten years Iowa’s historical and legislative fields have been well gleaned. Territorial and infant State days have been rehearsed by many honorable members who have given an interesting history of their entrance and the part they took to build up a finished world in a wilderness, reducing the labor of those in the rear. When each member of the association furnishes his page, a fair history of Iowa and beyond will exist. As in duty bound I must add my page to history.

“ ‘ I entered the Mississippi River by Pass à Loutre from the Gulf of Mexico in 1831 under adverse circumstances, to immediately ship again for the West Indies, under the then good pay of sixteen dollars per month.

“ ‘ I again entered that river and in December, 1831, visited the then sparsely inhabited States of Mississippi and Florida. The population of Mississippi, then numbering but 136,690, and that of Florida but 34,790, Indians not included. We had taken possession of Florida and formed a Territorial government there but ten years previous to my visit. I then settled permanently in New Orleans. I passed a portion of 1835 and 1836 in Texas, then a state of Mexico, where life was at a discount and human blood freely flowed.

“ ‘ In 1838 I made a sea voyage from New Orleans to New York and journeyed back to New Orleans by land over the Allegheny Mountains via Wheeling, Va., and St. Louis, Mo. I quartered for a few days at Vandalia, the State capital of Illinois, on the Kaskaskia River, and attended the legislature then in session, and debating on the question of the removal of the capital to Chicago or to Springfield. Cairo forbade the act of its removal to Chicago, as she was then contending with Chicago for the supremacy. Whilst at Vandalia I entered 160 acres of Uncle Sam's land south of and near the capital city.

“ ‘ This extended inland journey, taking in many large States with their mountain passes and their long stretches of uninhabited prairie and dilating valleys, startled the imagination and presented a wild grandeur never to be forgotten. But appropriate, calls a halt, and orders me to the hamlet of Davenport, Ia., where I made a landing from New Orleans on July 4, 1842, now over fifty-five years passed and gone.

“ ‘ I established a general store at the hamlet and almost immediately joined a Mr. William Bennett and Mr. Lambert, to be a half-owner of a water-power created by the Wapsipinicon Falls in Buchanan County. Mr. Bennett had created a log house with two rooms and a shed-roofed kitchen, the first white man's habitation ever erected in that country.

“ ‘ We, with great hardship and labor, dammed the Wapsipinicon River and erected an ordinary frontier grist mill, built a warehouse and blacksmith shop. We had to haul our sawed lumber from Dubuque, but the bulk of all our lumber, even the flooring of dwellings had to be procured from the forest with the ax. Oh, my, the task to make a world!

“ ‘ We fondly hoped to plant the metropolis of the great West at Quasqueton. On August 5, 1842, the entire population of Buchanan County numbered fifteen, self included.

“ ‘ In the spring of 1843 the Buchanan County lands were sold at auction in the town of Marion, and I purchased, and in February, 1844, sold the town of Quasqueton to William W. Haddin for a mere bagatelle, as the county records now witness.

“ ‘ I did not cease mill-building, but in 1847 erected the two first steam merchant mills in Scott County, one of them costing fourteen thousand dollars.

“ ‘ Time brought 1854 around and the presidency of the State senate caused a deadlock for many days, to the great injury of the State. I, a Free-soil Republican, broke from my moorings and placed the Hon. M. L. Fisher of Clayton County, an avowed Pro-slavery Democrat, in the president’s chair, for which act I received the censure of many.

“ ‘ During the extra session of 1856 a grant of public land for railroad purposes was accepted by the State and our railroad laws were enacted and are now amongst the laws that exist in their original form. Sailor I had the honor to originate and draft those laws, and act as their guardian.

“ ‘ During the session of 1855, when the main question was Nebraska or anti-Nebraska, or the extension of slavery, and party lines were strained, the supposed candidate for United States senator was a friend and a citizen of my district and who would be one of the arbitrators. But, as I had when under trying circumstances at sea, pledged myself ever to battle against human slavery, I had to disobey the almost unanimous petition of my constituents to abandon the Hon. James Harlan, notwithstanding he had received but four votes at the previous count. But I stood by and saw him elected to make Iowa known at home and in distant lands. To have withdrawn would decree his defeat.

“ ‘ I leave the rejection or the confirmation of this momentous history with the Hon. James Harlan.

“ ‘ Respectfully yours,

“ ‘ A. C. FULTON.’

“ Another good act of Senator Fulton merits mention and preservation, as it was an act of lasting and vital importance to the people of the state of Iowa:

“ The senate proceedings of December 16, 1854, now before us, says:

“ ‘ Senator Coop, by leave, introduced a bill defining a standard weight per bushel for stone coal, and making that weight seventy pounds per bushel.

“ ‘ Senator Fulton moved to strike out “seventy” and insert “eighty,” which, after debate, was adopted.

“ At that day a very few coal scales existed in the State. The bushel was the measure.”

CHAPTER XLI.

TRAGEDY OF THE OCEAN—A SLAVE OF PIRATES—THRILLING
REMINISCENCES.

I HAVE just picked up the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" of this month, April, 1897. To exhibit the horrors of the seas at an early day I copy from that journal verbatim as follows:

" A SLAVE OF PIRATES.

" Thrilling Reminiscences of a Texas Negro Centenarian—Captured by Buccaneers When a Small Boy—Crew and Passengers of the Ship Forced to Walk the Plank—Ficndish Acts of Barbarity.

" An old negro whom the white people believed to have been much more than one hundred years old died on the Brule cotton plantation, near All Seeing Eye, in Texas, a short time ago. The negroes called him Old Pirate, from the fact that he never tired of talking of his adventures at sea. To the white people he has always been known as Uncle Jolly, a name which he maintained was given to him by Lafitte's pirates when he was a boy, from the fact that he was sprightly and always in a good humor.

" Uncle Jolly was carefully looked after in his old age by the white people, with whom he had been an object of great interest. Many of the descendants of the wealthy family to whom he belonged when a slave are still living, and there are few of them who have not sat at the old man's feet when they were children and listened to his blood-curdling stories of the revelries and cruelties of the buccaneers of the gulf.

" According to their story, he was born a slave on one of the islands of the West Indies. When he was ten or twelve years of age, his master started on a voyage to New Orleans, taking his

family and the negro boy Jolly along. One day, shortly after they had left the island, a big ship sailed close to them and began to fire big guns. The women and children began to cry and scream and cling to the men. He heard his master say that they were pirates. He had no idea what that meant, but he realized that they were all in danger of being murdered. The ships drew closer together, and the people in both vessels began to fire guns and pistols. After a few moments the pirate ship ran alongside, and hundreds of ferocious-looking men, with swords and pistols in their hands, sprang on board, uttering savage yells and curses.

"Jolly saw his master fall fighting on the deck, and he ran below to tell his mistress. There were several women and many children in the cabin. It is hard for one to believe that anything in the shape of a human being could have been guilty of such cruelties as these monsters perpetrated upon their defenseless victims. The negro said that he could not bear to witness the agonies of the women and children, and he returned to the companionway, where he met several of the pirates. One struck at him with a cutlass, but another interposed, remarking:

" 'Don't kill him. He is worth a pocketful of gold.' They threw him up on the deck and went on into the cabin of the ship. The negro boy saw many dead men lying in their blood on the decks, and he noticed the captain and several of the sailors standing in a group, guarded by pirates. The women and children and two or three men who had been found in the cabin were dragged on deck and driven aboard of the pirate ship. The captain and half a dozen of the crew who had escaped the massacre were put in chains. The women and children were driven below. The pirates at once began to loot the doomed vessel, and several hours were spent in transporting the booty to the decks of the pirate ship. Late in the evening the ship was set on fire, and the pirates sailed away.

"Little attention was paid to the negro boy, and he was permitted to wander about as he pleased. The pirates spent the night in singing and drinking. The next morning the pirate

captain, followed by several officers, stumbled on deck, and the negro boy witnessed a scene that haunted him to his grave.

“The prisoners were all driven on the forward deck of the ship, preparatory to walking the plank. The captain was the first one ordered to walk out. He folded his arms across his bosom and moved to his death with a firm step and with his head erect. The women and children now realized that they were to be drowned in the sea, and they began to pray and moan piteously. One poor woman, pressing a child to her bosom, walked up to one of the pirate officers and implored him to spare her life, offering him her jewels and promising him a large sum of money. The monster tore a gold chain from her neck and began to curse her. The child was crying, and the merciless demon wrenched it from her arms and hurled it into the sea. The poor mother at once ran to the side of the ship and sprang overboard. Jolly's curiosity prompted him to follow her to the ship's side, where he saw her rise upon a wave and grasp her infant in her arms. He felt some satisfaction in knowing that the poor mother sank to rise no more with her little baby clasped to her breast.

“The poor women had to be forced and dragged on the plank. They clung to the knees of the pirates and begged and implored for their lives in a way that would have wrung mercy from anything but a heart of iron. Many of the children were thrown into the sea, where they were snapped up and crushed in the jaws of a swarm of sharks that had gathered around the ship.”

My goodness! This recital of horror rushes my mind, vision and whole being back more than half a century, and I plainly see the heavily armed and well-manned pirate schooner of the Bahamas firing on our “Thaddeus,” and I see the little crew of the “Thaddeus,” with firm-set muscles and compressed lips, impatiently waiting for the unequal combat for life. I see Bible John, with his old musket and glittering sheath knife in his belt, offering up a silent prayer to Heaven. And I see gloomy Jo, standing over the cast-iron signal gun, as silent and motionless as the Statue of Grief. I see the angel form and features of the mys-

terious girl, with coral garlands and wreaths strewn around her watery tomb. Now I see the small crew of the little "Metamora" stake their lives in an unequal contest. I hear the discharge of the slave merchant's muskets, and hear poor sailor Bill Nelson shriek and drop upon the slaveship's deck, cold in death. I hear the groans of one-legged Bill Brown, and see the two emaciated slave girls, locked in each other's black arms, sink beneath the ocean's waves. I feel my small store of remaining strength giving way as I scratch out the sand and gravel with a sea shell to give my two young companions shallow graves on the surf-washed beach of the uninhabited island.

I again see Neptune at the helm, and hear Nereid's consoling voice, as she stands at the bow of my little jollyboat, on the tempestuous ocean, and I again look with wonder on the grand celestial halls of justice within the unfathomed ocean, that I visited in my delirium. I hear my doom to death pronounced by the Spanish officers of Cuba's Isle, to take place before to-morrow's setting sun.

No wonder that when the Davenport "Democrat's" reporter called on Sailor I, in 1892, that he published in his journal as follows:

" FIFTY YEARS.

-- " *A. C. Fulton Goes Over a Few Reminiscences of Davenport.*

"A. C. Fulton was found in a reminiscent mood yesterday. Fifty years and five days before he had landed here from a steamer July 4, 1842. 'I came from New Orleans,' said he, 'where I passed many of my days of boyhood and manhood. During a portion of both I traded with Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, and Sicily; made eleven voyages across the Gulf of Mexico, and since those earlier days I have seen the mainland at the mouth of the Mississippi River extend seaward over four miles. The river has projected that far into the gulf by deposits of silt since I first knew it. I entered the river in 1831.

“ “ I landed here in Davenport from the upper-river steamer “ Agnes,” Captain Wood in command. He told me that he had received from me, for that trip, the largest tonnage of freight and the largest freight payment he had ever taken from any one shipper during his steamboat life.’

“ Mr. Fulton said it would be a hard matter to picture the great changes in Iowa and throughout the Union during the half century he had just closed here. He also added that if he could have his life prolonged at his bidding to cover the same period again, with its same hardships, perils, pains, privations, and joys, he would not accept the extension. That saying covers a great subject for contemplation.”

My eyes have failed and I am compelled to store away many years of my unrecorded diary. Time is my conqueror.

AMBROSE COWPERTHWAIT FULTON.

THE END.

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